The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The May Bookman will be a Browning Centenary Number and will contain a special fully illustrated article on Browning by Professor Saintsbury.

The portrait of Stevenson that is reproduced on our cover is from the latest portrait taken of him, and is published by permission of Mr. J. Patrick, of Edinburgh.

Such an immense number of MSS. have been received in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's £1,000 Prize Novel Competition that the careful reading and judging of them all has proved a task of no ordinary trouble and difficulty. We understand, however, that the undertaking is now nearing its conclusion, and it is hoped that the decision of the adjudicators may be announced next month.

Surgeon-General Sir A. D. Home, V.C., K.C.B., whose "Service Memories in Four Continents," has just been published by Mr. Edward Arnold, has seen a good deal of active service in many parts of the world. After some years of work in the West Indies, he proceeded to the Crimea and remained there until peace was declared. Then he joined the expeditionary force that was intended for China, but was dispatched hurriedly to India on the outbreak of the Mutiny. He won his V.C. "for persevering bravery and admirable conduct" at the Relief of Lucknow. In 1860 he was out in the East again during the China War and accompanied the Allied Forces on their advance to Pekin. He visited Baltimore and Washington during the American Civil War and gives in his book some interesting impressions of that great struggle, concluding it with an episode of the Maori War in New Zealand.

Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing this month a new novel by Mr. Alphonse Courlander called "Mightier than the Sword." It is a story of modern journalistic life in London.

Mr. Harry De Windt, the famous explorer, has written a volume of short stories called "A Woman in Black" that Messrs. Jarrold & Sons are publishing.

"Herself," a new novel by Miss Ethel Sidgwick, has just been published by Messrs. Sidgwick &

Jackson. Miss Sidgwick has been writing fiction and essays for some years past, but as her life has been given to other, chiefly to educational, work, she has only recently thought of publishing what she wrote. Most of her two first novels were written in France and are largely concerned with the study and comparison of national character; her third, "Herself," deals especially with the Irish temperament as compared with the English and the French. Miss Sidgwick confesses to writing with no "purpose" beyond that of producing the kind of novel she likes to read herself. Various members of her family, by the way, are well-known writers of fiction—notably the Bensons, who are her cousins.

Mr. John Galsworthy's first book of poems, "Moods, Songs and Doggerels," is to be issued immediately by Mr. Heinemann. Mr. J. E. Patterson's collection of poems, the title of which has been changed from "Daughters of Nereus" to "The Lure of the Sea," will be published this month, uniform in appearance with Mr. Galsworthy's volume.

Messrs. Harper Brothers announce a new and popular edition of Mr. A. R. Colquhoun's "China in Transformation." The book has been revised and brought up to date, and Mr. Colquhoun has added several fresh chapters written in the light of recent developments.

The approaching struggle for Home Rule has already produced a fair share of literature, and two new books bearing upon this vexed question have now been added to the number. One is "The Nonconformist Treason, or the Sale of the Emerald Isle," by Mr. Michael J. F. M'Carthy, which Messrs. Blackwood publish; the other is "The Pope's Green Island," by W. P. Ryan, which is issued by Messrs. Nisbet. Mr. M'Carthy's work is a frank and vigorous condemnation of Home Rule; Mr. Ryan concerns himself mainly with the cross-currents that are agitating the Irish theological world, with modernism, mysticism, Irish literature, education, social life and labour, and touches on Home Rule more indirectly and by suggestion.

A quarto publication, in an orange and green cover, entitled "Romanitshels' Didikais and Folk Lore Gazette," has been started as a monthly for "gypsologists" and students of tinkers' lore and language. It has the imprint of the Gypsy and Folk Lore Club, Hand Court, Holborn, and is certainly one of the quaintest periodicals extant.

Photo by Arbus and Bernardi.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell, whose new novel "In Cotton Wool," was published last week by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Few novels of last autumn won higher praise than the critics gave to "A Ship of Solace," by Miss Eleanor Mordaunt, whose new story, "The Stain," Mr. Heinemann is publishing this month. Miss Mordaunt was born in Notts, and is the only literary member of her family, with the exception of her mother's brother, Captain the Hon. Denis Bingham, who was *The Times* correspondent in Paris during the Franco-German war and in addition to a record of the siege wrote several well-known books of French history. The greater part of Miss Mordaunt's girlhood was spent in a rambling old house near Cheltenham, where her tendency to fiction first revealed itself in a series of ghost stories chiefly concerned with a certain tapestried room in the house, and these were so vividly and forcefully told that they have been handed down to succeeding tenants as actual legends of the place. Here she ran practically wild with her six brothers and a much younger sister till she was thirteen, when the family removed to a lonely country district in Oxfordshire, where she met with many of the characters who afterwards appeared in "The Garden of Contentment."

In 1898 Miss Mordaunt went to Mauritius, whence she returned three years later with her health completely broken by malaria, and passed her time as an

invalid by writing a series of "Letters to Mr. Nobody," some of which were ultimately included in "The Garden of Contentment." Making no progress towards recovery, and feeling that if she must die she would sooner die "in the open," she presently started on a voyage to Australia in a sailing ship—a rough experience, since the ship was not fitted for passengers, carried no doctor, no stewardess, and none of the comforts of life. However, she worried through and reached Melbourne with thirty pounds in her pocket and started to make a living. She tried her hand at many trades, succeeding best with decorative painting and metal work; she wrote occasional short stories for local papers, published a volume of essays through a local publisher, and for a short time edited a woman's magazine. Despite the eight years of hardships she had endured there, she came back to England less than two years ago, bringing with her the happiest memories of Australia and Australian journalism, and here set to work on a new line; she wrote several stories for boys, a serial of hers appearing under a man's name in "Young England"; she did a little purely mechanical work for *Black and White*, and finally, not knowing what to do for the best or where to turn for a living, she wrote, in circumstances of great stress and anxiety, "A Ship of Solace," and then, in more leisurely fashion, "On the Wallaby through Victoria." Few women writers have gone through rougher experiences or turned them to more excellent account.

Photo by Debenham & Smith. **Miss Eleanor Mordaunt.**

Muriel Hine (Mrs. Sidney Coxon),
whose successful novel "Earth," published by Mr. John Lane, has reached its sixth edition.

"Laurence North," whose new novel, "The Golightlys, Father and Son," has been published by Mr. Martin Secker, is Mr. J. D. Symon, who was for ten years editor of the *Illustrated London News*, and during part of the same time editor of *The English Illustrated*. Mr. Symon is an Aberdeen man, educated at Aberdeen University, and afterwards at Oriel College, Oxford. At Aberdeen he was a pupil of the late Professor Minto, and was first man of his year in English Literature, graduating with Honours in Classics, and the Seafield Gold Medal in English. Since his retirement from the editorial chair, Mr. Symon has been a miscellaneous writer and reviewer, contributing to the *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Athenæum*, and other papers. At present he is engaged on a short History of the Press, and, in collaboration with Mr. S. L. Bensusan, on a study of the Renaissance. These books will appear under his own name, and not under his pseudonym. He has also in hand a complete translation of Pindar into English verse—some of the Odes have already appeared in the *English Review*. Mr. Symon's other works have been the editing of "The Early Poems of Christina Rossetti"; the writing of a biography and critical estimate of "Ruskin," and three novels—"Syrinx," "Impatient Griselda," and his new book "The Golightlys," which, by the way, the George H. Doran Company is publishing in America.

Amber Reeves, whose clever novel "The Reward of Virtue" has been published by Mr. Heinemann,

is the daughter of the Hon. W. P. Reeves, who was Minister for Labour, Justice and Education in New Zealand before he came to England as High Commissioner for that Colony. He is now Director of the London School of Economics. Her mother is a prominent member of the Fabian Society, and is well known as a public speaker. Born in New Zealand in 1887, Amber Reeves came to England when she was eight, was educated at Kensington High School, and when she was eighteen went to Newnham College, Cambridge. She took metaphysics at college and got firsts in both parts of the Mental and Moral Sciences Tripos; but found time to help largely in forming and establishing the Cambridge University Fabian Society. On leaving she gained a studentship and went to the London School of Economics to write a book on Sociology, but before she had time to finish it married Mr. Blanco White and wrote a novel instead.

Amber Reeves (Mrs. Blanco White).
From a drawing.

Messrs. Stephen Swift & Co. are publishing immediately a new novel by Mr. H. A. Hinkson, called "The Considine Luck."

Messrs. Cassell's well-known monthly has undergone such radical alteration and been so entirely brought up to date that its April issue is to all intents and purposes the first Number of a new magazine. Its title is enlarged to *Cassell's Magazine of Fiction and Popular Literature*; its size is enlarged to two hundred and sixty-four pages, but its price is reduced to fivepence net. Amongst other features this Number contains twenty-one short stories; an article by the Infanta Eulalia of Spain; "My Autobiography," by Marie Tempest; a long complete novel by T. W. Hanshew; and a special article on "Divorce," by H. G. Wells. The *Magazine of Fiction* is edited by Mr. Newman Flower, who has been associated with the House of Cassell for the past six years. Five years ago he founded *The Storyteller*, and he continues to edit that as well as *The New Magazine*, and several other Cassell publications. Mr. Flower, who is now thirty-two, has been a working London journalist since he was sixteen. He has always had strong military leanings and started his journalistic career on a military paper with which he was connected for six years, and for twelve years he has been writing a lively and popular causerie on military matters for *The People* over the signature of Tommy Atkins. A Dorsetshire man, and one of the Vice-Presidents of The Society of Dorset Men in London, Mr. Flower knows even better than the London in which he has done so much work the Thomas Hardy country in which he was born, and is an enthusiastic authority on all that concerns the writings of our greatest living novelist.

Photo by Lena Connell. **Mrs. Theodosia Lloyd**
whose new novel, "Innocence in the Wilderness," has just been published by Messrs. Chatto.

Mr. Hugh Walpole,
whose new novel, "The Prelude to Adventure," is published by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

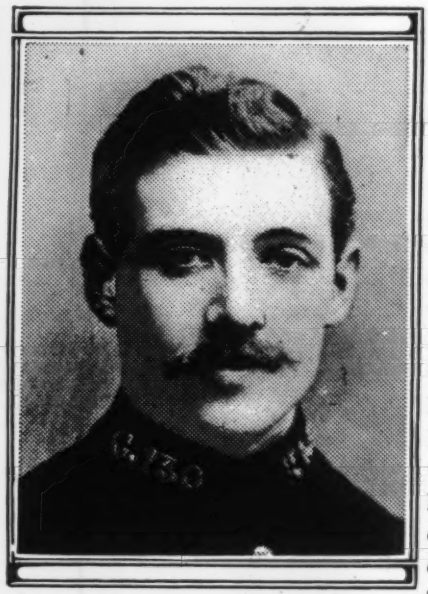
In her new novel, "A Lost Interest" (Constable), Mrs. George Wemyss leaves the quiet English village life she depicts in other of her stories and introduces us to higher society in a more fashionable world. Like her very successful books, "The Professional Aunt" and "People of Popham" it is a comedy, but in an entirely different setting. Mrs. Wemyss' first appearance in the literary world was as a writer for children. "All About All of Us," published in 1901, was a truthful record of her own childhood. She has, as she puts it, "the great good fortune" to belong to a large family. One of her brothers is Mr. E. L. Lutyens, the architect; another, Mr. W. E. Lutyens, was famous as the Cambridge miler. Mrs. Wemyss comes of a family of soldiers; her father and both her grandfathers were soldiers, and she married a soldier. Messrs. Constable have recently published cheap re-issues of those two books for children, "All About All of Us," and "Things we Thought Of." Though "The Professional Aunt" is about children, it is not for them. It was written in 1903 and lay in the bottom drawer of Mrs. Wemyss' writing-table till 1910, when Messrs. Constable published it. Both that book and "People of Popham" are issued in America by Houghton Mifflin & Co. At present Mrs. Wemyss is engaged on another novel, in which she returns again to the Popham path of life.

Photo by Lafayette. **Mrs. George Wemyss.**

Mr. Newman Flower

The first ten volumes of the Swanston edition of the works of Stevenson were published towards the end of last year, and five more are to be ready this month. It is the most comprehensive edition of Stevenson's works that has yet been prepared, the "Vailima Letters" and "Letters to Stevenson's Family and Friends," with additional letters annotated and arranged by Sir Sidney Colvin being included by the courtesy of Messrs. Methuen. Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a characteristic preface to the first volume. The books are very handsomely produced, and are published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus in association with Messrs. Cassell, Mr. Heinemann, and Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. Some half-dozen of our Stevenson illustrations are reproduced from these volumes by kind permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

Several other Stevenson illustrations in this number are reproduced from the beautiful Pentland Edition of his works by the courtesy of Messrs.



Ex-Police Constable George R. Mitchell,
whose new volume of poems "More Ballads in Blue" (Jarrold) is reviewed in our Supplement.

Cassell, to whom we are also indebted for the loan of photographs of Mrs. Strong and of Stevenson in his study at Vailima. Mr. Walter H. Barnett very kindly lent us the original drawing of Stevenson by Nerli, and a portrait of Stevenson that R. L. S. presented to him in Australia. Most of our other Stevenson illustrations are from the collections of Mr. A. Rischgitz and the Art Illustration and Reproduction Company.

One of the handiest and most serviceable reference books on all that concerns Stevenson is Mr. J. A. Hammerton's "Stevensoniana," and we are indebted to its pages for eight of our illustrations.

THE HON. ROLLO RUSSELL
and some Dickens memories.

Referring to the Dickens symposium in our February Number, the Hon. Rollo Russell has been kind enough to send us the following interesting note: "Dickens and my father, Lord John Russell, were friends; both had the greatest sympathy in all efforts for human welfare. I remember Dickens staying with my father at Pembroke Lodge, as related by Forster, and have a picture of him still in my mind as he sat at the breakfast table and talked of some of his experiences. He showed a kind thoughtfulness in bringing with him a 'David Copperfield' in two volumes which he gave me with his autograph inscribed. I remember, too, very vividly, one of his readings in St. James's Hall, in which his acting power was almost superhuman. The two pieces were 'Boots at the Holly Tree Inn,' which I did not care for, and a scene from 'Oliver Twist.' The shrinking, the contortions, and the ghastly pallor that came over his features wrought a change in him which was marvellous. The touching passages so moved an audience of the most distinguished people in London society that at the end many were in tears. One of his greatest books, 'A Tale of Two Cities,' he dedicated to Lord John Russell. Among the reforms which must have been closest to his heart was the remoulding of the Court of Chancery. But in education and in caring for the poor he was equally keen. And who like Dickens has given pure joy by his writings and inspired healing laws in all directions? His is a noble record."

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

April 1st to May 1st, 1912.

Messrs. Allen & Co. (Incorporating Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd.)

BINGHAM, DR.—Words to Wives. 3s. 6d. net.
BOUCHER-JAMES, S.—The Soul's Destiny: A volume of Verse. 5s. net.
GUILFORD, EVERARD L.—Memorials of Old Nottinghamshire. 15s. net.
MOLL, DR.—Sexual Life of the Child. Translated by Dr. Eden Paul. 15s. net.
NÆMO, CAPTAIN.—The Boy-Scout Bubble. 6d. net.
RUSKIN, JOHN.—The last Two Volumes of the Library Edition of his Works, consisting of Bibliography and Index of over 210,000 references. 21s. net.
SHORTT, MISS L. M.—A Practical Italian Grammar. 5s. net.
SMITH, REV. E. STAFFORD.—Pastoralia: Prayers and Readings for the Sick and others. 2s. 6d. net.
WATERER, GLADYS.—The Third Chance. 6s.

Messrs. J. W. Arrowsmith.

BELLOC, HILAIRE.—The Green Overcoat. With Illustrations by Gilbert K. Chesterton. 6s.
MARTIN, CLARA I.—A Little Aversion. 6s.
MYERS, A. WALLIS.—C. B. Fry: The Man and his Methods. 1s. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

ADAMS, MRS. M. M. E., and BROWNE, MISS E. A.—The Social Guide for 1912. 2s. 6d. net.
FERGUSON, DANIEL.—Peeps at Nature: British Ferns, Club-Mosses, and Horse-Tails, 1s. 6d. net; Butterflies, 1s. 6d. net.
HALL, REV. CHARLES A.—How to Use the Microscope. 1s. 6d. net.
HALL, REV. CHARLES A.—Isle of Arran. (Beautiful Britain Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
STEWART, W.—Les Beaux Voyages: Aux Indes, 1s. 6d. net; La Russie, 1s. 6d. net.; Espagne, 1s. 6d. net.
STEWART, W.—Contes et Nouvelles: Un Tour en Mélanésie, 3s. 6d. net.; La Case de l'Oncle Tom, 3s. 6d. net.

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BROWNING, OSCAR.—History of the Modern World. 2 vols. 21s. net.
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CRUIKSHANK, GEORGE, AND OTHERS.—The Comic Almanack, 1835-1853 ➡ Cheaper Edition. 2 vols. 5s. net each.
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JOSEPHUS, Translated by WHISTON.—A New Edition. With Maps and Illustrations. 2 vols. 5s. net, each.

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ADAMS, REV. JOHN, B.D., INVERKEILOR.—The Lenten Psalms.
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GRAY, PROFESSOR G. BUCHANAN, D.D., D.Litt.—A Commentary on the Book of Isaiah (Ch. i.-xxvii.). (International Critical Commentary.) 12s.
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MEYNELL, VIOLA.—George Eliot. (The Regent Library.) 2s. 6d. net.
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HOWEVER barren of good literature the latter part of the Victorian era might appear to those worthy people whose interest in fiction terminated with Thackeray and Dickens, it has already in retrospect for a younger age the bounty and the glow of unrecoverable autumn days. "Other gifts have followed, for such loss I would believe, abundant recompense," even though the weather is never likely to be quite so splendid, the morns so magic as when enamoured youth attended at the harvest homes of Hardy, Meredith, and Stevenson. Fervour is an affair of the arteries, like youth itself, and if there be less elation for us in the work of our most gifted young contemporaries, it boots not to boast of what is doubtless due to some calcareous infiltration. They, too, may take some place in the remembrance and affection of an era. All good things are passed on.

Bleak and barren though the autumn of the nineteenth century seemed to so many of our elders, because the blood was thin and cold, and the wits were perhaps less nimble, we know now that the weather and the crops were a decent average. It was our privilege to follow home with cheers the maiden-sheaves of three good husbandmen. Possibly not the greatest of them, as time may show, but personally the most beloved, Robert Louis Stevenson has, the soonest of the three, indubitably become a classic, the culminating figure in one epoch of the romance now temporarily somewhat in eclipse, his name alone enough to rouse the mood of gladness and affection, his work a national possession because acceptable and dear in more or less degree, like ancient songs, alike to finely cultivated and to simple people. In the years which have elapsed since his death in Samoa in 1894, his place with readers, however it be with men who write—a matter of secondary importance—has been each year more durably established. The young have not grown weary of his stories, though, significantly, alone among the tales of his contemporaries they have become the vehicle of the teacher. His philosophy, which emanates from every line he wrote, and on reflection jumps to the mind in concrete form, has not, for the elderly, grown stale, *démodé*, nor disreputable, for faith, hope, charity, courage, and human goodwill are abiding elements in the philosophies of all ages, things tangible to take hold of in this unintelligible world, and welcome to every wholesome appetite, like bread and water.

Photo by Falk, Sydney. **Robert Louis Stevenson.**

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Save in the great gift of health, the stars that shone on Stevenson's nativity were all propitious. He had genius, sanity, gaiety, and an abiding charm of humanity which ensured him many ardent friendships. He was happy in his parentage, his opportunities, and the circumstances of his folk, which were such that at no time, save very briefly in California, and then only for the sake of pride, had he any serious cause to apprehend the calls of Byles, the butcher. Fate never drove him to the necessity of banking down his fires periodically to boil a domestic pot; he could afford to be deliberate and fastidious in the selection and in the execution of his tasks. No other writer in our time had his artistic reputation so carefully fostered and guarded by friends, themselves accomplished and discerning. They nursed it like a flower. They would have nothing from him but his best, even if he were prepared to give them otherwise, which consciously, he never was. Knowing that good work was expected from him, he came always "nobly to the grapple." In his prolonged valetudinarian absences, those friends at home, in closest touch with English sentiment, appraising tendencies, certain of his power and jealous for his fame, saw to it that no inferior performance should be permitted to discount his merits. This high estimate of what he was destined to achieve was manifest very early when his father withdrew "The Pentland Rising" from circulation. It seems, further, to have led to the suppression in permanent form in England, till after his death, of several works regarded as inferior in quality, like "The Amateur Emigrant," "In the South Seas" and "The Misadventures of John Nicholson."

This zealous solicitude for the prestige of a young artist who seemed ready to accept its implication of a rare and precious genius which must never be allowed, as it were, to wet its feet, undoubtedly gave the cynics some excuse to scoff. England, hitherto, had never been a country to handle its artistic prodigies like fragile porcelain; its glory had been men robust and prodigal, who spent themselves with royal generosity, with recklessness

The Rev. Lewis Balfour, Stevenson's Grandfather.

indeed, as kings with boundless stores of life and inspiration, too eager to worry about an occasional copper coin in the bulk of their golden largesse. In that early Stevensonian cult there was something, as it seemed, of what with insular complacence we are apt to regard as the Continental: he was applauded as a *petit maitre*, and all the trappings—the velvet jacket, the black flannel shirt, the great preoccupation with Style, and the tendency to triolets, were "in a concatenation according." "You should do everything in minuet time" was Lord Chesterfield's advice; good enough counsel for a *petit maitre*, but not the deportment expected from a successor to Walter Scott, whose limp had never spoiled his stride across the mountains.

Yet Stevenson and his friends were right, with shadowy premonitions. He was not of triple brass, to embark on a Comédie Humaine with superb indifference to mortal limitation or the hope of making up in bulk what he might sacrifice in finish. That "something not ourselves"

Robert Stevenson, Stevenson's Grandfather.

knows what a man is fit for, and dictates what he shall attempt, with a finger ever on the pulse, withdrawing nervous granules from the brain and so creating weariness when weariness is best. Under that dictation Stevenson confined himself, in the main, to enterprises which could be accomplished in the impetus of a single mood of inspiration, whose entire features, from start to finish, could be compassed in a moment's thought, as lyrics are, or ought to be, conceived: his peculiar strength and pleasure were in fastidious revision more than in creation. In five-and-twenty volumes of his works, there are only six or seven wherein—unaided by collaboration—he embarked on epic voyages (if novels like

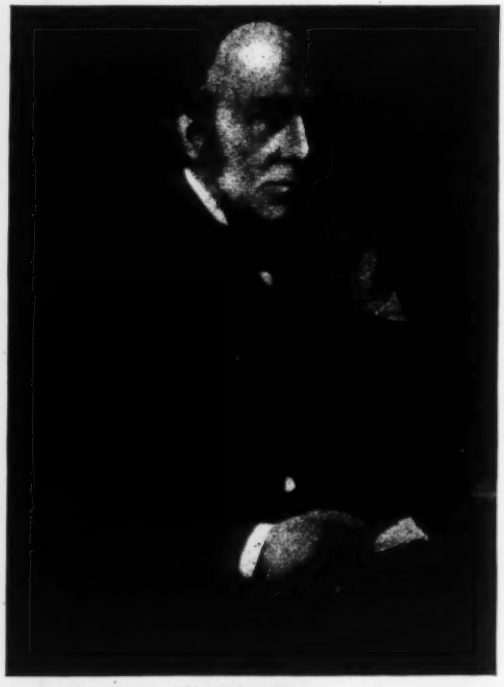


Photo by John Moffatt, Edinburgh.

Thomas Stevenson, the Father of R.L.S.

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

"His entire life was devoted to the unremitting pursuit of a scientific profession . . . . yet it was from him that Louis derived all the romantic and artistic elements that drew him away from engineering."—"Life of Stevenson," by Graham Balfour. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Stevenson, the Mother of R.L.S.

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland edition. (Cassell.)

"When he was small she read to him a great deal and to her he owed his first acquaintance with much that is best in literature." "Life of Stevenson," by Graham Balfour. (Methuen.)

"Kidnapped" and "Treasure Island" may be so regarded); the bulk of his work, and possibly what shall last the longest, is brief and altogether lyrical. For Stevenson to plunge, like Scott or Dickens, into great uncharted seas with no land visible on the other side, or toil with the imperative printer at his heels, was a physical impossibility. He was essentially an inland voyager, leisuredly sailing single-handed, pulling up to the bank at nightfall, each day by itself a trip completed. It was well, then, that the sense, in himself and in his friends, of things impending, made them scrupulous about the nature of the freightage.

Photo by J. Patrick, Edinburgh. **R.L.S. and his father.**

For one who only carried picked cargoes, during fifteen or sixteen years, and only for nine of them with the stimulus of public appreciation, the quantity alone in an edition like the Swanston, whose issue is the occasion of this review, is amazing.* There are five-and-twenty volumes of essays, poems, travels, biography, tales and letters, wherein is seldom the slightest indication of the invalid. On the contrary the spirit which is disengaged from this mass of a physical weakling's work is like that which emanates from beings hardy, self-assured and joyful. Only his language sometimes minces; his nature steps high-breasted like a stag, regardless of the weather. Doubtless, in tender human lives, where the ebbs are exceeding low, full tides come higher than elsewhere on the beaches; for sore days and inert are compensating hours when, pain dispelled and the banner of Bloody Jack hauled down, the world is clothed in grandeur — to breathe is bliss, and the voices of one's fellow-men are sweetest music. From these hours of manumission from his maladies, Stevenson conceived the world and life as things more infinitely grand than they are to such as have perpetual vigour. It is too often the hale, well-nourished, safe, and comfortable who cloy of common pleasures like the light of sun, and grow critical and contemptuous of the very gestures of their fellow-beings.

Stevenson never aged nor lost his illusions, because to find himself awake at any time to the full and serene possession of untroubled faculties was, in a sense, rein carnation, a fresh beginning in a world of brave sublunary things. If he looked at the drab of life he saw it as a thing exceptional, a social distemper no more general than his own poor lungs, to be regarded like his hæmorrhages, or the monsters of "The Dynamiter," with that ironic humour which is the gentlemanly antagonist of terror. Fashions in fiction chop and change as in gowns and millinery; the waist-line has come down of late, and novels for this spring season are didactic, sociological, political, and all that to the time of Stevenson a novel, any more than poetry or painting, should not be, but idealism, romance, and even sentiment—that horrid thing we condemn so loudly when the sense of it is atrophied in ourselves—have only to be expressed with the authority of genius to be assured at any time of welcome and applause. The world which cherishes the work of Robert Louis Stevenson, which buys more of his books than it bought when each one, freshly published, had a rubric in the calendar, and

Robert Louis Stevenson 1871 (Age 21.)

* The Swanston Edition of the Works of Stevenson. 25 volumes. With an introduction by Andrew Lang. 6s. net each. In sets only. (Chatto & Windus, in association with Cassell & Co., W. Heinemann, and Longmans, Green & Co.)

Photo by J. Patrick. **No. 8, Howard Place, Edinburgh.** Where Stevenson was born on November 13th, 1850.

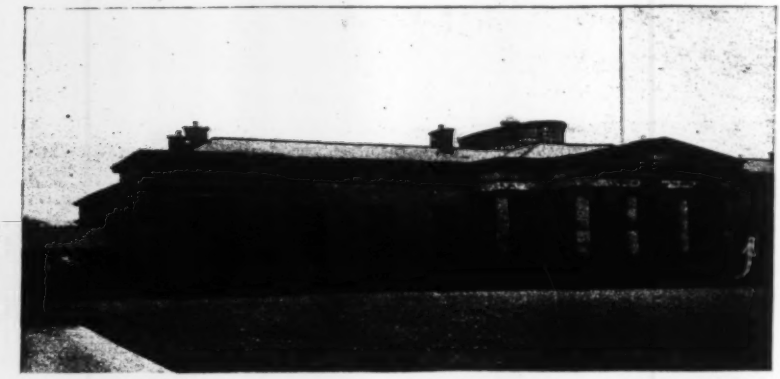


Photo by J. Patrick, Edinburgh. **R.L.S's. school, Henderson Road, Edinburgh.**

which in eighteen years has put three costly complete editions to a premium, has not yet banished fancy.

To impress by power alone is feasible in art; it was done by Balzac and Dumas, but more to personality than to power does human affection for any length of time give its allegiance, and the combination, in the right degree, is irresistible. More potent than the conscious art of Stevenson to retain the place he holds is his individuality as revealed in his career and obvious in his work. His key to our hearts is a fine Horatian urbanity, a grace for the moment lost among practitioners of letters, who, perched on a pedestal of self-approval, preach at us fanatically and rudely criticise the things we love. With his urbanity commingled another element sometimes regarded as antagonistic to it, namely, irony. It is often the resort of the embittered and the harsh, but likewise it has always been the weapon of men with an inability to shout across the table against the cock-sure. In its amiable form it does not lapse to cynicism, being sensitive and gentle, having no source in a flattering self-esteem. This spirit of kindly mockery pervades the work of Stevenson. It animates much of his verse, even, and, there perceived so often as an undertone of modest and amused self-criticism, has doubtless contributed to the hesitation with which some of his heartiest admirers accept him as a poet. Very few of his poems, his widow tells us, were conceived with any other purpose than the entertainment of the moment. The metrical inspiration of some of them is easily to be discovered, for, like Burns and Kipling, he was ever best at a song when he had an air to fit it to. When we cut the numbers of "Underwoods" or "Songs of Travel" from day to day out of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, they seemed perfect little gems of unpretentious thicket song, which may be sometimes sweeter, even to fastidious ears, than the uproar of the nightingale. To me, at all events, they still have a charm, perhaps not wholly in their essence but maintained by memory and association. There cried, and still cries in them, the soul of exile and of "old unable years." His Scottish verse is in a different category; the gentle ironist is there too obvious. Stevenson's accurate and forceful use of the vernacular is not

R.L.S. in his barrister's robes, Age 25.

I think now, this 6th or 7th of April 1873, that I can see my future life. I think it will run stiller and stiller year by year; a very quiet, desultorily studious existence. If God only gives me tolerable health, I think now I shall be very happy; work and silence calm the mind and stop gnawing in the brain; and as I am glad to say that I do now recognise that I shall hence be a great many I may set myself peacefully on a smaller journey; not without hope of coming to the inn before nightfall

Odass ander leben
Nach diesem ziel ein ewig wandeln
Ney!

Desiderata.
I Good-Health
II 2 to 3 hundred a year.
III O du lieber Gott, friends!

AMEN
Robert Louis Stevenson

Facsimile of note by Stevenson.
From Stevenson's Works. Swanston Edition. (Chatto and Windus, Cassell, Heinemann and Longmans.)

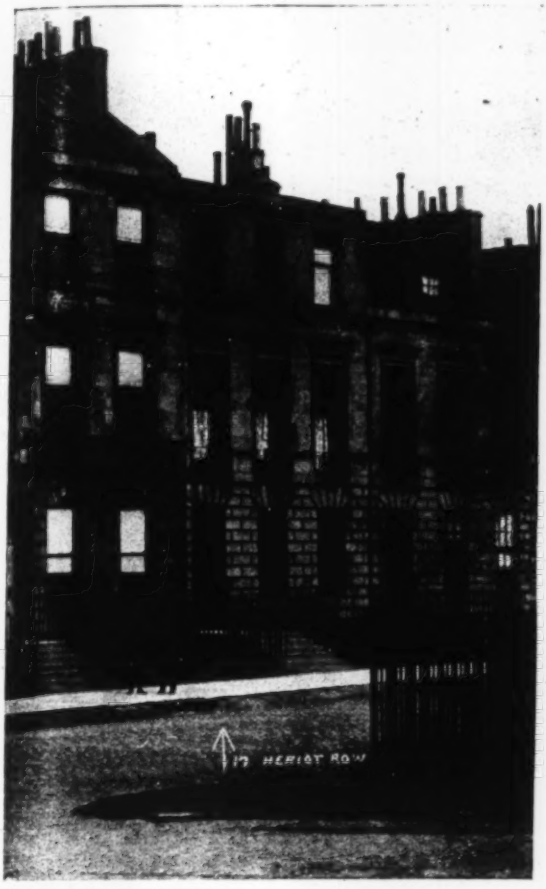


Photo by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

No. 17, Heriot Row, Edinburgh, where Stevenson's Parents Lived from 1857 to 1887.

"In Heriot Row he had now for his use the two rooms on the top floor of his father's house, which had been his nurseries."—"Life of Stevenson," by Graham Balfour. (Methuen.)

to be denied, but he used it in his verse in a manner not wholly unsophisticated, in hours when the artistic possibilities of the thing were the inspiration and not the heart's emotions.

Urbanity and irony, though not the stuff of immortal poetry, are nowhere more effective than in the essay, whose best exponents have taught us to regard these qualities as virtually indispensable. It is therefore more in the essay than in verse or novel that Stevenson's individuality and charm as man and writer are best revealed, and it is impossible to quarrel with the conclusion of Mr. Andrew Lang in his introduction to the Swanston Edition that we have in Stevenson "the master British essayist of the later nineteenth century," by reason of his vivacity, vitality, his original reflections on life, and his personal and

Photo by J. Patrick, Edinburgh. **Robert Louis Stevenson.**

Swanston Cottage, the early home of R.L.S.
His father took a lease of the house in 1867.

fascinating style, regarding which it is perhaps unfortunate that he took the world too much into his confidence, since "sedulous ape" is the readiest criticism to come to the lips of the Philistine. Poets first make poetry, and only afterwards learn about anapæsts and amphibrachys that they may understand their critics. Some such post-liminious after-application of old canons to acts already done intuitively is as common with artists as with politicians, and Stevenson's paper on "The Technical Elements of Style," like Poe's account of the composition of "The Raven," is more or less an

artists' game, an ebullition of energetic gaiety: his own style had been directed by eye and ear, associative idea, and a natural taste for the verbally unexpected, the surprise. "My style is from the Covenanting writers" he said. Let those who are impressed by such an airy statement, read Patrick Walker and be disillusioned. In truth, any derivation of Stevenson's style from any particular predecessor is tenuous, though his philosophy and his tingling sense of out-door things, his tolerance towards the "friendly and flowing savage" in mankind may have been got directly from America. There are thousands of indications that for his thinking he owed as much to Whitman and Thoreau as to any of the gentlemen prescribed at the best academies. His style, in fine, is an incarnation of his thought and character, and the urbanity and fastidiousness of his nature pervade his rhythm and cadence, the choice and order of his words as much as the selection of his themes. His language could never have been the ready-made stuff of literary slop-shops, and the distaste for platitude, which with most people is confined to platitude of phrase or idea, extended, in him, to the adjective. No man was ever less constituted to feel happy in a second-hand pair of trousers, and the search through life and words for what was most in harmony with himself was unsatisfied by anything short of his private ideal.

Where Stevenson thought himself beholden to anyone he was prompt and frank enough to mention it, and generally, as in the case of the Covenanters, gave more credit than was due. His acknowledgments of indebtedness to Defoe, Poe, Kingsley, and Marryat for

Stevenson.

After the Painting by A. C. Michael. Reproduced from "Robert Louis Stevenson." Days with Great Writers Series. (Hodder & Stoughton).

Frontispiece to "An Inland Voyage."

From Stevenson's Works. Swanston Edition. (Chatto & Windus.)

conceptions in his first book, "Treasure Island," are equivalent to an admission that islands, parrots, skeletons, and dead men's chests are the monopoly of who first makes use of them in fiction. "Treasure Island" none the less, in every particular was from his private mint. But another tale of his, "St. Ives," had —as I may be alone in fancying—its inception in a narrative which he probably had read in youth in the pages of *Chambers' Miscellany*. In a volume of that promiscuous and delightful periodical, once dear to Scottish households, there is given a translation from the French of a "Story of a French Prisoner of War in England," which supplies almost all the essential mechanism of "St. Ives," including the duel in the citadel. Champdivers and Goguelat each fought with half of a pair of scissors attached to a wand; in the French narrative the encounter was with blades of knives so utilised. There is another duel scene of Stevenson's—that by candle-light in the garden in "The Master of Ballantrae," —which seems like a transfigured memory of a similar episode between the Duc de Champdoce and George de Croisenois in a story of Gaboriau's. Of the myriad of such dramatic hints conveyed in the works of the superficial and uninspired who knew not into what recesses of pure gold their picks had reached, I wish he had lived to avail himself still more, for from literature as from life he took no hints but to adorn and elevate

In two of his stories—"Kidnapped" and "Catriona," —the influence of Walter Scott, I think, is obvious. He had read "Rob Roy" at the age of ten, and stumbled half-asleep into the region of Highland romance as Scott invented it, with the result that save for some actual

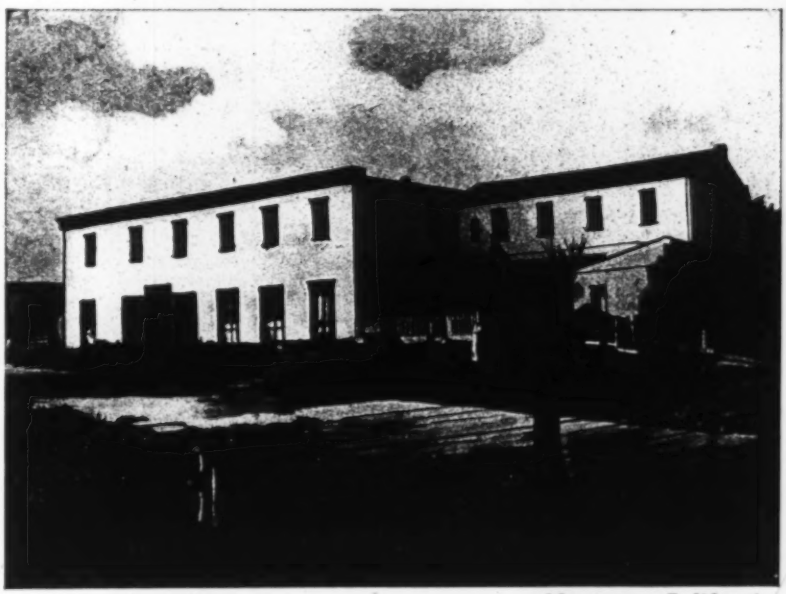
R.L.S., taken in California.
From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

Photo by Hollinger. **Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.**
From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

"Of the marriage it need only be said that from the beginning to the end husband and wife were all in all to one another."—"Life of Stevenson," by Graham Balfour. (Methuen.)

glimpses he got himself of the Highlands, he saw them ever after in a measure through the Wizard's eyes. "When I think of that novel," he wrote in after years, "I am impatient with all others; they seem but shadows and impostors." Yet there are few Highlanders, I think, who would not, so far as purely Highland features are concerned, prefer the adventures of David Balfour to those of "Waverley" or "Rob Roy." No nice considerations about even an approximate realism governed Scott's treatment of Gaelic life and character: he looked at them as Professor Reinhardt looks at Sophocles, with a single eye to their effect as pageantry, and saw them in a light that never was on land or sea. He never reported the speech of the natives either in Erse or English but with magnificent insousciance, and a grotesque improbity which has unhappily become stereotyped in most of his successors, and his Gaelic characters are equally remote from actual type. I hesitate to cavil about novels which at times have been my own delight, but the truth is imperative, that Allan Macaulay is the ill-begotten offspring of that gigantic humbug, Macpherson's "Ossian," and Rob Roy, in almost every manifestation, is a Borderer without one drop of mountain blood.

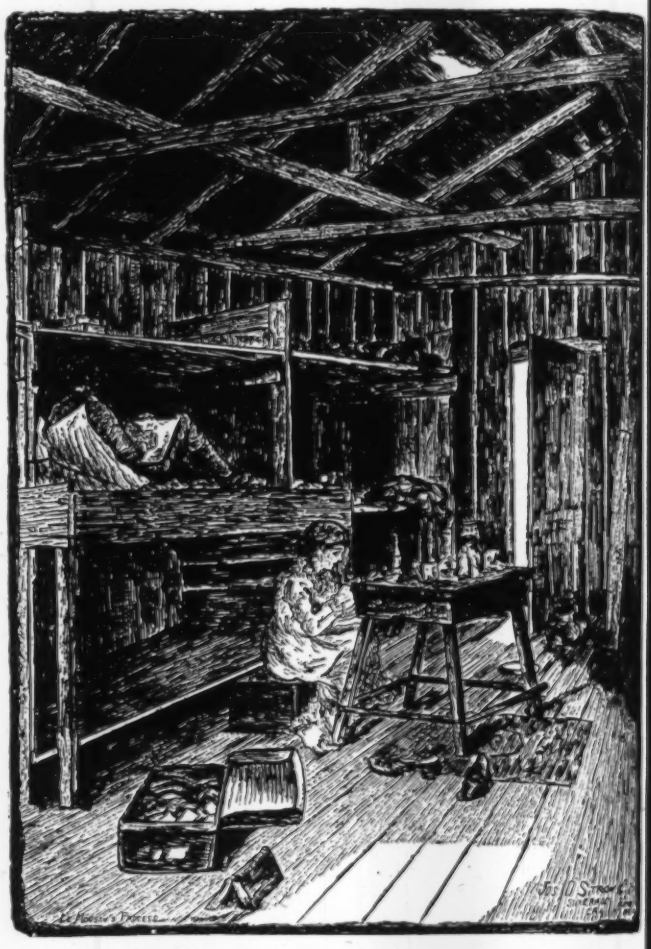
Stevenson was undoubtedly inspired by "Rob Roy," but though he might vow "death to the optic nerve," he used his eyes in this particular territory of Scotland more conscientiously than Scott. He saw the masses of his picture with the eyes of Scott; the details were his own perception. It is the veritable Highland wind that blows across his pages; his glens and coasts have the impressiveness of things emotionally remembered. He had, too, a quicker ear than Scott for alien idioms and turns of utterance, and had evidently read Campbell's "Tales of the West Highlands" with profit to his manipulation of the thought and speech of persons like Alan Breck and Catriona. Further, he had grasped some salient features of the Gaelic character, and though he suggested in a letter to Mr. Barrie that Alan Breck



Monterey, California.
The house in which Stevenson lived from September to December, 1879.

was a Highlander only in his name and otherwise a Sassenach, he did himself there a vast injustice. It was a writer with a marvellous power to reconstruct the pterodactyl from a single tooth who, from one or two letters in the Introduction to "Rob Roy," was able to create the spy James Mor Drummond, as deadly true to one type of Celtic character as it was to the actual history of James Mor, though Stevenson did not know it. Oddly enough, as it may seem to such as do not realise the irony of art, the only blundering chapter in "Kidnapped" has been among the most admired—the piping contest in Balquidder, and that pipers improvise, and ornament their improvisations with "warblers" is an error as persistent now as cairngorms or the toast "with Highland honours."

It seems almost a disloyalty to comment upon an inappreciable lapse like this in one who, to the compatriot heart at all events, endears himself by countless virtues of which not least was an almost pious tendency to confine his criticism to himself and his achievements. We rejoice in him, not only as in him range the perfect artist who has given glad hours and the example of intrepidity to a host of people widely set apart in islands of the sea, and in the depths of continents, and in their circumstances, but also as another vindication of a racial spirit capable of flowering into beauty even where "the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat." From the loins of those Cyclopean men



Frontispiece to "The Silverdor Squatters."
From Stevenson's Works. Swanston Edition. (Chatto and Windus.)

who fought on coast and skerry with the monstrous obstacles of nature—this gentle being with a tender hand to fashion gems! From a long heredity of Puritan austerity the elegant and debonair!

Stevenson.
From a portrait painted at Samoa by Count Girolamo Nerli.
From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

TO COUNT GIROLAMO NERLI.

(*We are indebted to Mrs Jeanne Butler, of Westbury-on-Trym, for a copy of the following verses written by Stevenson while sitting to Count Nerli for his portrait. "Count Nerli was a friend of my husband's," writes Mrs. Butler, "and gave him the verses on his return from the island."*)

Did ever mortal man hear tell of sae singular a lerlie
As the coming to Apia here of the painter, Mr. Nerli.
He cam, and O for a human friend, of a' he was the perli;
The pearl of a' the painter folk was surely Mr. Nerli.
He took a thraw to paint mysel,' he painted late and early,
O, wow, the mony a yawn I've yawned in the beard of Mr. Nerli.
Whiles I would sleep, and whiles would wake, and whiles was mair than surly,
I wondered sair, as I sat there, fornenst the eyes of Nerli.
Oh will he paint me the way I want, as bonny as a girlie?
Or will he paint me an ugly tyke, and be damned to Mr. Nerli!
But still, and on, and whichever it is, he is a canty kerli
The Lord protect the back and neck of honest Mr. Nerli.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

VAILIMA,
SAMOA.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric. Choice of theme is left entirely to the Competitor, but the lyric should not run to more than forty lines.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the most appropriate motto from Browning's poems applicable to either the Coal Strike or the Suffrage Movement.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published novel. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

Chalet la Solitude, Hyeres, where Stevenson resided in 1883.

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

"Happy (said I), I was only happy once, that was at Hyeres."—Vailima Letters. Edited by Sir Sidney Colvin. (Methuen.)

Title page of a burlesque romance written by Stevenson and his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne.

In 1880–1882, when staying at Davos, Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne (then thirteen), set up a toy printing press; they wrote nonsense stories between them, R.L.S. made engravings to illustrate them, which Lloyd Osbourne printed.

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss EDITH MAUD EDWARDS, of 20, Adrian Square, Westgate-on-Sea, for the following:

A GLORIOUS LIE. By DOROTHEA GERARD. (John Long.)

TO A SKYLARK.

"Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert."

SHELLEY.

We also select for printing:

LETTERS OF A SPINSTER. By WINIFRED JAMES. (Chapman & Hall.)

"O let us get married; Too long we have tarried."

EDWARD LEAR, *Nonsense Songs and Stories —(The Owl and the Pussy Cat).*

(Miss Kathleen Graham, c/o Mrs. Ralph Falkiner, "Ventnor," Walsh Street, South Garra, Melbourne, Australia.)

THE SICK-A-BED LADY. By E. H. ABBOTT. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"How many apples have you had? She answered: Only seven!"

HENRY S. LEIGH, *Only Seven—Carols of Cockayne.*

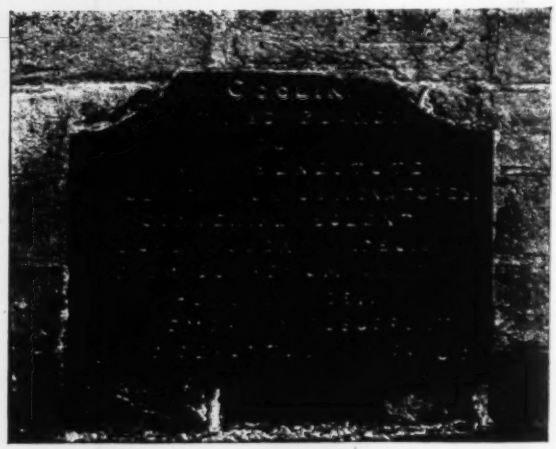
(H. Stewart Bond, Roche, R.S.O., Cornwall.)

THE ETERNAL STRUGGLE. By NEWMAN HARDING. (Long.)

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!"

MISS KILMANSEGG, *Hood.*

(Beatrice Craig, Craigdanagh, Straidarran, Co. Derry.)



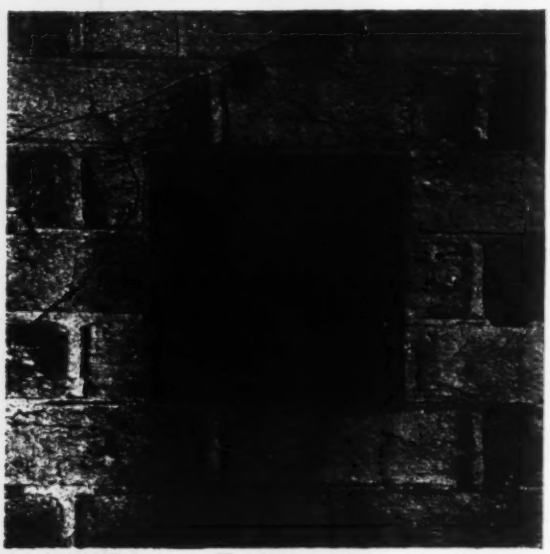


Photo by Clive Holland.

Tablets on the wall of R.L.S's. Bournemouth house, "Skerryvore," to the memories of two of his favourite dogs.

Stevenson.

A photograph taken at Bournemouth by Mr. W. T. Hawker. From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

THE LIFE OF CESARE BORGIA. By RAFAEL SABATINI. (Stanley Paul.)

"I never knew a family so criminal as yours!"

W. S. GILBERT, *Gentle Alice Brown.*

(Hester Fairgrieve, 316, West 20th Street, New York, U.S.A.)

LONDON WINDOWS. By ETHEL TALBOT. (Stephen Swift & Co.)

"Then Christabel stretched forth her hand."

S. T. COLERIDGE, *Christabel.*

(Miss A. Eleanor Pinnington, 25, Wellington Road, Brighton.)

A THREE HOURS' SERVICE FOR GOOD FRIDAY. By Rev. J. H. ECKERSLEY. (Robert Scott.)

"'It will be hard,' they say, 'to find Another service such as this.'"

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

(J. W. Aspinall, 105, Salisbury Road, Everton, Liverpool.)

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE INSECT WORLD. By J. H. FABRE. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"Will you walk into my parlour? said the Spider to the Fly."

M. HOWITT.

(Miss E. Lewis, High Oakham Road, Mansfield, and Maud I. Findlay, 37, Queen's Road, Brighton.)

AN ENEMY TO SOCIETY. By G. BRONSON HOWARD. (T. Werner Laurie.)

"He crucified noble, he sacrificed mean, He filled old ladies with kerosene."

KIPLING, *Ballad of Boh Da Thone.*

(Mrs. Alice Morton-Smith, Chinwangtao, North China.)

II.—THE PRIZE for the best topical Fable is divided, and we award TWO NEW BOOKS to Miss MARIE R. BROWN, of 233, West Regent Street, Glasgow, and TWO NEW BOOKS to Mrs. MABEL KNIGHT, of Hillside, Avondale Road, Bromley, Kent, for the following:

THE CENSORSHIP.

In the markets of a far off country quantities of fruit were exposed for sale, much of it bad. The people, being wise, bought the good fruit, and left the bad rotting on the market stalls. Then arose a councillor who conferred with his brethren thus, saying, "Why should our people be tempted with so much bad fruit? Let us appoint one who shall decide what fruit is fit for consumption."

Thereupon an high official was appointed, and all the fruit was brought unto him that he might decide between the good and the bad. But presently the people, finding that only good fruit lay upon the market stalls, demanded the bad, and paid high prices for it, while the proprietors of orchards used means to destroy their fruit that the high official might condemn it, and the people therefore be induced to buy.

"Forbidden fruit is always the sweetest."

MARIE R. BROWN.

Stevenson.

From an etching by William Strang.

THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

There was once a sower who had a happy home and family until his wife said to him one day, "Husband, I am as clever as you. Why should I sit at home while you go out and sow?" and she talked so much about it, that finally she had her way. The woman found she could sow as well as her husband, and when the harvest was over she looked at the full granary with pride. But the husband said: "Who is going to eat it? Whilst you have been so busy the children have died."

MABEL KNIGHT.

This Competition has produced several very good Fables, and many bad ones. The best among the numerous others that have been sent in are those by Mrs. H. H. Penrose (Frimley Green), Mildred Gurney (Brimscombe), A. J. Dick (High Wycombe), Muriel Monks (Lincoln), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Elizabeth K. Packard (West Ealing), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Joyce Bradwell (Nottingham), Alfred Waller (Sunderland), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), G. Wilson Drysdale (Cricklewood), Evelyne Close (Hove), Miss A. M. McNeill (Sidmouth), Elsie Underwood (Sevenoaks), S. J. Morrison (Barrow-in-Furness), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Miss E. Lewis (Mansfield), Ethel

Photo by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

R. L. S.'s Aunt. The "Chief of our Aunts" of "A Child's Garden of Verses."

House at Lake Saranac, in the Adirondacks, where Stevenson lived from October, 1887, to April, 1888.

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

Goodwin (Clapham), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Arthur Blundell (Southport), Winifred Goodwin (Clapham), Robert Sinclair (Glasgow), Daisy H. Badland (Sheffield), Mabel Davies (Pembroke Dock), H. Elrington (Monkstown), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Ethel Cooke (Norwich), Miss F. Cumins (Blackheath), Rev. J. A. S. Wilson (Scarborough), A. Scotte (Bayswater), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Amy Thomas (Truro), Robert Morrison (Glasgow.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. W. G. ALEXANDER, of 10, Fulham Place, Paddington, W., for the following :

R. L. Stevenson.

After the painting by John S. Sargent, R.A., in the possession of Mrs. Stevenson.

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

Stevenson's residence at Vailima, Samoa.

From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

Robert Louis Stevenson.

One of the best portraits taken of him.

MANALIVE. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Nelson.)

In this, as in most of his books, we have all Chesterton. There is the paradoxical wit, that bewilders by its intellectual somersaults ; there is that power of giving swift pictures now and then, as of Moore, the buried mystic, or Diana, slender, fierce and virginal as the goddess ; there is fancy that sees blue railings as spear-heads, and imagination, splashing poetry across certain pages, as when the gold of sunset is spilt over the wind-swept garden. And underneath lies Chesterton's Everlasting Gospel, that the commonplaces are the astounding things in life, and the best lies undiscovered at our feet.

Other good reviews received are :

THE MONEYMOON. By JEFFERY FARNOL. (Sampson Low.)

The reader who is weary of the problem novel of to-day should find refreshment for his soul in this Kentish idyll. It is full of sunshine and the sweetness of the country. The boy, Small Porges, who sets out to find gold to save his aunt's ancestral farm, the aunt herself who is the heroine, and the millionaire hero whose "almighty dollars" save each situation as it arises, are delightful people, and with the help of two or three supplementary characters make up a tale which one finishes with a pleasant sense of having been for a moment in Arcady.

(Miss Lottie Hoskins, 119, Trafalgar Road, Moseley, Birmingham.)

THIRTEEN. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Chapman & Hall.)

Everyone should read these whimsical stories by Temple Thurston. Each one is a gem that will sparkle in the memory long after more serious works are forgotten. Mr. Thurston has a wonderful way of disarming you. He makes you smile so broadly at the comic side of life that the unutterable pathos underlying it only comes home to you—afterwards. Almost all the "Thirteen" stories are like that. They make you chuckle as you read them, and "give you furiously to think" when you have read them. This is a book to buy—not borrow from the local circulating library.

(C. G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire.)

ACROSS THE BRIDGES. By ALEXANDER PATTERSON. (Edward Arnold.)

"Across the bridges there is a great need." This Mr. Patterson certainly makes us realise in his book. It is written, not by an idle spectator, but by a friend and comrade of the unfortunate, who has lived among

them, and feels with, as well as for, them. It is a cheering book, as well as a sad one, for it shows us the kindliness and sympathy which is inherent in the human heart, even under the most unfavourable circumstances. Hearts are warm by the river-side, and those who go there to teach, may also learn much.

(Miss E. Moore, Greenbank Cottage, Liverpool.)

THE PLOUGHBOY. By JAMES BRYCE. (John Lane.)

James Bryce, as a ploughboy, in a farm bothy, in Midland Scotland, gives a vivid picture of the iniquities of the system. He then passes, by a strange rise in his fortunes, into a factor's office on the estate where he was originally a hind. From his observations on the territorial system, as well as from his former experiences amid sordid surroundings, he comes to the conclusion that Socialism is the only remedy for the present condition of land tenure. There are some startling transformations in the circumstances of the hero, but the book is racy of the soil, and decidedly convincing.

(J. A. Erskine Stuart, Undercliffe, Batley, Yorks.)

THE COWARD. By ROBERT HUGH BENSON. (Hutchinson.)

Psychological novels are numerous, but seldom do we get one as brilliant as "The Coward." Mr. Benson has taken for his hero a boy who is brave up to a point, yet who always "funks" a perilous action at the end. From the very first our sympathies are with Val, and though he fails in climbing mountains, fails to fight his duel—fails in all that he should have done, we never once blame him. His death is inevitable; and though his parents maintain he was a coward, surely all of us will feel that Val was indeed a hero.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath).

Kalakana, late King of the Hawaiian Islands, on the verandah of the Royal Boat House at Honolulu, with Stevenson.

We highly commend also the reviews sent in by Irene Harrison (Bristol), Nelly Burdett (Norwich), Alexander Fowler (Epsom), Sidney E. Bell (Wandsworth Common), G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Margery Wilkins (Uttoxeter), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), James A. Richards (Tenby), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Elsie Bond (Pinner), Mrs. E. J. MacO. Smith (Edinburgh), Mary S. Crawford (Galway), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Miss D. A. Hudson (Hull), James Brenton (Tottenham), Mrs. Mabel Knight (Bromley), Miss Deare (Westmeath), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), George Stanton (Leicester), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Isabelle Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Miss M. V. Woodgate (London, S.W.), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), H. K. Omerod (Airdrie), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Mrs. S. Stirling (Glenfarg), Ellis M. Brown (Glasgow).

The Staircase, Vailima.

From "Stevenson's Shrine," by Laura Stubbs. (De La More Press.)

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss EVELYN M. ABBOTT, of The Croft, Old Malton, Yorkshire.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S LIFE.*

By Dr. William Barry.

YOUTH has perhaps the best of life, but one fine ingredient in the cup it cannot enjoy, which is reminiscence. To men who have arrived where I pause for a while, reminiscence becomes romance, and the former days are beautiful with colours of the morning or even with a noontide sun that has lost its fierceness but gained in depth of light. These volumes spread out before me throw up many names well known, people more or less famous that I have brushed against, scenes and incidents of which I heard from those who took part in them, stories that used to be told in confidence—all in illustration of the unique central figure, whose gracious lineaments and still piercing accents made an impression quite unequalled on our younger imaginations. To us who were his neighbours in the Midlands, almost his friends in the large and generous meaning of the word, Newman was the visible prophet, the St. John of these latter times, and his death would close a great religious period, as in truth it did. I remember seeing him mount the stairs at Oscott, that day when he came over to call on Bishop Ullathorne in consequence of the message from Rome that he was to be a Cardinal. How old and broken he looked, a very ghost from a far-off world! We learned his books by heart, disputed with one another about their meaning or their drift, already spoke of him and treated him as among the immortals, the Fathers, Doctors, Saints of Christendom, who were his peers.

In ten or eleven years he was gone, leaving a memory which sets him apart for ever. To reckon him by categories or schools of opinion would be to misconstrue him; therefore he made enemies no less vehement than friends; he divided factions, stirred men's thoughts and drove them out of their bearings, was a portent while he stayed in the Church of England, an enigma when he left it. He joined the mighty Roman Communion, which absorbed him silently, and where was he? In Rome, at Santa Croce, in a back street of Birmingham, in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin; but his Oxford, the city of Laud and King Charles over which he cast a glamour, knew him no more. The English public suspected, admired, disowned, forgot the renegade. The Tractarian became a Ritualist. Pattison, who might have caught in its falling Elijah's mantle, abandoned Catholic dogma for German thought. Keble and Pusey went their way sadly. Newman, between the exodus of '45 and the publication of his Apologia, lived through one disappointment after another until he was tempted to ask himself, "Why live at all?"

Mr. Wilfrid Ward has had the rare courage to tell the story without reticence which makes of Newman's biography a thing as poignant as it is real. He sums up in a couple of chapters the earlier half in which, to its hero's fancy, there was little suffering compared with the long and dreary episode which soon followed of genius undervalued, talents forcibly kept idle, motives maligned, health broken, solitude deepened by the loss of old companions. This was to be set down faithfully; and we have the record in Newman's own words, in his letters, diaries, prayers, but not so much as we could have desired in his conversations. There is no violation of privacy, though we are admitted to the very tribunal of conscience where he, who could search into the human heart so skilfully, laid bare his own. He used often to exclaim, "*Secretum meum mihi!*" for he was no stage player, feeding on self-revelation to the crowd; but he must leave an Apologia which would protect his name and fame against accusers more formidable than poor impetuous Kingsley, friends—yes, to their apprehension most attached, but for that reason to be dreaded as foes in his household, which was now the Catholic Church. Newman wrote with his life-blood pages of extraordinary truth about himself, printed here beyond recall. They are human with an intense agony, a subtle wisdom, a play of complex feelings, a humility and a lofty spirit, such as perhaps no other biography in the language can rival. Many have called him sensitive; and that keen English epithet, a trouble to French translators, no doubt describes the man. But sensitive until he was near eighty, quivering with a sick heart whether praise or criticism were offered, tremblingly awake in watches of the night to every sound, yet on principle, from mere self-respect, forbidden to write one syllable which aimed only at effect—what a lonely soul is here, and what a Promethean tragedy!

* "The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman." By Wilfrid Ward. 2 Vols. 36s. net. (Longmans.)

By courtesy of Messrs. Cassell & Co.

Stevenson in his study at Vailima, dictating to his step-daughter, Mrs. Strong.

These things make great literature. They bring the Catholic, the intense and sincere believer, into strange company. Was not Amiel another of this brooding kind? And Senancour? And surely Pascal, the one modern with whom it is safe to compare him as a leader of Christian philosophy? Newman's Oxford sermons were soliloquies; but his life was also a meditation, of which fragments escaped from his pen into his books, and in a true sense he writes to himself rather than to the world. With an attitude more modest but not less determined than Goethe's, he too asks, after the wise and the foolish have said their say, "But how does it appear to *me?* What do *I* think of it?" And by thought he means no formal argument, scholastic or legal, but the response of his whole nature in its most exalted mood—the seer's

Photo by J. Davis, Apia, Samoa.

Stevenson at Vailima.

vision, lighted up as in moments of crisis, but confirmed by cool experience; for faith itself, which he calls a venture, is Newman grasping out, not after abstract ideas, but after living and divine realities. The dogmas of his creed are concerned with personalities from first to last. That is, in fact, the significance of dogma to him; it sets up between the Object and the Subject of religion a supernatural friendship too sacred, too intimate, for the logic of notions and algebraic symbols. We may describe Newman as a poet or a mystic, and we shall do him no wrong; but he never was, he never could be, a Rationalist.

And yet on the vague suspicion of rationalising, or of giving countenance to such as did, this man lay for years under a cloud. Not immediately at Rome, where his writings had not been examined, but among a group of English converts, to whom Mr. W. G. Ward furnished

A Group at Samoa.
Lloyd Osbourne, Captain Wurmbrand, Henry Simele, and Stevenson.
From Stevenson's Works. Pentland Edition. (Cassell.)

grounds they would scarcely have discovered for themselves. Dr. Ward, acting in perfect good faith, was from his peculiar temperament incapable of entering into Newman's policy on these delicate matters. Ward had confidence only in avoidance and repression of problems

By courtesy of Messrs. Cassell & Co.

Mrs. Isobel Strong, Stevenson's step-daughter.

Stevenson playing on his flageolet.

which affected the beliefs of Christians, though he was himself a most admirable defender of Theism and completely routed the association philosophy maintained by J. S. Mill. Nevertheless, he viewed with alarm the somewhat undisciplined attempts of writers like Sir John Acton to argue the old questions on a modern field; and he considered that Newman was responsible for their imprudences. When he had convinced Manning in London and Monsignore Talbot, who resided in the Vatican, that so it was, a period set in during which the great Oratorian's books declined in their circulation, his plans about Oxford were foiled, and his career seemed to be at an end. Though his victory in the Apologia won England over, it did not reconcile Ward or Manning, neither of whom until they passed from the scene could be persuaded that their old Oxford chieftain had taken the right course with regard to "Liberalism." But his conscience did not reproach him. As the world went, Newman held that free discussion was inevitable; that among Catholics it could be so managed as to respect authority whilst allowing to men of science and men of letters a certain "elbow-room;" and that, in the absence of a Catholic University—the enterprise in Dublin having failed—it would be a lesser evil to send our young men to Oxford and Cambridge than to let them enter life without mental training and college discipline. His view was acted upon by Pope Leo XIII., but not until thirty years had been lost to the generation guided by Ward and Manning. The question is settled, with happy consequences; and Newman's practical good sense has received a striking vindication.

How the recluse of Edgbaston behaved towards problems of a larger scope—the Temporal Power, the Vatican Council—we may read at full length in Mr. Ward's luminous pages. But we shall be drawing our picture out of proportion if we fancy that Newman felt a personal interest where these controversies went on. They lay outside his particular sphere. All he did was to judge of them as they influenced men and women who sought his advice; for he would have smiled at the thought of playing the politician, or of pretending to be an expert in the School-philosophy. His greatness requires us to measure it on a different scale. I have heard that he was repelled from the Divina Commedia by its intermingling of Italian politics with heavenly themes. His devotion to the Holy See led him on one occasion to walk with unshod feet over the Roman pavements, as a pilgrim to St. Peter's

Stevenson.
Bronze medallion by St. Gaudens in Luxembourg.
From a bas-relief made during Stevenson's illness in New York in 1887.

shrine. Reviewers have noted in his letters from Italy observations touching the relics and stories of the Saints which, as Protestant Englishmen, they cannot away with. One who had this deep-seated feeling for the special features of Catholicism and its popular forms, was not likely to rebel against the judgments of a Council at which the Pope presided, and to which he had been himself invited as a learned theologian. His last considerable work, the Letter on Mr. Gladstone's "Vaticanism," was received by all its readers, including Dr. Ward, as an instance of absolute good faith, and as a proof, were any needed, that his anxieties all along had been for others, not at all for himself.

It was no part of Mr. Ward's design to summarise Newman's writings, or to judge of them as a literary critic. He is concerned with a life, not with a bibliography. The general public has been taught by competent authorities from every side that this secluded and meditative genius, employing no violent or strange devices, but keeping to his mother tongue with an almost superstitious reverence, has bequeathed to literature a series of prose-compositions never excelled in the purity of their language, in their musical rhythm, their penetrating quality, their eloquence, depth, and tenderness. It is likewise held that "The Dream of Gerontius" deals with supernatural themes and the corresponding imagery in a manner not approached by any poet since Dante. But even that is not the whole. In his work on the "Development of Christian Doctrine" Newman went before Darwin, anticipated the struggle for life while applying it to ideas, and perceived in history a principle

R.L.S.

From a drawing by A. S. Boyd.
Kindly lent by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

National Portrait Gallery. **R. L. Stevenson.**

Pencil drawing from life, at Sydney, N.S.W., in 1893, by Percy F. S. Spence.

of selection. At the same period he sketched in his Oxford University sermons a theory of concrete, or as we may say, of vital assent, which twenty-six years later was elaborated with a remarkable wealth of instances, and with equal subtlety, into a volume, the main lines of which have been strangely illustrated by what is known as psychical research. To be versatile and original is given to few; and among the few we must reckon John Henry Newman.

"What!" some German professor of Berlin or Giessen may exclaim, if he should see these words, "versatile and original—a Cardinal of the Roman Church?" Even so, I reply, Herr Professor. To this I was coming, for it deserves recognition as an encouraging sign, at Berlin no less than elsewhere. None of us that are students desire the world to be overrun by ignorance and left in primeval darkness. We all say "*Fiat Lux.*" Now the entrance of this poet, historian, and philosopher into the Sacred College did not, indeed, raise to dogmatic definitions his views on development or his theory of assent, but it surely proved that genius need not exclude a man from the honours of the purple. Leo XIII., who was an accomplished scholar and well read in metaphysics, delighted to call into his illustrious Senate a thinker on modern lines such as Newman, while he was distinguishing an Aristotelian commentator, Joseph Prisco (whose works I studied in Rome) by making him Cardinal Archbishop of Naples. The English Oratorian has powerfully contributed to a reconciliation without compromise of elements both abstract and concrete, in a more perfect scheme of philosophy than North or South has formulated

at the present time ; and the Neapolitan will be found to have kept the ancient light burning.

But there is something more. In a Life so adequately told, with distinction and with even judgment, with documents at first hand carefully chosen, yet nothing essential omitted, every reader will perceive a moral to suit his own cast of mind. The book is not a pleading one way or another. I may suggest, perhaps, how it will strike a well-wisher to religion who is not very intolerant of Rome, though he should happen to differ from its creed. Newman's second period, for at least twenty-five years, was outwardly a time of defeat and could not fail to seem "bare of joy," when viewed by those who imagine such a life in their own light, which is that of comfortable citizens. But the hidden springs of quite another kind of joy did not fail Newman ; and when he was challenged he replied, in language breathing conviction, that he found supreme content in the beliefs and the practices of his faith. All that makes so great a dust and heat in the biography was like English weather—a thing to be endured, but which must not interfere with our serious concerns. The true life went on, tranquil and sheltered, in a sanctuary where none of these things might enter. The poet, preacher, mystic, saint, was there alone with the Alone. It is this which compels a critic who has thought over the limits of his art, to keep a certain distance from the innermost shrine of Newman's thoughts, clearly as they are set before us. They belong to the sacred mystery of a great and solitary soul.

CONRAD.*

By PERCEVAL GIBBON.

FEW books of autobiographic flavour and intention have so good a reason for their appearance as "Some Reminiscences," by Joseph Conrad. The "fifteen years of unbroken silence before praise or blame," to which the author lays claim in his "familiar preface," have also been years of an increasing curiosity concerning the strange and diverse personality which glimmered, like a veiled lantern, behind the narratives of "Lord Jim," "Heart of Darkness," "The Nigger of the Narcissus," and the other novels and tales which make up the body of Mr. Conrad's achievement as a writer. It is a curiosity which Mr. Conrad has done nothing either to slake or inflame ; no writer has taken the paragraphist less into his confidence, or served so little the purpose of the interviewer and the press photographer. The works by which alone he has personified himself have issued from a tranquil seclusion ; and there is, therefore, a kind of graciousness, a manner of relenting to friendly importunities, in the publication of a book which so handsomely makes a guest of the reader who has hitherto been no more than an acquaintance.

For Mr. Conrad, in his reminiscent mood, two memories are associated and intertwined : that of his first contact with the sea, which was to have so large a part in his life, and that of the writing of his first book. He reveals himself, in his opening chapter, in his berth on board the steamer *Adowa*, with the growing manuscript of "Almayer's Folly" lying on the blanket in his bunk, and

* "Some Reminiscences." By Joseph Conrad. 5s. net. Eveleigh Nash.)

National Portrait Gallery. **R. L. Stevenson.**
Sketch painted in one sitting by Sir William Blake Richmond, R.A.

Stevenson.
From a photograph by Sir Percy Shelley.

the brass rim of the porthole framing a vignette of the quays of Rouen, at the moment when the tale is interrupted by the entrance of the banjo-playing third officer. Never was a book, destined ultimately to be completed and published, the subject of so many interruptions. Already at Rouen it was four years old; it had yet to accompany its author to his childhood's home in Poland, to share with him many long sea passages, to go in peril up the Congo.

It is Walter Bagehot who says that for a great experience there is essential "an experiencing nature." Mr. Conrad's experiences have been manifold; they range from Russian exile as a child to oppression at the hands of an examiner in seamanship; and in his recital of them it is immediately clear that he is one of those rare and fortunate men who are endowed at their birth with the experiencing nature. There is the incident of the first Englishman on whom he set eyes—in Switzerland, at the top of the Furka Pass, which he was traversing on foot with a tutor. "My unforgettable Englishman," he calls him; and he is unforgettable. He wore knickerbockers, and with them short socks, and "his calves, exposed to the public gaze and the tonic air of high altitudes, dazzled the beholder by the splendour of their marble-like condition and their rich tone of young ivory."

"The light of a headlong, exalted satisfaction with the world of men and the scenery of mountains illumined his clear-cut, very red face, his short, silver-white whiskers, his innocently eager and triumphant eyes. In passing, he cast a glance of kindly curiosity and a friendly gleam of big, sound, shiny teeth towards the man and the boy sitting like dusty tramps by the roadside, with a modest knapsack lying at their feet. . . . One does not meet such an Englishman twice in a lifetime."

The language is the language of Joseph Conrad, but the impression, the experience, is that of the boy who travelled with his tutor. Already one sees how his imagination enriched for him the world in which he moved.

The original of Almayer came into his view many years later, as a feature in another phase of his life, but the faculty of imaginative vision which presents him "in the round," as a man against his own background but detached from it and individual, is the same.

"He came quite close to the ship's side and raised a harassed countenance, round and flat, with that curl of black hair over the forehead, and a heavy pained glance."

Photo by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

Stevenson's family and household at Samoa, including his wife, his mother and Lloyd Osbourne.

He was a grieved man; everything grieved him. The pony which Mr. Conrad had to sling and put ashore for him knocked him down and ran away; he could not even derive a spark of hope, faith or pride from the ownership of "the only geese on the East Coast"; and when his mail was handed to him, it was apparent that he was afraid of his letters. Such was the man whose effect, as he moved in his patterned pyjamas about the Bornean riverside, was to haunt and preoccupy Mr. Conrad through years of wandering and establish him at last upon the threshold of a new and undreamed-of career.

It is a good fortune which has bestowed Mr. Conrad upon us as an English writer; it was a boy's preference which made him an English sailor. He recalls the first English ship which he touched with his hands, the steamer *James Westoll*, as she came into Marseilles. He had put out to meet her in the boat of his friends the pilots, and pulled bow in the dinghy which put the pilot on board, and so caught the line which was thrown from her rail. He was bidden to shove off, "and when I bore against the smooth flank of the first English ship I ever touched in my life, I felt it already throbbing under my open palm."

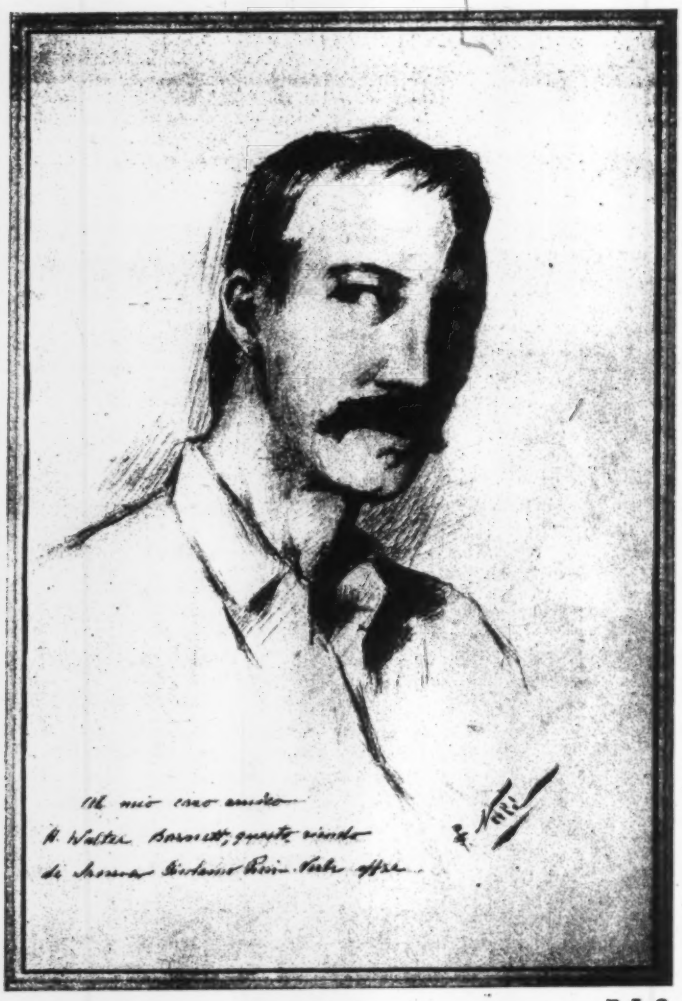
There is a sense in which every work of art is an autobiography, and in that sense the warm personality, the radiant and humane intelligence of Joseph Conrad were already mirrored in the novels he has written. But he was there seen as in a glass, darkly; here he is face to face with his reader. In "Some Reminiscences" we have, not a supplement and accessory to his other books, but a fresh work of the first importance, a vital and individual book, a true Conrad.

ENCORE BORROW.*

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THERE are, of course, a great many devotees of George Borrow about. They read him in cheap reprints or purchase him in first editions, according to the weight of their purses. The love of Borrow makes a kind of bond between them, and some day they will probably succeed in canonizing their hero. A hundred years hence he may be well-nigh forgotten, but it would not be surprising if by 2100 A.D. he had become a star

* "The Life of George Borrow." Compiled from unpublished official documents, etc., with 13 Illustrations. By Herbert Jenkins. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)



R.L.S.

From an original drawing by Count Girolamo Nerli, given by Stevenson to Mr. H. Walter Barnett, and now first reproduced by Mr. Barnett's permission.

of the first magnitude. Should that day ever arrive, Mr. Herbert Jenkins may rest assured of a niche in the Borrovian observatory as an annotator of industry and ability, who has left no stone unturned in his timely endeavour to elucidate the sibylline leaves of that ever-memorable and worshipful, but portentous and often obscure, commentator, Dr. W. J. Knapp. To fuse the old and new material into a consistent portrait of Don George has not appeared feasible to Mr. Jenkins, or, at any rate, he has not seriously attempted it. He has left that to other hands, and has been, in his criticism, content to fulfil Borrow's own idea of the functions of a critic, which was that he should enact the part of a leech. His powers of suction have proved fully equal to the task, and he has given us a thoroughly well-organized repertory of biographical fact and Borrovian legend.

To those who are familiar with the rambling autobiography committed to the pages of "Lavengro," the "Romany Rye," and "The Bible in Spain," not to mention the recently published "Letters to the Bible Society," there is not very much that is wholly new in the first sections of the present work. In the part that follows his subject's first successful appearance as an author, however, Mr. Jenkins gleans much that is unfamiliar, and presents it with befitting vivacity. Borrow's relations with women are significant and throw light, I think, upon his personality. He generally struck them unfavourably, and he certainly had by no means "doubled Cape Turk." He had semi-Oriental, or Byronic, ideas about the seclusion of women. He could not fathom, and had little toleration for condescending *grandes dames*, but above all, he detested quibbling blue-stockings, such as Frances Power Cobbe. The development of his coolness with Ford, his frequent brushes with his publisher, John Murray, the causes of his dissension with Bowring, are all carefully detailed here. In the last explosive appendix to the "Romany Rye," Borrow wrote: "The writer is aware of more than one instance in which he (Bowring) has passed off the literature of friendless young men, after making them a slight pecuniary compensation, and deforming what was originally excellent by interpolations of his own." This Radical literato, he went on, esteems himself a king of translators. His translations are

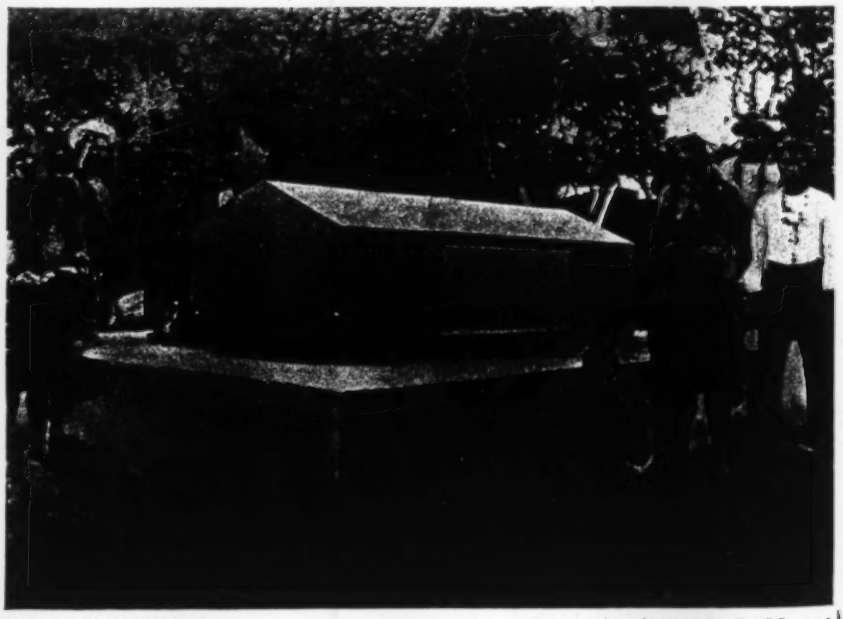


Photo by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

Stevenson's tomb on Mount Vaea, Samoa.

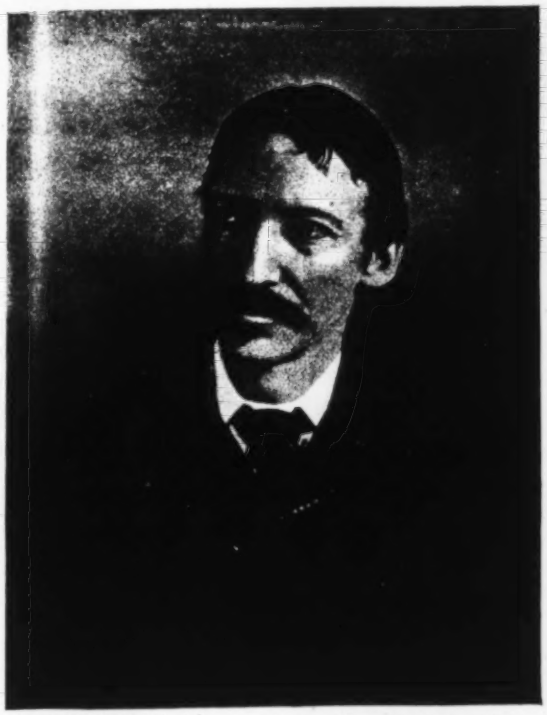


Photo by H. Walter Barnett. **Robert Louis Stevenson.**
One of the latest portraits taken of him.

made either from a prose rendering done for him from one of the easier dialects of Europe, or were made direct from the originals into English by friendless young men, and then deformed by his alterations. This was by no means a true bill according to Mr. Jenkins. The real grievance was that after promising to use all his influence to get Borrow appointed consul at Canton, Bowring obtained the post for himself, largely by passing off as his own the Manchu Testament which Borrow edited in St. Petersburg. There is very little doubt that Bowring was a man who had no hesitation in seizing everything that presented itself and turning it, as far as possible, to his own uses. In this he was doing what most successful men have done and will continue to do. Yet he had been kind to Borrow, and had helped him as far as lay in his power. He no doubt obtained all the information he could from Borrow, as he would have done from anyone else. Yet, when there was nothing to be lost by so doing, he did extend to Borrow at times a considerable amount of help. Francis Parkman, a man and a writer, who had some striking affinities with Borrow, remarked once that in order to succeed in America one had to be either a Harvard man or a humbug. Borrow was the equivalent of neither of these things in England. He had made no friends among the great ladies who make, or rather more often mar, so many hopeful schemes and meritorious appointments in this country. Hence the pathetic restlessness and vain eagerness to be up and doing without being able to get anything to do, which made the end of his life so pointless and embittered. Yet the "Celtic" holidays, so happily touched in description here in Chapters XXV. and XXVI., were not altogether unproductive. It was destined apparently that nothing George Borrow could ever write should quite come up to the promise of "The Bible in Spain." Yet how many guide-books are there to compare in any respect with "Wild Wales?" No book on the subject, at least in English, will probably ever do as much to render the tantalizing charm of the beautiful "Land of our Fathers," where half is so familiar, and the other half so impenetrably strange. Apart from their ale, in commendation of which words almost failed him, he took less kindly to the Scotch. He was at home in Man, and still more in Cornwall, where, East Anglian though he was, he felt himself understood in the homes of his ancestors. These walking tours served as a kind of safety valve to Borrow. The exercise and open air enabled him to drink the ale with plenty of malt in it that his soul loved. He had constant change of scene, and his thoughts were diverted by encounters with odd people, and by the hundred and one adventures of the roadside. His face, figure and aggressive virility made him a conspicuous object wherever he went. Unemployment at home gave rise to the malaise from which his intolerance in religious matters and monomania about "gentility-nonsense" mainly sprang. Mr. Jenkins quotes very aptly Voltaire's lines:

"Qui n'a pas l'esprit de son âge
De son âge a tout le malheur."

Borrow had in fact, a double portion of the blind conservatism of his favourite races, the Gypsies, the Basques, the Welsh. He was profoundly sceptical about modern improvements and other such machines, for he

Photo by J. Patrick, Edinburgh. **Bust of Stevenson,**
by G. W. Stevenson, R.S.A., in the Scottish Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh.

did not see where the human betterment came in. Mechanical power might well be a gain in itself, but it was more than counterbalanced by the increase of human inequality, which was certain to follow in its train. Such are the ideas, at any rate, which we read into Borrow after the event. Though he prided himself above everything on his anti-mediævalism and anti-papism, he was really a blind obscurantist himself. Alone almost among his contemporaries he appreciated primitive nature and distrusted civilization as the malady which Edward Carpenter has since demonstrated it to be. We know something about the dim, retreating Arcady from such writers as Bourne and Jessopp, we know much of the old tranters and woodlanders from Hardy, and of the old race of shepherds from Hudson; but it fell to Borrow to hold up the mirror to wild nature on roadside and heath. The characters that he flashes before us in his sunprints are true living pictures, characters that have since been improved off the face of the earth, and now we regret, with all our forces, that the rogues will never come back. And we know that it cannot be, and that the "Romany Rye" is a being who lived in a different age from ours, as different as the age of Hector and Achilles, when warriors fought in their chariots round the walls of Troy, and the long-haired Achaians hurled their spears and stole one another's horses in the darkness, and kings made long speeches armed to the teeth, and ran away with other kings' wives or multiplied their own. In short, it was Borrow's aim in an emasculate age of ready-made boots and shoes to leave a naked footprint on the sand. This he achieved.

New Books.

MR. FOX.*

"'The Early History of Charles James Fox' was published thirty-one years ago, in October, 1880. In the following December I accepted office as Secretary of the Admiralty, and perforce abandoned literature for an indefinite period to come." Thus Sir George Otto Trevelyan begins his preface to the first volume of "George the Third and Charles Fox." "At the beginning of the next session, in the lobby of the House of Commons, Mr. Justin M'Carthy did me the honour to express a wish that there existed a statutory power for obtaining an Order of Court to compel me 'to finish Fox.'" Mr. M'Carthy's wish has been echoed by many thousands all the world over. A biography of Fox by a competent writer was badly wanted, and Sir George Trevelyan had proved himself the man for the work. It was to many a great disappointment that when Sir George Trevelyan, released from the labours of office, again took up his pen, it was to write "The American Revolution," and not a further instalment of the life of Fox. "The American Revolution" is excellent, but it was the account of the middle life and later years of the great statesman that we particularly wanted from him. Now we have the first of two volumes of "George the Third and Charles Fox," in which work the history of the American Revolution is concluded; and the story of Fox will be carried up, to quote the author, "to the moment which, so far as personal success was concerned, proved to be the culminating point of his whole career." In the "Early Life," it will be remembered, the narrative stopped in 1774, when Fox, because of his independence, was, at the King's express desire, dismissed by Lord North; and George Selwyn, convinced that his friend has a great career in front of him, said: "Charles, for the future I will eat salt fish on the day you was turned out. You shall be my Charles the Martyr now; for I am tired of your great-grandfather, the old one. His head can never be sewed on again; but, as yours can be, I will stick to you."

If the book is something less than a biography of Fox, it is also something more, for it surveys English society in the later half of the eighteenth century, and presents also an intimate picture of the world of politics, and those who worked, as well as those who sauntered, in that world. But the main interest to readers will probably be Fox, for whom Sir George Trevelyan has an affection so wholehearted that sometimes, many will think, it leads him into excessive eulogy. It is true, of course, that Fox paid a heavy penalty for the follies of his youth.

"He is habitually cited as the instance of a statesman who was a confirmed gambler; and yet he ceased to be a gamester at an age when very few indeed, besides himself, have taken rank as statesmen. While still a stripling he was diced and wagered—and, as his elders believed, was glaringly and transparently cheated—out of an immense fortune. For some years afterwards he continued to play high; but in the spring of 1792, at the period of life when an aspiring member of Parliament begins to hope for an appointment as a Junior Lord of the Treasury, Fox became the leading Minister of the Crown's

* "George the Third and Charles Fox: The Concluding Part of 'The American Revolution.'" By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., O.M. In 2 vols. Vol. I. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Photo by J. Patrick, Edinburgh. **In Swanston Rock Garden (August, 1907).**

Lord Guthrie. Miss Alison Cunningham, Stevenson's nurse. He dedicated "A Child's Garden of Verses" to her—"From her Boy."

"Indeed, Cummy, I wish I might become a man worth talking of, if it were only that you should not have thrown away your pains."—Letter from Stevenson to Alison Cunningham (1871) in "The Letters of R. L. Stevenson." Edited by Sir Sidney Colvin. (Methuen.)

power and influence, although not in title. Thenceforth he gambled less and less frequently, until, after no very long while, he dropped the practice altogether."

Thus Sir George Trevelyan. The defence of Fox is not very strong; indeed, it is a piece of special pleading. In 1792, when Fox began to give up gambling, he was forty-three years of age, had squandered a vast fortune, his own, his father's, and his friends' money. What, Horace Walpole wondered, would Fox do when all his friends had sold their estates to pay his debts of honour? Let us take a contemporary opinion. "Fox," said his "candid friend," Boothby, "loved only three things—women, play and politics. Yet at no period of his life did he ever form a creditable connection with a woman. He lost his whole fortune at the gaming table; and, with the exception of about eleven months of his life, he has remained always in opposition." Sir George Trevelyan's enthusiasm for his hero is understandable enough, for Fox, with all his faults—and why minimise them?—was the most lovable creature in the world. No one ever had a bad word for him, save the most narrow-minded King that has ever sat on the English throne, George III., who hated him as heartily as he had hated Chatham. Fox's good nature, his good temper, won all hearts; and peculiarly characteristic of him is the following story, when the Prince of Wales and he heard of the death of the Duchess of Devonshire. "Then," said his Royal Highness, "we have lost the best-bred woman in England." "Then," said Fox, "we have lost the kindest heart in England."

Of the greatness of Fox there is no question, and in this matter Sir George Trevelyan goes not a whit too far. A superb orator, capable always of rising to the height of any question, and splendid in reply, he was possessed of the greatest gift with which the politician can be blessed, common sense. He could see clearly, and he could see far. In his youth he made mistakes. To give one instance. He opposed the liberty of the Press in his early years in the House of Commons; but in later days he made amends by securing the publicity of Parliamentary debates. His views on the American question, with which the volume under consideration is principally concerned, were essentially sound. He realized the futility of continuing the war, and was never tired of urging this view on the House. He insisted that America could not be conquered; and that, if the contest was carried on, lives and treasure would be squandered, but no material gain could be secured. We know now, as he knew then, that not even a great victory, save, perhaps, at the outset of the campaign, could have saved the colonies for us. Fox's speeches were convincing, his reasoning unassailable, and the war would, through his efforts, have been abandoned but for the votes of the place-men whose positions were dependent upon the favour of the monarch, who realized that success was impossible, but whose obstinacy was such that he would not give way, though his army was decimated and his country impoverished. Sir George Trevelyan's indictment of the King is magnificent; his vignette of old Chatham magnificent; the whole story unfolded with a directness and simplicity that he has taught us to expect from him. The second, and concluding, volume, we are told, is more than half finished, and soon, we hope, will be in our hands. And then, we trust, will come "The Last Years of Charles James Fox."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE.*

In the pages of history there is none more moving than that which tells of the making of United Italy. Italian literature to-day is the outcome of that history. The Foreword to this volume states that "this book traces the history of the literary revival which took place in Italy during the eighteenth century and which has not yet entirely spent itself; also (?) an account of the principal poets and novelists of to-day." The latter part of the author's object is carried out by a conscientious recapitulation of living Italian writers and their works. The former rests on a misconception. Far from being entirely spent, the literary revival of the eighteenth century is about to reach its blossoming period. Modern Italy's literature is in the making, for modern Italy has just been made and the making took over a century to accomplish.

From the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle till the domination of Napoleon Italy was preparing for her struggle. From the Congress of Vienna to the proclamation of the Kingdom of Italy she was in the grip of an heroic conflict, pouring out her best blood and laying imperishable memories for succeeding generations. It is this story of the making of modern Italy of which modern Italian literature is the reflection. For those who want a superficial acquaintance with Italian authors and their works taken chronologically, this volume should be useful. But a book of this kind has an insuperable defect. Partly through want of space, partly through other and profounder limitations, modern Italian literature is not clearly enough shown in the light of modern Italian history.

There are three names in Italian literature during the time of preparation that stand out as landmarks in the story of Italy's freedom, Metastasio, Parini and Alfieri. Metastasio marks the close of the long period of Italy's subjection when literature had declined on operatic days. He was a type of his period. "The more prosaic the age, the more exaggerated the heroism," and it looked as if there could be no salvation for an age which demanded such melodramatic perfection for its heroes. The fact was, the age was not conscious of wanting salvation. Metastasio was the expression of a period whose ideal was the artificial pastoralism of a false Arcadia. In Venice, Goldoni, Metastasio's contemporary, was turning to life for the sources of his art, but it was Parini, born nearly thirty years later than Metastasio, who marked the rise and spread of the liberal influences which led to the Italian revival. Throughout Europe the ideas were stirring that were to bring about the French Revolution. In Metastasio's world a national conscience did not exist. Revolutions do not come about until things improve. Things were improving after 1748—after Aix-la-Chapelle there was no inconsiderable degree of enlightened benevolence amongst the despots of disunited Italy. Parini made current the new ideas which led to the French Revolution and Chartism on the one hand, to the Emancipation Act and Italian Independence on the other, which permeated European society and inspired such popular literature as "Sandford and Merton," the elevator of our fathers' youth.

Parini was the moralist of Italian freedom. Alfieri, born twenty years later, was its prophet. In his own headlong conversion from a life of idleness to a mission of fierce declamation against tyranny, he was a type of the evolution of a national conscience in the Italy of his day. The ferocity of thought that made his very style revolutionary, *pensato*, not *cantato*, at first repelled the men of his age; then he became immensely popular as they realised that his dramas reflected their own attitude to their foreign rulers. Alfieri is Italy's one great tragedian. He had no successor, he was succeeded by the Revolution.

With the Revolution cropped up the old quarrel between Romantic and Classic schools, the echoes of which are still muttering. It is possible to over-estimate their importance. The Romantic spirit belongs by inheritance to the Northern races. It had its obvious beginnings in England in the eighteenth century, but in fact it was at no time absent from English literature. The Romantic style is another thing. In the eighteenth century it became a vogue and a tiresome one, not only in English literature; it troubled Italian too. Mr. Collison-Morley has well pointed out the debt that Italian literature owed to English at this period. The Romantic style proper never became rooted in Italy, but later it became invested with a perfectly factitious political significance, and on these grounds the old quarrel

* "Modern Italian Literature." By Lacy Collison-Morley. 6s. net. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

still recurs. The great modern writers of Italy assimilated the best of the Romantic spirit of the North.

But in the early nineteenth century the romantic novel filled the literary field largely because a mediæval environment of tyrants and feudal castles was found a convenient medium for anti-Austrian declamation. Italian literature in fact had become "a great arsenal for the expulsion of the foreigner." Literary form suffered in consequence. Manzoni and Leopardi are by themselves names great enough to fill a period. But when the majority of poets and authors were devoting their best energies to war instead of art it is not surprising that literary achievement at this period was second-rate; it is only surprising that the standard was so high. Through it all, good and bad, spoke the liberating spirit of the age. "Liberi non sarem' se non siam uni."

Contemporary verse was one of Italy's most powerful weapons in the struggle for liberty. Leopardi, dead before Novara, spoke from the grave to young patriots in pilgrimage at his tomb. "Nessun' pugna per te? Non ti difende Nessun de' tuoi?" Mameli's songs were the hymns of the revolutionists. Mameli himself, barely twenty-two, fell during the siege of Rome, fighting by Garibaldi. Berchet's songs moved the country like the sound of a trumpet. Carducci tells us how, the year before Novara, he then a boy, hearing his mother repeat Berchet's verses, "saw black" and wanted to go out and kill Austrians. "We owe," said Garibaldi, "a great part of this our Italy to the poets." The best work of the age was not put into literature. To the makers of Italy passion for their country was art and lifework, faith, honour, religion, wife and child. They gave their lives to free Italy—"e l'ossa Fremono amor di patria."

After the long tension of the struggle peace came and prosperity began, but the literary fortunes of the country seemed at a low ebb. The 'Seventies were swamped by bad translations of worse novels. Carducci did his magnificent best to revive literature from the formless welter into which it seemed to have fallen. United Italy presented another literary problem. Disunited Italy had as many tongues as she had rulers. The language difficulty is more serious than we are apt to think who settled our own over 400 years ago. Geographical differences, moreover, are still aggravated by remains of ancient jealousies and local academic supremacies. The settlement will be helped no doubt as was our own by the (still recent) settlement of the capital. It is a great hindrance to good novel writing when the written language lacks the vigour of the spoken, and an infusion of native dialects cannot fail to strengthen standard Italian. Moreover, when a novelist is good enough, he is his own apologist for his own style. There are good novelists in Italy, there will be more. Italian literature is much occupied with style, and this in part explains the cult of d'Annunzio—who is the subject of a rather unsympathetic criticism from Mr. Collison-Morley. What a man has done matters more than what he said he was going to do, and d'Annunzio is not only a fine poet but he has evolved a nearly perfect prose. His ethics are startling, but he has created a style.

Modern Italy studies herself, her best work to-day reflects contemporary Italian life. This is why she is profoundly interested in historical research, anxious for the exact fact, and productive of what de Sanctis calls the "modest and patient monograph," stigmatised by Mr. Collison-Morley as the "terrible documentary" school. Carducci, who has done so much for Italian criticism to-day, himself ranks among the greatest poets of Europe. These are the men who work to-day to model the literature of Italy on the great lines of her history. Italy has passed through her heroic stage, her history to-day is being written in factory chimneys and in big ships—great assets in the growth of a national consciousness. That national consciousness grows as the sense of unity deepens, quickened by national prosperity, national enterprise, national disaster, national danger. The uniting of Italy was a great story, the literature of united Italy will not be less great.

H. HAY WILSON.

TALES OF THE FIVE TOWNS.*

So dependent on the minutiæ of observation is Mr. Arnold Bennett's best art, so much is it a matter of detail piled upon detail, till the mass of relatively insignificant data acquires from mere weight and nicely-adjusted cohesion the significance of solid reality, that he needs a rather large canvas for its adequate display. "Clayhanger" and "The Old Wives' Tale," which are the twin masterpieces of his fiction, are both of them more than twice the length of the average novel and might indeed be called histories alike of the titular characters and of their social surroundings. If Mr. Bennett in his more conscientious work has one quality which arrests attention it is his command of an almost photographic realism, but in order to get this effect he has generally to range all round and behind as well as inside his subject—he must go back to the beginning of things, he must trace each stage of his hero's or heroine's career, he must enter into the everyday routine of their lives, he must build up, mood by mood, phase by phase, the structure of their emotional and intellectual being, he must elaborate with patient care the network of their friendships and their environment. Now all this takes up space and time and toil, besides involving a tremendous strain on the memorising faculty. But the novelist's recollections have borne the strain, and thanks to the store of youthful impressions on which he has been able to draw he has made us free of the Five Towns as they were in the Victorian age, and taught us to understand typical men and women of the district and the time, and to appreciate the cast of their minds and the setting of their struggles and ambitions. Mr. Bennett, however, is no less interested in the Potteries of to-day, so bustling and noisy and careless of the social amenities, than he is in the more quietly progressive communities as he remembers them thirty or so years ago, and he is equally desirous of giving artistic expression to the new as to the old local life. But here, since his footing is less sure, his method has to be changed. In one novel of modest proportions, "The Card," he has sought to show us the farcical side of the spirit of enterprise which actuates the more pushing Midlander of to-day, but for the most part he has been content to rely on a smaller vehicle for conveying his ideas of the modern aspect of the Five Towns. He has had recourse to the short story, and this is a form not too well suited to his leisurely mode of composition. Here he is too much cabined and confined, finds a difficulty in suggesting—what with more scope he suggests so admirably—atmosphere, and tends to be superficial when he aims at compression.

Yet though the short story hardly allows Mr. Bennett an opportunity of exhibiting the strength of his talent, there is one example of this kind included in his new volume of tales that can hold its own with anything to which he has put his name. I allude to the story which gives its title to the whole collection: "The Matador of the Five Towns." It describes all the hurly-burly and dirtiness of one of the Pottery towns; it gives us a wonderful picture of a football match as seen from the stand—the players so many dolls on the field, the crowd of spectators, as they roar under a common emotion, the real subjects of study; it tells with characteristic irony how after the match the hero of the day sits in his squalid bar-parlour waiting for the birth of twins, and how when he learns he is a widower he vows never to handle a football again; and it concludes with the following analysis of impressions which the narrator supplies after spending twenty-four hours in the district and having them crowded with experiences:

"I enjoyed all this. All this seemed to be fine, seemed to throw off the true, fine, romantic savour of life. I would have altered nothing in it. Mean, harsh, ugly, squalid, crude, barbaric—yes, but what an intoxicating sense in it of the organised vitality of a vast community unconscious of itself! . . . Not a house in the hundreds of houses past which we slid but possessed rooms ennobled and made august by happenings exactly as impressive in their tremendous inexplicableness."

That passage is eloquent in what the words imply as well as what they actually indicate. It is just the abounding

* "The Matador of the Five Towns," and Other Stories. By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)

vitality of the towns that Mr. Bennett so successfully realises in his tale; it is just their unconsciousness that he seeks to interpret; it is just his readiness to "alter nothing," his attitude of the thrilled and yet disinterested observer, which explains the secret of his art when it is true to itself. As he is on his supposed visit, so we vicariously in the mirror of his tale are impressed with the tremendous inexplicableness of the phantasmagoria he details. Unfortunately not all his stories reach the high level to which this one attains, nor is he content always to stand aside from his material or to select what is really typical. Mr. Bennett divides his series under two heads, "tragic" and "frolic," and he is rarely satisfactory when he indulges his frolicsome moods. The gayer tales are sometimes no more than anecdotes, and the bulk of them are mere episodes or incidents unredeemed from triviality by any particular virtues of craftsmanship. Too often also the novelist shows himself anxious to give his readers their cue, to laugh himself in advance so as to provoke their laughter. But in "Jock-at-a-Venture" there is no such self-consciousness evident on the part of the author, and Arnold Bennett the artist reveals himself in four out of the five more serious tales. Of these "Mimi" shows him striking what for him is rather an uncommon vein, for the story contains a portrait of a little girl. It is done with consummate delicacy, and is none the worse for seeming to be done casually. The tragedy which may befall a child who tries to keep a secret is there for any reader who will look for it and can dispense with a prompter.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Poeta nascitur non fit, like most tags of the kind, is only a half-truth. Certainly, culture, of itself, cannot create a poet; nor can external tuition ever take the place of intuition; but even the born-poet must serve an arduous and rigorous apprenticeship to his art; or the chances are that he will spend his energies in vain, and let his powers run to waste, from a lack of artistic control. There is a popular notion that the poet is a sort of artless "natural"; yet the great poets have always been great artists; and the little poets fail more often through a lack of art than through a lack of inspiration. Given the inspiration, a poet cannot know too much about his craft. He must be so absolute an artist that he is able to dispense with artifice; so sure a master of form that he is quite independent of formalism. The poet is born, and made—self-made, for the most part, it is true. He must live laborious days in the service of his art, if he would gain perfect control over his medium of expression; so that, however haphazard his inspiration, he may not waste a breath of it when it comes to him. The comparative ineffectualness of much of the verse that is being constantly produced is due, in a great measure, to the lack of self-discipline on the part of its authors. Uncontrolled emotion spills itself to little purpose; but who can withstand the onset of controlled emotion! The really artless poet is he who can only express himself through the medium of a conventionalised poetic jargon; and whose sense of form is so uncertain that he must perforce run his emotion into the ready-made moulds of traditional forms. He is an artificer rather than an artist.

Though these remarks apply in some degree to the four books under notice, yet in none of them does the lack of art so entirely stultify the poetry as it does in the six other books we have read through in making our selection. In Mr. Furst's work * there is hardly a touch of artifice. The pretty vellum cover, and the rather colourless title, belie the contents of this book; for Mr. Furst's poems are neither pretty nor precious. They may even strike a surprised reader as being a little queer and uncouth, a little ragged, a little staccato; for Mr. Furst has a way of his own, and is no mere producer of poetical exercises in approved modes. His work has something of the strangeness of all fresh manifestations of the spirit of art. His is not poetry distilled from poetry, but poetry distilled from life; and readers who prefer a literary flavour to the eager tang of life may not relish his vintage. There is nothing crusted or cobwebby about his work. He deals with life at first-hand. Perhaps he may have taken a hint from Henley; but the verse is never dully derivative; nor is Mr. Furst a purveyor of poetical confectionery. Realising that it is not the business of the poet to achieve an easy beauty by describing traditionally beautiful things in a traditionally beautiful vocabulary, he concerns himself with the direct expression of life as he sees it, and feels it. He has no use for other men's spectacles, rose-coloured or blue. His verse may not always be poetry, but then, whose is! It is sound, sincere stuff, and it often has the seemingly unconscious, haphazard beauty of life itself; and, for all its apparent heedlessness of forms, it speaks with an ease and directness that is never attained by artlessness; nor is the poet narrow in his range. Mr. Furst writes convincingly of shepherds' crooks, fried-fish shops, fogs, and Florence, and though in his plucky way, he says:

> "'Tis but the coward who would fly
> From obvious fact to devious fantasy."

his own work is not without a touch of freakishness, tender and humorous.

Miss Beatrice Irwin is not so independent of artistry as Mr. Furst. In "The Pagan Trinity," * she is frankly more concerned with the vision of life as it has been revealed to her by the arts, and by other artists, than with life for its own sake, and her own conception of it. Art describing art is always dull, unless the cicerone be a Keats or a Browning. Still, Miss Irwin's work has a sumptuous, exquisite, exotic beauty. She spoils the East in her search for coloured and curious conceits; and lays China, Japan, India, Persia, Arabia, Egypt and Greece under contribution; and we are sometimes even treated to a kind of sneezing refrain, like this:

> "Zu-zu-zu-ali,
> Atcha-Atcha-Atcha!"

which serves to make us feel conversant with Arabic at once! The book is divided into groups of "plastic poems," "tone poems," and "colour poems," and several of the pieces deal with the work of Rodin, to whom the volume is dedicated; but it always seems rather a waste of energy to attempt to express in one art what has already been perfectly expressed in another. Miss Irwin has considerable accomplishment, but she must discard "jasmine hands," "nephrite eyes," "bosom's alabaster bowl," "cornelian breasts," and such like luscious confectionery, if her work be intended for consumption by any but the very young, who still have a sweet tooth for lollipops. Yet, although usually too much concerned with artistry, and herself too little of an artist to make the best use of her powers, Miss Irwin is not of that puny race of little faith who cry incessantly that poetry must perish in the path of mechanical progress. She even has the pluck to hymn the advent of the aeroplane age!

Mr. Mackereth's verse is earnest and energetic in conception, but disappointingly slipshod and inconsequent in expression. The trite, poetical phrase has no terrors for the author of "In The Wake of the Phœnix"; † and he has little sense of the values of words, which he uses in an indiscriminating and incongruous fashion. His verse has all the facility of artlessness, rather than the ease which comes of the artist's control of his medium. When it attempts to be fine and forceful, it is too often merely fluent and flabby. Yet Mr. Mackereth has such high spirits, and such a gusto of enthusiasm, that he should only need to chasten his vocabulary, exercising a little discrimination and restraint, to produce notable work.

Miss Eleanor Fargeon's "Dream-Songs of the Beloved" ‡ is a book of mystical verse, which has a delicate, spiritual

* "Songs of Town and Country." By Herbert E. A. Furst. (Gowans & Grey.)

* "The Pagan Trinity." By Beatrice Irwin. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

† "In the Wake of the Phœnix." By James A. Mackereth. 3s. 6d net. (Longmans, Green & Co.).

‡ "Dream-Songs of the Beloved." By Eleanor Fargeon. (2s. 6d net.) (The Orpheus Press.)

beauty. The rhythm is always sensitive, and really expressive of the emotion; and Miss Fargeon says what she has to say straightforwardly, and with an austere clarity of utterance. Her simple eloquence never slips into rhetoric, and a sense of spiritual ecstasy breathes through her work.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

"A PRISON WITHOUT A WALL."*

Since "The Scandalous Mr. Waldo" appeared, its author has seemed to us the most promising of our novelists of the youngest generation. Mr. Straus has freshness, ease, and charm, and a dramatic sense of life and character which is keen and yet kindly. His study of eighteenth century letters and society has quickened his feeling for quietly telling effects, and given him some middle-aged bookish tastes which form a delightful contrast to his lively interest in the comedies of modern life. When he deals with some old-fashioned type of character, he is a fascinating writer: a part of him sympathises with his hero, and a part makes fun of the poor dear loveable man. So we get a study from the life in which love and irony, humour and feeling are so mingled that the sunshine and tears of human existence are reflected in the rainbow of art.

When we saw the title of Mr. Straus's new novel, "The Prison without a Wall," we were somewhat alarmed. It had a very serious sound, and Mr. Straus has no right to be sombre and tragical. So many of our younger novelists resemble the politician of whom Sydney Smith said, "Lord John being little, thinks to make himself big by getting astride of big questions," that we have been wearied of problem novels by writers whose literary and dramatic talent has often been very problematic. Happily, Mr. Straus only means to indicate by the curious title to his new story a very rare and whimsical temperament which is a joy to find and a pleasure to read about. His hero is one of those born bookworms who are never happy outside a library. There is something of Edward FitzGerald about him, and there is another character that reminds us of "Posh." The idea of the story, however, is strikingly novel. Leaving his large estate in the hands of an agent, Sylvester de Bohun lives a hermit life up at Cambridge, where, as a don, he quickly acquires notoriety for his little eccentricities and his extraordinary shyness. Everything that the head of a county family ought to do, he leaves undone; he runs away from his house; he angers his aunt by avoiding London society and matrimony; and he disappoints his uncle, the Prime Minister, by refusing to take even politics seriously. With an income of ten thousand a year, he lives at Cambridge on two or three hundred pounds, entirely absorbed in writing the social history of the Roman people. The first two volumes of the work make his name known and honoured in the world of scholarship, but the third volume is so bad that he is afraid to publish it. It deals with the part played by the Roman women in Roman politics, and Sylvester knows as much about women as a child of seven. He is, in fact, an extraordinary mixture of childlikeness and book-learning, and one of his Cambridge friends tells him that if he wants to complete his history he must fall in love.

All this early part of the book is finely and tenderly written. Every amateur of letters will love it, for it gives in a quiet, charming way, the quintessence of character of the man to whom the study of books is a consuming passion. Sylvester, however, is very human in spite of himself, and a kiss given to him in the dark by mistake makes a whole man of him. The affections of the lady are already engaged, but Sylvester wins her, and has a brief period of happiness. When the old lover returns and the lady runs off with him, Sylvester goes back to Cambridge, and the third volume of the social history of the Roman people appears. It has a great success. The tale is beautifully told, and enlivened by many clear and brilliant character studies.

E. W.

* "A Prison Without a Wall." By Ralph Straus. 6s. (Heinemann.)

LAFCADIO HEARN.*

Since Lafcadio Hearn died he has become the centre of something very like a cult. Letters and biographies have followed one another with such insistence that one is almost driven willy-nilly to acknowledge the man to be of first-rate importance. This is not written in a carping spirit; his achievement is not denied; but a native dislike of being bullied provokes one to cry halt and to examine the facts of the case before accepting the verdict of the eulogists.

The case of Stevenson, both by its similarities and differences, suggests itself for comparison. Stevenson also was the subject of much posthumous panegyric. Like Hearn, his reputation was enhanced by the publication of his letters. Less to the point, but none the less interesting to note, he was, like Hearn, both a stylist and a wanderer. There, however, the resemblance ends. The differences are innumerable; those are to the purpose here which concern not his art so much as its acceptance. Stevenson acquired fame during his life. His death was a national event. Remembering the unfinished "Weir of Hermiston," one boldly calls it a national calamity. Since that event, though, the first clouds of incense have happily dispersed, his popularity has not waned. His works are for ever being reprinted both in rich men's and in poor men's editions.

Hearn, on the other hand, to many who were well-read in modern literature, was but the vaguest of names, if so much, until the publication of Miss Bisland's "Life and Letters." Nor does it appear that those undoubtedly interesting volumes have created any enormous demand for his books. Immediate popularity is certainly no indication of greatness. But in all genuine cases of genius a reasonable popularity invariably follows, at some interval, the appreciation of the discerning few. The cases of Stevenson himself, of Meredith, and many another are our witnesses.

Hearn has been dead more than seven years, and the world has not hailed him of the elect, as it has hailed so essentially unpopular a writer as Pater. The voice of authoritative criticism has been ominously silent. It is fitting, one recognises, that friends should write the biography, that friends should edit the letters, but the appraising of the achievement should not be left to friends. We want an impersonal estimate.

Such, we believe, is soon to be given us by the delicate pen of Mr. Edward Thomas. Meanwhile comes Mrs. Kennard's "Life and Work" for consideration. New letters inaccessible to Miss Bisland, are the book's excuse for existence. These, addressed to Hearn's youngest half-sister, Mrs. Atkinson, are interesting for the light they throw on the writer's relations with his family. The arbitrary commencement and the arbitrary conclusion of the correspondence are characteristic of that curiously inhuman element in Hearn which will always bar his exquisite prose from a wide appeal. To compare him again with Stevenson, the former's attitude towards life was centrifugal, the latter's centripetal. R. L. S. had an enormous sympathy with all forms of life, which throbs through everything he wrote. Hearn's attraction by the strange was the reaction of his antipathy from the common. As the unfamiliar grew familiar it was apt to lose its charm for him. Hence his habit of discarding friends; and hence, possibly, the sudden, unexplained cessation of his letters to Mrs. Atkinson.

These letters, while they lasted, were full of pleasantness, and were well worth printing. There is, however, a discrepancy between their number and the bulk of the volume which contains them. Mrs. Kennard lacks the art of compression and her book is about twice the length it need have been.

It is not so much that there are things that she might have omitted as that she might have said them more tersely. Her matter, indeed, is extremely interesting. She has a good deal that is new to tell about Hearn's vagrant life,

* "Lafcadio Hearn: His Life and Work." By Nina H. Kennard. 12s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

and she tells it with praiseworthy frankness and taste. Her intimacy with his family has given her facilities for observation, and she seems to have proved that much that was characteristic and extraordinary in him came from the gipsy blood of the Hearns rather than from the Greek or Maltese mother. Not the least valuable chapter in her book is the "Conclusion." Though not the last word on Hearn, it is a welcome connective to Miss Bisland's essentially uncritical estimate. It raises the hope that a writer of great ability will eventually find his proper position between adulation and neglect.

Francis Bickley.

BOSWELL v. JOHNSON.*

Boswell's amazing personality seems to have proved something of a stumbling-block to many Johnsonian critics. That he was absurdly, not to say outrageously, vain, can hardly be questioned. That Johnson owed a considerable portion of his fame to his biographer has been suggested, but may be disproved in many ways, chiefly by careful examination of pre-Boswellian writings and periodicals. That the "Life," however, is a masterpiece has never been denied by an Englishman. It is, indeed, a book by itself, a book so entirely English as never to have made even the smallest appeal outside the Anglo-Saxon race. And it has been very generally admitted, even by those whose opinion of Boswell as a man was as bad as it could be, that as an intimate history of English literature and social life of the mid-eighteenth century his book has never been, and never can be, surpassed. It might be well to leave the subject there, allowing the book to speak for itself, for even the most painstaking editor cannot altogether destroy its charm. But questions have been raised, something in the manner of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, by various critics who must not be altogether ignored. Of these questions, the most legitimate concerns itself with the essential difference between Boswell's "Life of Johnson" and all other biographies in the literature of this country. That there is this essential difference no one has ever sought to deny. Its method of narration, its style, or more correctly, its many styles, its astonishing outspokenness, the repeated and sometimes entirely inept interventions of Boswell's own personality and views, all mark it off. Another question, perhaps not so legitimate, though no less interesting, has hardly been touched upon by the critics—the question, that is to say, *why* James Boswell of Auchinleck, Esquire, elected to write the biography at all?

It is to answer this question that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald adds to his numerous writings upon the eighteenth century by publishing "Boswell's Autobiography," a book which, whatever its faults may be, is certain to interest Johnsonians and amuse the cynics. Here is no newly-discovered manuscript, dug out of some rubbish heap, but a sustained argument to prove that Boswell was actuated by purely selfish motives when he devised and wrote his great book. So far, that is to say, from proving his devotion to the Sage, the book was written in order to aggrandize Bozzy himself—to show to the world the exceedingly brilliant parts of the author. On this assumption, the "Life of Johnson" was merely a most ingenious device—some device being necessary—by which the world could be made to accept and appreciate James Boswell's autobiography. Now, as Mr. Fitzgerald admits, he is not the first critic to put such a construction upon the making of the book. Sir Walter Scott and John Wilson Croker both hinted at something of the kind, and, indeed, the ordinary reader of the "Life" must always be astonished at the numerous passages which have nothing to do with Johnson, but which certainly have a great deal to do with Bozzy himself. It is from such passages as these that Mr. Fitzgerald builds up his case. It must be admitted, moreover, that he builds up a good case. Granted that Boswell was aiming primarily at self-expression, every one of his really surprising lapses of taste becomes intelligible. Boswell, as is well known, had no hesitation in including in the "Life" scenes which showed Johnson in anything but a favourable light. The older critics saw in this little more than the eccentric Bozzy's determination to have truth at all hazards, to show his hero as he really was, rather than as the world of polite readers would have him appear. Mr. Fitzgerald, on the other hand, sees in such passages mere outlets for the gratification of an abnormal vanity. He is at some pains to show that in these scenes it is invariably Boswell himself who plays protagonist. Bozzy, it is, who shows his own superiority, even over the Sage himself. "Johnson was wrong on this occasion," you are to imagine him thinking, "but it was I, the celebrated Mr. Boswell, who set him right." Following out such a line of argument, it is hardly surprising that Johnson, instead of any other eminent man of letters, was chosen for Boswell's purpose. And for twenty years, according to Mr. Fitzgerald, the fat little Scotchman played lap-dog as a mere means to

James Boswell

The statue by Percy Fitzgerald in Lichfield Market-Place. From "Boswell's Autobiography," by Percy Fitzgerald. (Chatto & Windus.)

* "Boswell's Autobiography." By Percy Fitzgerald. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

an end. It is even suggested, if only indirectly, that the final rupture which kept, or helped to keep, Boswell in his northern home while Johnson lay dying in London, was in some measure due to the fact that by that time the biographer had obtained all the first-hand material he required, and had, in consequence, no further use for the Sage. That, however, is surely the action of a devil, which Boswell was certainly not. In twenty years he may reasonably have become tired of Johnson's uncouth ways, or he may have considered that the Doctor's veiled accusations against his own manner of living were uncalled for; but in spite of Mr. Fitzgerald's copious quotations, it seems almost impossible to reconcile twenty years' acting, for that is what it must have been, with all the delightful and unaffected qualities for which the "Life" is justly beloved. On the other hand, it is easy to agree with Mr. Fitzgerald in supposing that Boswell was guilty of *Johnsonizing* those note-books of his in which he had taken down scraps of the Doctor's conversations. The temptation to add a suitable retort, which, as a matter of fact, was not actually spoken at the time, might well be too much for a man far less vain and self-confident than was Boswell, but a fault such as this may be forgiven. In any case, it can hardly be taken as direct evidence that Bozzy's whole work was nothing but an autobiography.

The penultimate chapter adds little to the worthiness of the volume, and might well have been omitted, and in general the book might have been shortened considerably; time after time we are told the same things in almost identical words, and occasionally Mr. Fitzgerald's style is careless. But on the whole, his theory is well worth considering if only for the reason that it must inevitably lead to a re-perusal of Boswell's own masterpiece.

RALPH STRAUS.

THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY.

It is never wise to dogmatize about any art, partly because it is never necessary, chiefly because even the truest dogma is only temporarily true; in the ordinary course of healthy development the world is sure to outgrow it. Every artist who matters is a natural law to himself, so far as his art is concerned, and will no more trouble to observe the nice little laws and rules of technique that uncreative, academic critics have evolved for him than our shipbuilders are deterred from building ironclads by the fact that sages of the past laid it down that iron could not swim.

There is only one sound, fundamental law in the writing of short stories that no artist can or would wish to ignore, and that is that a short story should be as short as possible. I have seen it often insisted upon that the artistic short story must embody no more than a single incident; that a novel may contain the whole of life, but a short story can show no more than a fragment of it; and so forth. I confess I used to say the same things myself before I knew better. The simple truth is that a short story may hold just as much as you have the talent or the genius to put into it. Each man has his limitations, but it would be absurd to say nobody can fly because most of us don't know how to. The range of the short story is bounded by nothing but the capacity of the artist, and the only law he cannot get away from is, as I say, that his short story must be as short as he can make it. If he runs to words, explains in detail where he might and ought to have achieved his end by a passing suggestion, introduces unnecessary comments or descriptions, allows his characters to indulge in rambling dialogue that neither help to unfold themselves nor the incident or idea that he is shaping, then however well and attractively he may write he is an indifferent artist.

Who is greatest among modern short story writers is a question we may profitably leave to posterity. I have my opinion, and probably you have yours, but they are only opinions, and very likely we are both wrong. At the time of his death last year O. Henry (otherwise Sidney Porter) was the most successful short story writer in America; in popularity he outrivalled Kipling there, and there were not wanting critics who said he outrivalled Kipling in other respects; but this, I think, was merely an enthusiastic exaggeration, and Mr. Taber's admirable chapter on O. Henry in his "Some American Story Tellers,"[1] is a sane, balanced, frankly critical estimate that goes as near to the truth about him as any of us need to arrive. He sketches O. Henry's career briefly, and touching on the general characteristics of his work says he was "wisely comprehensive of human foibles, indulgently ironic, yet with an underlying touch of sympathy that illumines and softens much that is sordid and commonplace. That he was a genuine artist cannot be questioned; that he was overrated by his own people and generation is more than possible." Mr. Eveleigh Nash has issued a new edition of O. Henry's first, which some consider his best, book of stories, "Cabbages and Kings,"[2] but here no story is quite complete in itself; each is one in a series, and underlying them all is a plot, a mystery that is only untangled and cleared up in a conversation between two derelicts in the chapter before the last. The mechanism of the book is very ingenious; the stories have humour both of character and incident, and occasional touches of tragedy, and the art with which each significant episode is narrated and compressed into a concise chapter is the authentic art of the born teller of short stories.

Two other new books of American stories are "The Man who Could not Lose,"[3] by Richard Harding Davis, and "The Sick-a-Bed Lady,"[4] by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. Mr. Davis has a lighter touch than O. Henry, but less humour; he has as cunning a narrative gift and a prettier sentiment. The five tales in his volume are deftly fashioned and make thoroughly entertaining reading. There is a pretty sentiment, too, in "The Sick-a-Bed Lady," but it passes more easily into pathos and is coloured and deepened always with a quaint and delightful humour. Miss Abbott's stories are of everyday people and everyday incidents, and the laughter in them is warmly and tenderly human. Her pathos and humour are so finely intermingled that as often as not the one is both, much as it is in the work of her compatriots Kate Douglas Wiggin and Alice Hegan Rice.

Withal, no living American author has done anything that excels the work of our English masters of the short story, such as Kipling, Barrie, Wells, Jacobs, John Galsworthy, or Barry Pain. A common fault with even some of the most accomplished of the American school is that they are too slow about making a start, they are preluding, explaining too much before they can get the story really on the move, and they have not the subtle power of suggestion, the close economy of words that you find in the books of Barry Pain, for example. Read almost any of his "Stories in Grey,"[5] and notice how all superfluities are whittled away, how every sentence adds something vital to the story. He is the most subtle of our humorists, and like all humorists he has a morbid, grimly imaginative vein, and it is in that vein that

[1] "Some American Story Tellers." By F. Taber Cooper. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)
[2] "Cabbages and Kings." By O. Henry. 3s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)
[3] "The Man Who Could not Lose." By Richard Harding Davis. 6s. (Duckworth.)
[4] "The Sick-a-Bed Lady." By Eleanor H. Abbott. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
[5] "Stories in Grey." By Parry Pain. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)
[6] "Exit Eliza." By Barry Pain. 1s. (Cassell.)
[7] "The Room in the Tower." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)
[8] "Thirteen." By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)
[9] "The Victories of Olivia." By Evelyn Sharp. 6s. (Macmillan.)
[10] "The Endless Journey." By Netta Syrett. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)
[11] "Dunleary." By Edmund Downey. 6s. (Sampson Low.)
[12] "Sam Briggs: His Book." By Richard Marsh. 6s. (John Long.)
[13] "The Man Who Stroked Cats." By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)
[14] "The Singing Bone." By Austin Freeman. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
[15] "Hadji Murad, etc.; "Father Sergius, etc." By Leo Tolstoi. 2s. net each. (Nelson.)
[16] "The Indian Lily." By Hermann Sudermann. 6s. (John Lane.)

these stories have been written. "Burdon's Tomb," is a brilliantly clever satire; there is an almost cruel irony in the way in which certain men and women are made to reveal their pasts to each other frankly, under the conviction that they are all doomed to inevitable death, and then, when they have shamelessly revealed themselves, the sound of picks digging down to them tells them that they will be rescued. Irony again is the keynote of "The Unknown God," of "Miniatures," and other of the stories, but "Rose Rose," takes you into an eerie and supernatural atmosphere, and as a powerful essay in the weird and grotesquely horrible it would be hard to beat "Smeath." For the purely farcical Barry Pain you may turn to "Exit Eliza,"[6] the third, and presumably last, of the delightfully funny "Eliza" series; they are just shrewd, whimsical sketches of domestic life in the suburbs, and the picture of the fussy, vain, meddlesome, fatuous, well-meaning, blundering husband of Eliza is a little masterpiece of humorous characterization.

Mr. E. F. Benson is not altogether at home in "The Room in the Tower."[7] We prefer his stories of normal men and women and the loves and hates and tangible business of the visible world. In "The Room in the Tower," and the sixteen stories that follow it, he traffics with mystery and the unknown forces of the spirit world; but though he is always interesting, always ingenious, and his terrors by night come clothed in darkness and the grisly habits of the dead to exercise uncannily elusive and strange, nightmare influences over the minds of the living, they do not quite convince you; you feel that the author does not believe in them himself, that he is sometimes laughing in his sleeve whilst he is piling up the agony, and so, though they hold your interest, they do not thrill and unsettle your nerves with that dark and dreadful sense of the reality of the unreal, which Poe knew how to impose upon you. Mr. Temple Thurston seems to promise something of occult significance by his title of "Thirteen,"[8] but his are a baker's dozen of stories that are a blend of quiet realism and dainty mundane fantasy. They are written with that charm of style and wry humour that are Mr. Thurston's peculiar gifts. The strongest but least pleasant of them is "The Salvation of Albert Tarpy," a clever, cynical study of temperament. I do not for a moment believe that the small urchin of "A Pair of Braces," though he might have tramped from the East to the West End to stop and ask rich-looking men in the street to give him fifty pounds, would buy those braces with a coupon insuring him for fifty pounds and then go off to drown himself in order that his father might collect the insurance money, and it is in this sentimental direction that the book now and then lapses into weakness. "A Comedy of Class" and "Keats and Orange" are not very novel in idea, but all the stories are written with such an easy grace and airy humour that there is not one of them you will not read with enjoyment.

There is little of fantasy and less of dainty and romantic sentiment about the stories of Miss Evelyn Sharp and Miss Netta Syrett in "The Victories of Olivia"[9] and "The Endless Journey."[10] Both these writers are prominently identified with the suffrage movement and have the essentially modern woman's outlook on life. There is something of mediæval witchery and unholy magic with a present-day setting in Miss Syrett's "The Impossible Portrait," but in the main her stories, and Miss Sharp's, deal with the twentieth century girl's striving after independence, after emancipation from the fond tyranny of men, after the earning of her own livelihood and the living of her own life entirely in her own way. And the curious thing is that in each book there are girls or women who weary of the strife, and end by more or less wistfully falling back on the old domestic, comfortable idea that marriage is the woman's only way of happiness. Miss Sharp's "Olivia" does not degenerate so far as that; she maintains her freedom to the last, though she plays the good angel in arranging the marriage of a less capable girl; but the rebellious Diana of another story returns home and relapses into orthodox love and marriage, and Peggy in another goes quite tamely into the arms of her "engineer man." Miss Syrett's heroines are, in spite of themselves, drawn into the same old-fashioned tendency. Ruth, who has been reared in a narrow religious faith, refuses to marry David because he is an unbeliever; she leaves England and goes out with a friend to a missionary station, and there, the combined influences of a hypocritical missionary and his wife and of a large-minded neighbour and his sister, so broaden her understanding that she comes to see she had misjudged David, and her heart aches to go back to him, but she is never to see him again. There is a grim undercurrent of bitterness running through "One Solution," and yet it strikes one as perhaps the most mercilessly true story in the volume. Jean Sinclair at thirty-five is an unsuccessful artist in Paris, living solitary, on the verge of starvation. Six years ago she had rejected Stephen Knowles, partly because she still clung to her ideals of independence and possible fame, partly because she did not love him. Yet she advises the charming little art-student, her neighbour, Sallie, not to follow in the steps of so many other girl students. "I wonder," she says, "how many of them have arrived at cursing the little aptitude for drawing that they call art?" And when the girl angrily protests that all Jean thinks her fit for is marriage, Jean assures her, "It's not what you and hundreds of other women are fit for—that's not the point. It's what you can get." When her friend Mary Hamilton calls to visit her, after Mary's husband, the stodgy, good-natured, unintellectual George, has left them, she tells Jean that Stephen is coming again to ask her to marry him, and urges her to do so. She confesses that she had married George without loving him, and she does not regret it:

> "I know I have ten times more brain than George, but I try to forget it. The thing I find hardest in my married life is to refrain from laughing at him. Oh, I know he's dull, ridiculous, pompous, what you like, but he's kindness itself. And some day I shall bring myself to listen to his absurd platitudes, as I ought, without even an inward smile."
>
> "As you ought?" asked Jean, raising her head.
>
> "Yes," said Mrs. Hamilton firmly. "Because he's done everything for me. He's saved me from heartbreaking loneliness. He's given me my home—and my children. And he loves me."

And it is to be rescued from that loneliness and the hard struggle for existence that, when Stephen comes, Jean, after a despairing hesitation, gives way and is glad to let him make her happy.

Everybody who has laughed over "Through Green Glasses," and "From the Green Bag" will welcome Mr. Edmund Downey's "Dunleary,"[11] a series of breezy and spirited sketches of the humours of life in a small Munster town. The stories are full of the oddity and drollery that made the earlier books so popular; and whilst you are in the mood to be frivolous you cannot do better than read also "Sam Briggs: His Book,"[12] by Richard Marsh. Though he is more widely known as a sensational novelist, Mr. Marsh has done notable work as a humorist, and if Sam Briggs is by nature a little garrulous he is nevertheless a lively and amusing companion. Mr. Morley Roberts gives you, in "The Man who Stroked Cats,"[13] four admirable love stories, and one of the freshest and most entertaining detective tales I have read for some time; and there are five strikingly original detective stories in "The Singing Bone,"[14] by Mr. Austin Freeman. In four of them Mr. Freeman reverses the method usually followed in detective fiction and unfolds his narrative from the standpoint of the criminal; he keeps no secret from his reader, but shows how the hunter picks up clues that bring him on the track of the hunted and to the knowledge of facts that are in the reader's possession from the outset. If "The Case of Oscar Brodski" displays the greatest ingenuity, the lighthouse story, "The Echo of a Mutiny," is the most haunting and intensely dramatic of the five. All the stories are cleverly constructed, closely and cunningly woven, and make uncommonly good reading.

Messrs. Nelson have added to their popular two-shilling series two volumes of Tolstoi's hitherto unpublished stories and dramas.[15] Some of them are sketchy and fragmentary, but most of them are full and finished and strongly characteristic, and will bear comparison with the great things that have made him famous. It is odd to compare Sudermann's

stories in "The Indian Lily"[16] with this work of Tolstoi's. In their different ways, Tolstoi and Sudermann are uncompromising realists, but beside the stern, sombre, fiercely moral realism of Tolstoi that of Sudermann seems but the frank, unrestrained anecdotal talk of the young man about town. Tolstoi tells of the ugly animal underside of life with a grim Biblical air of being determined to shirk nothing of the truth; Sudermann tells of it lightly, cynically, neatly, as a man might do over the wine and cigars after dinner.

Here in these sixteen volumes, then, you have stories that touch on almost every aspect of modern life, its humours, ironies, tragedies, farces, business, crimes, sins, follies, heroisms, social and moral problems and everyday romance. I do not say that in all of them the stories are written with finished or conspicuous art, but I do say that in at least seven of them they are, and that all of them are interesting—and there is an art in being that, and no inconsiderable art either.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

IRISH PLAYS.*

Mr. Rutherford Mayne is a writer for the Ulster Literary Theatre, which would be quite willing to be named a child of The Abbey Theatre, Dublin; this Dublin theatre has become famous throughout England and America, and for some years has been watched with keen interest by all who care for the modern drama. We cannot say that we find in this volume anything which is markedly different from that of the better-known Irish playwrights, and yet it would be quite unfair to call Mr. Mayne a mere imitator, for he, too, like them, has gone to actual life.

All these Irish playwrights, like Bernard Shaw (in fact like most modern artists) endeavour to paint the exact truth, thinking to find therein a truer romance than can be drawn only from the imagination of the artist. Mr. Mayne is not a poet like W. B. Yeats, nor a man of genius like J. M. Synge, but he writes with intimate knowledge and real sympathy, and has a practical knowledge of the conditions of the theatre, which make these plays really dramatic; they are not quite literary enough for the study, but on the stage they would all be effective. The most characteristic feature of the modern Irish drama is the sordid always close to the surface, and giving a colour to the whole; with this is a hard literalness and a marked absence of gaiety that almost hide the glamour and mystery which nevertheless can always be found.

This particular volume contains four plays, none of them very long or sufficient to fill the whole of an evening bill. The first, "The Drone," may be considered a complete play, while the others should more properly be described as dramatic episodes. "The Drone" is however the least interesting, because poetry and romance are almost absent, though a sort of impish imagination can be found; the end, too, is rather original and quite unexpected.

The *Drone* himself pretends to be an inventor, but is really living in idleness on the bounty of a stupid and admiring brother. The heroine of the piece, Mary, is particularly unattractive. Finally, the Drone gets nearly shown up, but by his talk and ingenuity he extricates his brother from an awkward scrape, and everything will go on as before. There is an ironic humour and go about the piece which carries one along.

The three dramatic episodes all include one character who is something akin to the chorus in Greek drama, who gives the atmosphere, and sets the action going. "The Turn of the Road" is a real poem whose imaginative sadness is genuinely pathetic, because it belongs to the nature of things and does not arise from accident. Robbie John, the hero, is a fiddler, the son of a small farmer, whom poverty has made hard and sceptical, though he is neither quite blind nor deaf to higher things. Indeed, here all the characters

* "'The Drone' and other Plays." By Rutherford Mayne. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

Rutherford Mayne.
From "'The Drone' and Other Plays," by Rutherford Mayne. (Maunsel.)

have some consciousness of a "living poetry" except the mother, for whom the hard struggle has been too much, and the crafty, evil elder brother who cares for nought but money. Robbie John, for the sake of winning the girl he loves, has promised to give up his fiddle, when there enters a beggar with a fiddle, who plays beautiful tunes and tells them of his past greatness. This beggar is driven out into the cold by the whole household. Robbie John goes out with him, speaks words of kindness and gives him some money; the beggar dies by the wayside, leaving the fiddle (an instrument of great value) to Robbie John. This fiddle proves too much, and at the instigation of his wicked elder brother, and still more induced by the great faith of his beloved, Robbie John decides to give up all for his art. We hope that he will grow famous and that he and Jane will come together. But the author does not encourage our hope, and the play ends with the old grandfather's cry of despair.

"It's only us—it's only us, I say, as knows the long wild nights, and the wet and the rain and the mist of night in the boglands,—it's only us, I say, could listen him in the right way. (*Sobbing.*) And ye knowed, right well ye knowed, that every string of his fiddle was keyed to the crying of your own heart."

The two other pieces are Irish agrarian tragedies, both told in a way that would grip an audience.

A. H. J.

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' NOVEL.*

If one were asked, as a craftsman, to name the salient characteristic of Mr. Eden Phillpotts' work, I do not think the answer could be given hesitatingly. His passion for detail is like that which appears in Eastern architecture. In "The Forest on the Hill," it lends extraordinary value to many descriptions of landscape, and in particular to four pictures of a Dartmoor scene at chosen seasons of the year. These four pictures make four chapters, written without direct reference to the story Mr. Phillpotts tells. I do not know any writing of the kind that exhibits such powers of minute and faithful observation; and the secret of it is a scientific curiosity, directing the artist's eye upon Nature's secret—a sincere and habitual search after the meaning of phenomena. Yet this meaning is not to be

* "The Forest on the Hill." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (John Murray.)

found in the detail, and he knows it is not. On the last page of the book one reads:

"Reality can only be felt, not seen, not heard, not verified; she roams far from the substantial, the sure-founded, the proven; she dwells rather with motion and emotion, with anticipation and suspension, with the rising and setting stars, with that purple glory of the distant hills all men have seen, none trodden. She harbours not with darkness, but light; a frozen soul is no habitation for her; she wings with the day-spring and the rainbow; she shares the substance of human dreams and aspirations; she is one with the ideals and beacons and golden hopes that reign for ever in mankind's unconquerable heart."

In plainer words, the ideal and the beautiful are real things, and the only things that matter to humanity. I make this point because Mr. Phillpotts has, by some people, been mistaken for a pessimist, and because he might again be mistaken by a careless reader. Nothing easier. He takes the scientific standpoint to say, continually, that it is unhopeful; the tale ends unhappily for its three chief characters; and he rarely indicates the positive meaning of it. From first to last one feels that, for Mr. Phillpotts, "the very concept of Nature, in its vagueness, casts down more than it heartens, and stands for a narcotic rather than a tonic force." He says so—and yet he does not contradict the conclusion. All he means is that Nature has this effect if approached without feeling, in a cold and reasoning endeavour to understand, a merely scientific spirit. The strange thing is that, holding this opinion, he makes his appeal to reason more than to feeling; argues, with a poet's endowment of vision and delight; pushes the reader instead of dancing on before him. But so it happens with a conscientious man; our cursed spite being that the world is out of joint.

I am, unhappily, not clear that this appeal to reason against reason is in all ways conducted soundly. The story seems at two points itself unreasonable. Drusilla Whyddon, a girl with rare intelligence, and deep in love, is persuaded to renounce her lover by an old uncle of his, Lot Snow, who will disinherit him if he marries her. She consents to do it and to give no explanation. I feel that, for what one knows of her at this point, she consents too easily. There is a crash that seems unreal. The lover, Timothy Snow, being a shrewd, strong, resolute man as ever defied the fates, and perfectly informed of his uncle's character and purpose, is astounded. He uses every eloquent plea but one; he never suspects his uncle's hand in the mystery. This I think incredible. At last he leaves the country, but before he goes Lot Snow is killed by John Redstone, a tenant of his and a rejected suitor of Drusilla's, whom he has driven to desperation by tyrannous and mean oppression. Redstone afterwards marries Drusilla. He is the hero of the book. When Timothy returns, and is put on trial and condemned for the murder, it is Redstone's rôle to confess and to shoot himself. Every one who knows Mr. Phillpotts' power in passionate scenes will see that there is material here for the play of an intensely sympathetic and sure imagination at home with emotional detail. I could hardly say too much of the skill with which Drusilla's moods are handled, for there is, at any rate, nothing unconvincing in the singular turn of events by which she accepts and loves her old suitor, while knowing him guilty of the murder. Nor could the comparison between two men have been more thoroughly made than it is made between Redstone and the younger Snow. Also, there are searching and fine studies of temperament in a rebellious coquette, Audrey Leaman; a village constable, Fred Moyle; and some of the minor characters. The flaws I find are such as a true psychologist may have to gloss when he lets a plot guide him, but does not let it fully determine his puppets' natures; or when, being clear about these in his own mind, he misestimates their effect at this or that juncture.

In spite of them, "The Forest on the Hill" is a big story, full of noble work. It can only strengthen the Devonshire author's high repute; the true theme, the relation between Nature and human consciousness, is enriched so amply and so variously. What is more, I think it indicates the potentiality of finer work still. If a time should come when Mr. Phillpotts, tired of reasoning, felt the impulse to ride his invention light in hand upon those Dartmoor heights of his, I, for one, should watch and cheer him with a rare exhilaration.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

A FRIEND OF LAMB'S*.

Every reader of Lamb, and we are all readers of Lamb nowadays, will remember his friend, John Rickman, the census-taker. Writing to Manning in November, 1800, Lamb says:

"I have made an acquisition lately of a *pleasant hand*, one Rickman, to whom I was introduced by George Dyer, not the most flattering auspices under which one man can be introduced to another. George brings all sorts of people together, setting up a sort of agrarian law, or common property, in matter of society; but for once he has done me a great pleasure, while he was only pursuing a principle, as *ignes fatui may* light you home. This Rickman lives in our buildings, immediately opposite our house; the finest fellow to drop in a' nights, about nine or ten o'clock—cold bread-and-cheese time—just in the *wishing* time of the night, when you *wish* for somebody to come in, without a distinct idea of a probable anybody. Just in the nick, neither too early to be tedious, nor too late to sit a reasonable time. He is a most pleasant hand; a fine, rattling fellow, has gone through life laughing at solemn apes; himself hugely literate, oppressively full of information in all stuff of conversation, from matter of fact to Xenophon or Plato—can talk Greek with Porson, politics with Thelwall, conjecture with George Dyer, nonsense with me, and anything with anybody; a great farmer, somewhat concerned in an agricultural magazine; reads no poetry but Shakespeare; very intimate with Southey, but never reads his poetry; relishes George Dyer; thoroughly penetrates into the ridiculous wherever found; understands the *first time* (a great desideratum in common minds)—you need never twice speak to him; does not want explanations, translations, limitations, as Professor Godwin does when you make

* "Life and Letters of John Rickman." By Orlo Williams. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Letters of Robert Southey." A Selection. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Maurice H. Fitzgerald. 1s. net. (Frowde.)

John Rickman.

From "Life and Letters of John Rickman," by Orlo Williams. (Constable.)

an assertion; *up* to anything; *down* to anything; whatever *sapit hominem*. A perfect *man*. . . . You must see Rickman to know him, for he is a species in one; a new class; an exotic; any slip of which I am proud to put in my garden-pot; the clearest-headed fellow; fullest of matter, with least verbosity. . . ."

Clearly a man it were worth knowing more about. Ever since I first read that passage and the other references to Rickman that are scattered through Lamb's letters, I confess I have had a curiosity to make ampler acquaintance with that notable census-taker, and in this "Life and Letters of John Rickman" Mr. Orlo Williams offers all I had wanted. He gives a vivid full-length presentment of Rickman that is curiously interesting both in its likeness to that description of Lamb's and in certain points of difference from it. Astute, well-informed, tactful, sociable, fond of literature and literary talk—Rickman was all that, but he would seem to have been too oracular, withal, too heavily dogmatic, too cold-natured and unemotional and portentously solemn to answer to Lamb's labelling of him as a "pleasant hand" and one who could talk nonsense with him. He did, as a fact, read Southey's poetry and irritated Southey very much by writing to him unfavourably about it. Lamb makes him out a lovable man, but this "Life and Letters" of him, obviously the truer portrait, shows him as only a likeable man, level-headed, self-centred, self-opinionated, a strong and overbearing personality—certainly a remarkable man, one you are bound to respect, when you know him, and one of official importance in parliamentary circles of his own day, but only memorable now because of his association with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Southey, and other such of his contemporaries. His biography is thoroughly interesting, but never so much so as when it takes him among these friends of his; it affords many fresh glimpses of them, and his letters to them and theirs to him are full of good things.

Southey he knew, perhaps, better than any of the others, and though his literary criticisms when he is writing to him are not distinguished by any particular fineness of thought or grace of utterance, their downright frankness and common-sense make them valuable if merely as revelations of himself. No lover of Lamb will need urging to get this book; well worth having purely for its own sake, it is doubly worth having for Lamb's, and deserves, and is sure of a permanent place in the growing library of Elian literature.

A selection of Southey's letters has, by the way, just been added to Mr. Frowde's "World's Classics," and among the best of them are some of those he wrote to and about Rickman. As a poet, Southey is dead; his fame rests on one or two of his biographies, and on his letters, and as a letter-writer he is one of the most charmingly urbane and attractive of the immortals. Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald has made an admirable selection here from his voluminous correspondence, and completes it with a concise and entirely adequate introduction. S.J.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF BISHOP KING.*

"One of the deplorable consequences of Bishop Wilberforce's death was that it let loose the persecuting zeal of Archbishop Tait, which the Bishop had consistently endeavoured to restrain; and when, in the following February, Mr. Gladstone ceased to be Prime Minister, the Archbishop thought that the moment had arrived for a final attack on such of the clergy as were labouring to restore the dignity of Eucharistic worship." This will show the standpoint from which Mr. Russell has written the life of Bishop King. If sympathy could make a successful biographer, Mr. Russell would be in the front rank. Even Bishop King latterly did not rise to sufficient firmness in the Ritualistic cause, according to his biographer's standard, but apart from these slight defects, and a tendency to leave letters unanswered, the sixtieth Bishop of Lincoln is a man after Mr. Russell's own ecclesiastical heart. The story of the Lincoln judgment is told again from the standpoint of the English Church Union, with a thinly veiled contempt for Archbishop Benson's "persecuting zeal," and Archbishop Temple's later efforts in the same direction are dismissed with equal curtness.

A deeper reason for the abeyance of the critical spirit in this biography is the author's evident admiration for Dr. King's spiritual quality. As Principal of Cuddesdon, as Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, and in the see of Lincoln, Dr. King seems to have made the same rare impression of intense personal religion. This is the key-note of the biography. The finely chiselled face which looks out from the frontispiece helps one to understand the wide testimony borne to the Bishop's Christian spirit. He must have been a saintly, lovable soul, one of those beautiful characters whose appeal is infinitely broader than their sectarian environment. One of the services rendered by this book is that it enables outsiders to enter into something of the enthusiasm and reverence which Dr. King excited among his contemporaries.

But a good man does not mean necessarily a good biography. This one is extraordinarily dull. Episcopal biographies rarely lend themselves to a treatment which interests the general public, and Mr. Russell's present work is not an exception. There is a solitary flash of humour: the remark of a Lincolnshire cleric who declared "my clerical neighbours are exhaustively divisible into three classes—those who have gone out of their minds, those who are going out of them, and those who have none to go out of," otherwise, the air of the book is heavy with incense. The reader breathes a deferential reverence. Many letters of the Bishop's friends are quoted, and there is hardly a memorable or crisp sentence in any of them. The Bishop himself was not an intellectual force. He was neither a theologian nor an ecclesiologist. His mental interests do not lead one to expect good things from his pen. But the curious psychological fact is that he seems to have drawn from correspondents who were stronger than himself expressions and opinions which often smack of what those outside the hot-house would call femininity and mawkishness. The biography does credit to the pious feelings of Mr. Russell. So much can be said for it without reserve, but little more. JAMES MOFFATT.

* "Edward King, Sixtieth Bishop of Lincoln." A Memoir, by G. W. E. Russell. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

OXFORD.*

An anthology in prose and verse of all that has been wisely said "In Praise of Oxford" is not a banquet for Gargantua. To get the full flavour of such a feast, you must taste it here and there, from this side and from that; for the glamour of Oxford is as varied as are its energies, and just as "if Judas goes forth to-night, it is towards Judas that his steps will tend," so every son of Alma Mater finds in her the particular charms he seeks for, and she, carefully noting by which of these he is attracted, is the more easily enabled to fashion him to her will. It is, indeed, the signal praise of Thomas Seccombe's and Spencer Scott's new florilegium—a volume which deals with Oxford life and manners—that, showing Oxford in every mood of play and work, and in all the cumulative influences she brings to bear upon her sons, it never loses sight of the fact that her activities are myriad, subtle and interlacing, tending to form a certain uniform type of character, at once suave, tolerant and self-sufficient, and that her influences, moulding, as they are meant to mould, the character of the complete man, the man *teres atque rotundus*, are deep-rooted and permanent, colouring more or less the whole of his subsequent life. The compilers of this delightful tribute to the honour and glory of Oxford have ransacked the centuries for quaint and telling matter; and so great has been their love and their diligence that sins of omission or of commission are hard to find. They deal with terms and vacations, Freshmen and their ways, beer and battels, proctors and penalties, Oxford clubs and libraries, mimes and pastimes, foreign impressions of

* "In Praise of Oxford." By Thomas Seccombe and H. Spencer Scott. Vol. II. 6s. net. (Constable.)

Oxford, the rivalry of Oxford and Cambridge, the life and customs of particular colleges; and going back to Oxford men of the past, such as Aubrey, Harrison, Camden, Hearne, Wood and Gibbon, they yet quote from such loyal moderns as Mr. Arnold, Mr. Lang, Mr. Quiller-Couch, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Alfred Noyes and Mr. St. John Lucas. It would be tempting to discourse on the ancient rivalry of the two Universities; and then, as a set-off against the hoary old epigram, "The Oxford man looks as if the world belonged to him; the Cambridge man as if he did not care to whom it belonged," we might be tempted to insist on Dryden's famous tribute to the University, of which he would have preferred to be a member—

> "Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
> Than his own mother-university.
> Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage;
> He chooses Athens in his riper age"

—and to remember that Byron went to Trinity College, Cambridge, merely because he was unable to obtain rooms at Christ Church. But perhaps it would be wiser to take Oxford's primacy as granted by all the best judges, and to proceed to jot down the notes we made on one or two extracts from Messrs. Seccombe and Scott's book that particularly took our fancy. One very amusing passage, borrowed from Moritz's "Travels in England," tells how a clergyman, drinking beer at an ale-house with other members of the cloth, proved his assertion that God was described in the Bible as a wine-bibber by quoting Judges ix. 13—Jotham's parable of the trees. Another, quoted from *The Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1906, is noteworthy as trouncing Carlyle in right merciless and triumphant fashion for drawing so many pathetic(ally fallacious) pictures of Johnson's life at Pembroke. The third extract we marked was the story of the unsuccessful hanging of Anne Green, a narrative of rare and most engaging brutality; just the sort of story of which Mr. Masefield ought to make a play or a "poem"! Certain Oxford men wrote verses to this young woman on her recovery. Among them were Peter Killigrew, H. Davenant, Anthony à Wood, Christopher Wren, and Sir Joseph Williamson. Christopher Wren, who, by the way, was at Wadham, was not only a great architect, he was a great geometrician and Savilian Professor of Astronomy in his University. As for Sir Joseph Williamson, he was a famous benefactor of his college, Queen's, and was for many years Secretary of State. To him, in the latter capacity, we owe it that Milton's Latin treatise, "De Doctrina Christiana," was censured in 1676 and not published till 1825.

HINTS FROM JAPAN.*

One may wonder what is being thought of Yoshio Markino in Japan. The reputation which he has acquired amongst ourselves, as a most gay philosopher and cunning artist, is enhanced by every book he gives us. But his countrymen may be much less beguiled by pictures that have now become entirely Western—since Markino is sincere, and paints the thing he sees—while in his text they still discover both the point of view and phrasing of Japan. Perhaps it is with him as with the portrait of that lovely European girl, which wrought such havoc in Markino's village; it was worshipped on account of Europe being "the most civilized country. When one worships anybody or anything, of course it looks very nice to his or her eyes!" But what appears to us to be most useful for the Japanese are Mr. Yoshio Markino's comments on the people of the West. "Half-a-dozen wrinkles," he informs us, "were grown on my brow," when he was told about the exploits of the militant suffragettes. This book will give his earnest countrymen, if it is introduced into Japan, a wrinkle of another sort on every page. We have been hearing lately that the Japanese officials have been studying the Christianity of Europe, with a view to making an amalgam of religious systems, which is calculated to be suitable for Japanese requirements, and will have the tendency to further Japanese success. They know, much more than we do, what profound importance is attached to manners; and from this illuminating volume they may learn precisely how they should approach a low-necked damsel or the "Honourable Castle of the Queen of the John Bullesses." It will by this time have been gathered that the Anglicizing process does not yet enfold the literary matter of our friend. This broken English occupies a perilous position, for it is a stone you either break into objectionable dust—which of us has not rudely fled from some enthusiastic foreigner, or even from some alien member of our Parliament?—or else the stone is shattered into jewels, as when we have English spoken with the right Parisian accent, or behold it written by Markino, in whose lectures, by the way, and correspondence there is just the same originality of method. How much we lose by fastening on every one the same grammatical conventions! Only when an author has the strength of mind to sign himself in several ways shall we have in our midst another Shakespeare. And the presence of Markino, criticizing, in so fresh a way, our institutions could be very profitably used. In case of strikes, for instance, he would give an excellent opinion, not unbiassed only and entirely free from prejudice, but founded on a diagnosis that is more than adequate. "What I like best in John Bullesses is that their nature is quite sentimental, yet they absolutely deny it. This very spirit has brought up many a great hero and heroine in England." Every point he illustrates with incidents from his own heterogeneous life or, now and then, from Chinese poetry. "The other day," says he, "a newly-arrived Japanese was asking the meaning of 'Bob.' I said, 'It is a quite new word since the African War. The gold piece represents the Sovereign, while the shilling represents Lord Roberts.' My John Bulless friend interfered with a killingly amazed face, and pointed out my mistake. I lost the confidence on my English

From "My Idealed John Bullesses," by Yoshio Markino. (Constable). **Roller Skating.**

* "My Idealed John Bullesses." By Yoshio Markino. 6s. net. (Constable.)

from my Japanese friends!" The best of brief descriptions of Markino's method is to call it the gay wisdom. In an age when mere solemity imposes on the credulous we may well hope that his example will be followed by ourselves. Joseph Conrad teaches us how one should write about the sea, this other foreigner is teaching us how we may know ourselves. "First of all I am a foreigner, and am absolutely ignorant of the English custom." Yet we find him saying that "John Bulless knows exactly her own position, and never dreams fool's paradise. Perhaps in her mind she may rebel against herself, and may even dream a fool's paradise, but she has a wonderful conscience to come back to herself." A year or two and we shall have a brilliant novel written by Markino. He will cast aside his alien language—sacrificing thus a certain charm and humour, for he will no longer think that "Great Scott!" means a man who has had too much whisky—he will have outgrown his language, and he will preserve his striking powers of observation, both as to the outward matters—English girls, he says, are made more beautiful by fog—and to the subtle problems of the heart.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

A CLOISTRAL POET.*

There is no doubt that those who in coming days look back upon the age of poetry lately closed will be able to see, even among poets very dissimilar in spirit, a similarity of workmanship and temper. It is always a hazardous thing to generalise; and while such a poet as Francis Thompson can be seen to have sung his song in the 'eighties and 'nineties, it will certainly seem a dangerous statement to make that the poets of that time were content with a little, a restricted, inspiration, but were scrupulous to make that inspiration perfect in workmanship. Such names, however, as those of Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson, Arthur Symons and Oscar Wilde (not he of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"!), men who were more or less thrown together, or even of the remoter worker, Mr. Robert Bridges, all recur to the mind as poets who, in their different ways, were strangers to great gusts of inspiration, but who were faultless, even precise, in the scholarly technique of poetry.

It is this very precision that very largely accounts for some of the distinctive features of the writers who, succeeding to them, seek to break away from them. But among that cluster of spirits there is one who stands distinguished by a certain waif-like aristocracy of mien: not only in his person but in his poetry also. "In no page of his," says Miss Guiney in her article that appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly* and which is included as an introduction to this little book, "was there ever a rhetorical trick or an underbred rhyme." Which is true, if rather negative as praise. "If he could but work out his idea as music," she adds, "he preferred to do so with divers painstakings which less scrupulous vassals of the Muse would as soon practise as fasting and praying." Let anyone read so austere a poem as "Winchester" and they will see how precisely true this is. They will see also, by the way of incident, how there was no course other than this left to him, for not even his warmest adherent would claim for Lionel Johnson that he had a thing to say that burned in him like coals of fire. Life was to him a cloistral matter; and cloistral not in the sense that whiteness may be the very heat of fire, but in the sense that whiteness is the calm elimination of colour. We may forgive a stumble in the man hasting to a goal, we may even expect, aye and even desire, it, as evidence of his earnestness; but we shall not forgive a stumble in a man at easy leisure on his way.

Whoever, therefore, has been responsible for this present selection has perhaps done wisely in laying emphasis on this side of Johnson. There are several poems in the two volumes that he published that one would have liked to see here—poems where the steadiness of inspiration burned to an intenser flame, or where even he broke away in a looser and freer spirit altogether. This is only a personal inclination; and there is no doubt that the present selection does lay emphasis on the quality chiefly distinctive of Johnson. "Of lonely quiet was my dream," he himself sang; and it is this dream that pervades the pages of this book. It may linger lovingly over quadrangles and colleges in "Winchester" and "Oxford"; it may finger tenderly the pages introduced to him in such colleges in "The Classics"; it may turn over the thought of chosen friendships, ever swelling in "Walter Pater," to the metrical magic of

> "Gracious God keep him: and God grant to me
> By miracle to see
> That unforgettably most gracious friend,
> In the never-ending end;

it may defend its choices in "Magic." But always it is austere; always it is aloof. Even when he is most near to the wildness of mysticism and other worldly glamour and colour, we yet find it soaked in classic deliberation and harmony, as in one of the loveliest of his poems, "Glories," included in this selection:

> "Roses from Pæstan rosaries!
> More goodly red and white was she:
> Her red and white were harmonies
> Not matched upon a Pæstan tree.
>
> "Ivories blaunched in Alban air!
> She lies more purely blaunched than you:
> No Alban whiteness doth she wear,
> But death's perfection of that hue.
>
> "Nay! Now the rivalry is done,
> Of red, and white, and whiter still:
> She hath a glory from that sun
> Who falls not from Olympus Hill."

DARRELL FIGGIS.

* "Some Poems of Lionel Johnson." Newly Selected. With an Introduction by Louise Imogen Guiney. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

THE WHITE WALLET.*

There is one certain immortality open to us all if we possess but a little literary skill, a little observation, and are not too far removed from the centre of things, and that is to keep a diary honestly and faithfully, setting down the time in its habit as we see it. Another method would be to look for pearls in the dust and pick them up into safe keeping, as Lady Glenconner has done in "The White Wallet." Every one of us who has the precious gift of admiration has found pearls in the dust many a time, and—left them there. Perhaps Lady Glenconner will set many of us a-walleting; but to her is the first praise, for hers is the happy thought. Here, in "The White Wallet," are things known and things unknown. Here be my homely and simple things and things of undoubtedly aristocratic lineage; a felicity from a grave-stone made centuries ago by some humble great craftsman in words; the felicity of a child; the unction of some obscure holiness; beauties to which none can ever attach a name. There are, side by side, all the authentic great things of literature. "The White Wallet" needs no apology, and offers none. It consists of the things which have, from time to time, and for one reason or another, pleased an exquisite taste. Apart from the literary aspect of the book it has a personal interest. Lady Glenconner herself signs many of these delightful fragments. Others are signed "G. W.," by which we are reminded that one of our modern statesmen has found time and skill to render us the venal joyousness of Rosamund and Charles d'Orleans. "Madeline Wyndham" is yet another signature; and we find "E. Wyndham Tennant" to a charming poem by a child. All of which gives us the clue if we have the understanding for it, and makes it easy or easier for us to follow the track of the mind—delicate and elusive—which selected these fillings for "The White Wallet." There are just a few things which, personally, one would wish away; and even these, doubtless, have their reasons for inclusion. One hopes that Lady Glenconner has not exhausted her wallet, for her book is a green thought in a green shade, very welcome in a dusky and dingy winter.

* "The White Wallet." Filled by Pamela Glenconner. 5s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

GARRICK AND HIS FRENCH FRIENDS.*

Small notice has hitherto been taken by biographers of Garrick's associations with Paris, and a considerable gap in the history of the stage is filled by Dr. Hedgcock's new book, largely based on Garrick's correspondence with French actors and authors, included in the two volumes edited in 1831 by James Boaden from originals now in the Forster collection.

In this English version of his thesis for the Paris Doctorat ès Lettres the author has allowed himself digressions in illustration of social life in London and Paris, and of the growth of Shakespeare's fame in France during the eighteenth century. Incidentally, he devotes several pages to the influence of French fashions in England from the time of Chaucer onwards.

The principal "French Friend" was Jean Monnet, who, after a youth not wholly creditable, had settled down as a theatrical manager. In 1749 Monnet brought his Comedy Company to London, where, as neither Rich nor Garrick was disposed to risk a Gallophobe agitation, he hired the Haymarket Theatre, with the result that, after several nights of "popular" disturbance, the house was closed by the Lord Chamberlain. Another friend was Jean Noverre, the creator of that form of ballet-pantomime still much in evidence in Leicester Square. In 1755 he, in his turn, with his "Fêtes Chinoises," was driven by excited patriots from Drury Lane. No unpleasantness of this kind marked the visit of Garrick to Paris in 1751, nor his second visit twelve years later, but his appearances on both occasions were in private houses, where he gave "readings," his favourite being the "dagger" scene from "Macbeth." He made the acquaintance of the leading actors of the French stage, including Le Kain, Préville, Molé, Mademoiselle Clairon, and Mademoiselle Dumesnil, and met with many other distinguished persons in the *salons* of Madame Geoffrin, Helvétius, and d'Holbach. To Gravelot, the famous illustrator, Dr. Hedgcock makes but a passing reference, although (as Mr. Greig has reminded us in his book on Gainsborough) the Garricks were for many years his chief friends in London.

However friendly Garrick may have been with the heads of "the profession" abroad, he was very exclusive with regard to its representatives at home, and Hannah More, who was his intimate friend, and lived for some time in his house, wrote after his death: "I never witnessed in any family more decorum, propriety, and regularity, than in his; where I never saw a card, nor even met—except in one instance—a person of his own profession at his table." No doubt Mrs. Garrick, to whom he was devotedly attached, was largely responsible for this apparent excess of decorum.

Perhaps the least satisfactory of Garrick's French acquaintances was Le Texier (a fore-runner of such "quick-change" artists as Fregoli and De Vries) who, spoilt by adulation, at length disgusted his French adorers by his intolerable conceit, and came to London to repeat successfully his Paris triumphs. According to Garrick's friends Le Texier repaid the great kindness of the English actor with gross ingratitude, though Horace Walpole, who never much cared for Garrick, declared that the Englishman was jealous of the Frenchman's success as a "reader" of plays in London drawing-rooms.

Dr. Hedgcock, as befits a scholar trained in the modern school of French historians, is much more concerned with the presentation of facts than of picturesque descriptions. Now and again he makes quite trivial slips, as when he writes of Suard's intention of translating Burney's "History of Music" "into English," of the "Condy" Museum at Chantilly, or of "Yorrick," meaning Sterne. He uses the word "resume" as equivalent to the French "*resumer*," and he writes "at London"; otherwise his English is generally idiomatic. His worst "mistake" is of a different kind to those just quoted. In describing Garrick's audacious treatment of Shakespeare's plays he says: "A grave alteration, in more than one sense, is that by which he awakens Juliet in the tomb before Romeo is yet dead," a criticism actually printed on the same page whereon Mercutio's "Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man," is called an "objectionable pun."

The author says that "Les Saisons" "would hardly have saved Saint-Lambert's name from oblivion had not Jean Jacques Rousseau fallen amorous of his mistress." It is certain that his relations with the accomplished Emilie du Châtelet would have preserved Saint-Lambert's name, if not his fame.

Such little slips as are here mentioned are of no consequence in comparison with the dreadful "howlers" the author has justly exposed from the work of some other writers on Garrick, one of whom, for instance, deplores the omission from the "Mémoires" of Dangeau, who died in 1720, of any reference to Garrick's visit to Paris in 1751.

The great English actor loses nothing from the evidence of his French friendships. That he was liberal every one familiar with Boswell's book knew already; as for his vanity, let his old schoolmaster and lifelong friend speak. "No wonder, sir," said Johnson, "that he is vain: a man who is perpetually flattered in every mode that can be conceived. So many bellows have blown the fire, that one wonders he is not by this time become a cinder." As Dr. Hedgcock shows, there were many French bellows blowing on that fire, none more persistently than the middle-aged novelist and former actress Madame Riccoboni, who, in impetuous letters of mingled French and English, kept the "Dearling of my heart" informed of the latest theatrical and literary news of Paris, criticised recent English books—"The Vicar of Wakefield" and Young's "Night Thoughts," for example—and praised without reserve everything that came from Garrick's pen.

This valuable and entertaining book gains in attractiveness by the portraits (mostly from contemporary engravings), the caricatures and other pictures included. Liotard's painting of Garrick in 1751 forms the frontispiece. Favart, Madame Necker, and Madame Riccoboni are represented; there are plates showing Garrick in various characters, and other pictorial records of contemporary stage productions.

W. H. HELM.

Garrick as Hamlet.

From an anonymous engraving of the period in the possession of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

[a] From "David Garrick and his Friends," by Frank A. Hedgcock. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

* A Cosmopolitan Actor. David Garrick and his French Friends. By Frank A. Hedgcock. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

THE HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.*

"I have taken all knowledge to be my province," said Bacon long ago, but of late years the advance of learning has been so immense that to-day with regard to many things the most eager student must of necessity be largely ignorant. And yet, if life is to have its proper fulness, if our human capacity is not to remain, as it were, maimed and mutilated, there are many subjects of which we all require to know at least a little. Art and science, law and literature, history and politics, philosophy and religion—these are all things with which we all require some acquaintance, or else our daily round will be the drearier, and we shall be like those who walk with unseeing eyes amid a scene which is infinitely varied in its interest. But how are common folk, how are those whose other labour is heavy and whose leisure scanty, ever to learn even a little about the things which make life human? Encyclopedias oppress them with their bulk; learned works are often too costly or too difficult; and even where Public Libraries are at hand, choice is at once hazardous and perplexing. But a pocket volume of 250 pages, procurable for a shilling, and containing just enough information to make the large outlines of its subject clear and intelligible, meets at once many modest needs; and it is a hundred such volumes—of which the present ten are the fourth instalment—that the "Home University Library" is endeavouring to supply. Nor could any endeavour be more worthy of encouragement. To-day, for the first time in our history, the gates of knowledge have been opened wide for all. Half a century back the power to read with ease was in many classes of society almost a distinction; now it is a universal possession. Knowledge to-day "unrolls her ample page" to every eye, but none the less there is no more certain fact than that what the mass of men and women read is for the most wanting in all solid value. The general world has found in reading rather a new amusement than a new source of capacity and strength. We have learned to read, but have not yet learned to read wisely, and, like children, still prefer sweetmeats to what is substantial. But if we are to grow strong we must take to more wholesome fare, and for that this series attempts to give us at least a relish. And the attempt is certainly successful. No one of fair intelligence can even glance through these volumes without feeling that there is to be found in them something which is worth knowing, something which will give at once a larger outlook and a clearer insight, which by enlarging and invigorating the intelligence will add both to the enjoyment and usefulness of life. Take, for example, such topics as "Canada" or "India," about which we all hear so much and know so little, or that other theme of universal dogmatism and almost universal ignorance, "Climate and the Weather." In these volumes the reader will find the subject set out for him with such clearness that he can hardly fail to grasp its main outline, so that he is provided, as it were, with a framework into which every new piece of information he acquires will fall almost of itself, taking its proper place and helping to build up a well-ordered fabric of real knowledge.

But a book that can do that much has already, whatever its size, some of the qualities which in reality constitute a "great book." For books are too often estimated unjustly by their bulk. The old phrase *μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακόν* is to-day too little in esteem, and the shelves of our libraries groan under the weight of volumes which might be half their size if only we could write better. For indeed to be at once clear and concise is one of the hardest of literary tasks. *Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio*, said Horace of poets, and it is universally true both of the spoken and the written word. To state even a simple matter at once lucidly and with brevity is no easy task; to so state one which is complex and difficult needs much pains and a master hand, while when the statement is made, not to experts, but to the ignorant, the difficulty is quadrupled. Then it requires the rare gift of making no assumptions, of drawing, that is, no conclusions, and making no comments which postulate knowledge in the reader of which he is not possessed, so that the conclusions have for him no real validity and the comments are without meaning or content. In dealing, for example, with "French Literature" Mr. Strachey devotes 15 pages to Voltaire, but he only quotes three words from him—the famous *Cultivez votre jardin*—so that after reading his chapter, what we know is not anything real about Voltaire's writings, but only that he did write certain things and that Mr. Strachey has formed certain opinions about them. And a similar remark applies to Mr. Finlay's volume on "The School," which is rather a theoretical argument to show that "the foundation of pedagogic science must be firmly laid in the scientific treatment of genetic psychology," than a clear exposition of facts as to the nature of "genetic psychology" or of "The School" itself, as it exists to-day or has ever existed in the world of experience; while in Mr. Pollard's "History of England" there is observable the same tendency to reason about facts rather than to give them, and to use phrases, such as "the famous Salisbury oath," "justices in eyre," "tallage," and the like, which can have no meaning except to those who already know history. In fact, these three volumes seem to convey criticism more than information, and while they will often delight the expert may not unfrequently perplex the learner. On the other hand, the volumes on "Canada," "India," and "Rome," are models of what introductory handbooks should be. Mr. Warde-Fowler's work especially is the masterly summing up of a life's study. He writes with that complete simplicity which is the last outcome of complete knowledge. He records nothing that is trivial, but he omits nothing that is vital. Like a great artist, he produces his effect with a few decisive strokes, so that the main features of the history stand out in bold and unmistakable outline. The small beginnings of the infant state; the gradual growth based on the sure foundations of "duty and discipline"; the era of rapid development when "self-defence"—as in other Imperial stories—began "only too easily to slip into self-assertion"; the fatal union of "Dominion and Degeneracy"; the breaking up of the old republic, and the establishment of the new empire—all these are exhibited to the reader within a few hours like the clear-cut and yet coherent scenes of a great drama. And what has been said of the volume on Rome may be said equally of that on India. The immense theme seems incapable of brief treatment. It is the history of three thousand years, of a vast country, of three hundred millions of people presenting among themselves every diversity of language, habit, and religion, and in respect to all three alien and almost incomprehensible to ourselves. And yet within the compass of a few pages the main facts are conveyed in a manner which enables those who start—as the present writer started—in almost complete ignorance to feel that the word "India" will henceforth have for them a new meaning, and to understand, at least in part, why the problem of its future is the greatest problem that either nation or empire had ever yet to face.

The remaining volumes, which deal with subjects so diverse as "Anthropology" "The Climate and the Weather," "Philosophy," and "Architecture," present, perhaps, less difficulty of treatment than those already mentioned. "Philosophy," indeed, might seem to suggest a discourse which would "find no end in wandering mazes lost"; but Mr. Russell, by wisely limiting himself chiefly to an examination of "the theory of knowledge" has given a certain unity and consequent simplicity to his work, although the beginner who finds himself within twenty pages doubting the reality of a table, or learning that Berkeley allows its existence, but only as "a collection of ideas" (Leibniz says "a colony of souls") may begin to doubt whether, in spite of Mr. Russell's able endeavours to secure it, there can be any such thing as "simplicity" in the study of philosophy. Still, however this may be, "Anthropology," "The Weather," and "Architecture," are clearly themes which, unlike "History" and "Literature," admit of being adequately handled within

* "The Problems of Philosophy." By the Hon. Bertrand Russell.—"Climate and Weather." By H. N. Dickson.—"The History of England." By A. F. Pollard.—"Landmarks in French Literature." By G. F. Strachey.—"Anthropology." By R. R. Marett.—"Canada." By A. G. Bradley.—"The School." By J. J. Finlay.—"Rome." By W. Warde-Fowler.—"Architecture." By W. R. Lethaby.—"Peoples and Problems of India." By Sir T. W. Holderness. 1s. net each, Cloth; 2s. 6d. Leather. (Williams & Norgate.)

even a brief space, and the present volumes seem to contain just what an ordinary man might well have the desire and the ability to understand, while, as throughout this admirable series, there is appended to each of them a short Bibliography in which those who are specially interested in each subject will find just the guide they need to further and fuller study.

T. E. PAGE.

Novel Notes.

HECTOR GRAEME. By Evelyn Brentwood. 6s. (John Lane.)

There are two unrealities in this story. One is the abrupt change in the character of the hero's wife from a modest, lovable girl to a "full-busted, dyed-haired, and loud-voiced" society lady, who smokes cigarettes and flirts ostentatiously. This is supposed to be the result of her husband's misconduct with a pretty nurse, and that misconduct is again shot upon the reader without any warning. Graeme's behaviour to Stara drives her to suicide, and he is haunted by her, although this does not seem to affect his military skill, for he leads the British forces to a signal victory over the German Army. The book is a dark study in the psychology of a proud, bad-tempered, brave soldier, and in military tactics. India, South Africa, and then Germany enable Graeme to show that underneath his brusque and madcap exterior there lies a real spark of military genius. Miss Brentwood lets the eccentricities of her hero explode in melodrama towards the end, and she is better in episodes than in the delineation of character. But the study of Graeme's aberrations is managed with considerable ability, one proof of which is that the reader is compelled to admire his qualities, even when they are overlaid with detestable features of insolence and self-will.

THE COWARD. By Robert Hugh Benson. 6s. net. (Hutchinson & Co.)

It cannot be a pleasant book—a study of physical cowardice in an otherwise lovable and decent boy; but it is here, a book of some force, with many charms of scene and of character. "The Coward" is the story of Valentine Medd, second son of an honourable house, in whose annals physical courage was a matter of course, an unquestioned quality, meaning much more in truth to the members of the Medd family than any other quality; and Valentine Medd, a boy of sixteen, when first we see him, did not possess it. Lack of courage in man or boy spells tragedy, but in the tragedy of Valentine Medd the author seems to us to have resorted to unjustifiable tests of his young "hero's" bravery. At the beginning we find Valentine making excuses to himself for not riding next morning a horse that bucked and threw him that afternoon. But straight from this small shock we find him going to Switzerland with his impeccable elder brother, and climbing the Matterhorn with a party of friends. At an extremely dangerous and difficult jump this untrained boy of sixteen loses his head and refuses the attempt. Back at the hotel every one of the fine, old-crusted, very British party, admirable people though they are, talk in strained, solemn sentences of the shameful episode. Commonsense and humanity would have saved them much pain and greatly helped the boy. Again, when in Italy, Val has impulsively smacked the face of a man (not in itself a cowardly thing to do), who has insulted a girl, he is faced with a duel, to be fought with rapiers; and he funks it. It is all very dreadful, of course, and every normal Briton loves courage and hates cowardice, but the tests were extreme; the manner in which the conventionally high-bred Medd family treat this nervous boy is inhuman and foolish. With agony of mind Valentine faces the facts of his own lack of nerve, of the loss of love and respect; he feels his father's contempt and shame, his mother's grief, his sweetheart's estrangement. But he has his exalted moments, and we feel throughout the book that common-sense on their part might have saved him. A Roman Catholic priest understands the boy better than do any of the others, but he is an ineffectual character in the book. The author could have made a better case with more usual tests; but his story grips, and his coward wins our sympathies.

THE CHARWOMAN'S DAUGHTER. By James Stephens. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

The story of Mary Makebelieve, the charwoman's daughter of Dublin, of her adventures with the prodigious policeman whose moustache bristled like wire and seemed as though it ought to crackle, and the young clerk whose hunger was his chiefest virtue (as indeed it is the virtue of all heroic men)—these provide matter for an epic in 200 unfailingly amusing pages. Mr. Stephens is already known as a poet of quite extraordinary talent, and as one of the most notable of the young Irish writers; and he shows in "The Charwoman's Daughter" that he possesses a pretty fancy and a sly, confident humour which bespeaks our attention through all his divagations and apostrophes. And the air of great romance which runs all through "The Charwoman's Daughter" is combined with so much shrewd observation and originality that we are entertained and delighted in a most magical manner by the veracious record of simple happenings. Sometimes only the writing of the book is a little too conscious for the true simplicity of perfect narrative; but this fault is rare, and for the most part Mr. Stephen's style is naive and pleasant, as befits the character of the story. Very often, too, it is exquisite in its imagery and in its delicious wise playing with facts in an atmosphere of poetry. The prodigious policeman, Mrs. Makebelieve, and the Cafferty family, are all wondrous and real; and Mary herself is presented with an understanding and imaginativeness that makes her a beautiful and charming memory.

BEGGARS AND SORNERS. By Allan McAulay. 6s. (John Lane.)

"Beggars and Sorners" is a story of 1750, and the scene is laid in Amsterdam, of which city many delicate impressions are given in the course of the book. Here are gathered many of those whose part in the '45 has made them outlaws, still conspirators in the cause of the Stuarts, bitter and unhappy in their exile. Through the book runs the strain of sadness that belongs inevitably to a record of intrigue and failure; but there is a pleasant and wholesome love-story which subdues the atmosphere of distrust into a picturesque setting to the tale. Where many stories of Jacobite hopes and fears have failed, through being either sentimental or affected, "Beggars and Sorners" is so free both from affectation and insincere emotion as to be entirely successful. It is, in fact, a sober and charming piece of work, full of thought and quiet, sure knowledge. When Helen Murray, a young and vivacious Scots lady, comes to Amsterdam for distraction after a severe illness, she finds at the house of her host, Emilius Six, a very mixed company of Jacobite beggars and spongers. Her experiences, which are both pleasant and unpleasant, include torture, espionage and an interview with the Pretender; and they come to an end, as far as this book is concerned, with her marriage to Emilius. We follow them all with pleasant and seldom-wavering interest; and Allan McAulay is sincerely to be congratulated upon her unusual standards, in this kind of story, of consistency and restraint.

YELLOW MEN AND GOLD. By Gouveneur Morris. 2s. net. (Nash.)

Lovers of the sensational will do well to obtain a copy of "Yellow Men and Gold," for it contains many dramatic moments and some peculiarly horrific details. It is a tale of treasure-seeking—a theme which usually fascinates—and Mr. Gouveneur Morris has certainly lost none of the opportunities he so skilfully makes for himself. Readers of fiction of this type do not usually expect much originality, but the author has given us a hero of quite a new kind. James Parrish, a week-kneed American literary man, has come almost to the end of his resources, and starvation

seems to stare him in the face, when Fortune puts wealth in his way in the form of a chart of the whereabouts of some sunken Spanish treasure. It is not necessary to give any of the details of a very breathless and bloodthirsty story, which eventuates in the acquisition by Parrish of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. The reader may be assured that Mr. Gouveneur Morris does this sort of thing very well indeed, and not many people are capable of enough self-control to spread the reading of such a story as this over more than one sitting.

THE HEALER. By Robert Herrick. 6s. (The Macmillan Company.)

All lovers of good, well-written novels should be grateful to Mr. Robert Herrick for his latest story, which bears the unmistakable stamp of careful and thoughtful writing. Briefly, the story is of a young doctor who entertains so deep a reverence for his profession that he becomes disgusted at the commercialism of modern medical practice and retreats to the wilds of Canada, there to earn for himself the title of "The Healer." He is called in to attend a girl who, while holiday-making in the district, has suffered concussion of the brain through diving on to a rock. He deems necessary a very critical operation, but is met with the uncompromising opposition of the girl's conventional mother. Eventually, however, the operation is undertaken at the girl's own request and is successfully accomplished. The Healer nurses his patient back to health and in the process falls in love with her. The marriage takes place, and the remainder of the story is occupied with the familiar episode of the incompatibility of two temperaments. The husband whom the woman really required, as her own mother had said, was "the good, plain, ordinary, sensible business man, who leaves the house with his newspaper after breakfast and comes back at night from his work, tired out and ready to be fed and amused." By a strange chain of circumstances, however, she won for her prosaic self an Idealist. The story is rather drawn out, but the sin is atoned for by the admirable descriptive power which Mr. Herrick has displayed, and by the many passages of fine English prose with which he has adorned his book.

MARIE. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Cassell.)

In these thrilling pages Allan Quatermain, hero of heroes, tells the story of his first love and of the wonderful feats he was able to perform with the help of a gallant mare and a hair-triggered rifle. Once Mr. Rider Haggard begins, adventures spring up thick and fast, and these new chapters in Allan's autobiography are crowded with a variety of amazing experiences worthy alike of hero and author. The moment which Marie and Allan choose for plighting their troth is typical of other moments in this breathless story. Besieged in a blazing farm by a blood-maddened horde of Kaffirs and expecting every moment to be their last, the love which has hitherto been locked in their hearts wells up to their lips and the fateful words are spoken. Rescued in the nick of time, they realize that their path of true love is not fated to be a smooth one. Marie's father, old Marais, the Boer owner of the farm, has sworn on the Book before God that never with his will shall his daughter marry an Englishman. Moreover, he has pledged her hand to a wealthy cousin, whose subsequent villainies overshadow, if possible, those of the Zulu chief, Dingaan. Nothing could be more enthralling than the account of Allan's experiences with Dingaan in the Great Kraal, or among the vultures on the Hill of Death. Three times does Allan save Marie's life, but in the end Marie gives her life for his. The device by which the last sacrifice is effected has the true Rider Haggard touch, which may emphatically be said of every chapter in this excellent, all-absorbing novel.

FIRE IN STUBBLE. By Baroness Orczy. 6s. (Methuen.)

We always look forward to a dramatic story when we open a book by Baroness Orczy, and we always get what we want. Many a story has been written round about the Great Rebellion, and has told how loyal men died for King Charles I. "Fire in Stubble" shows the reaction from chivalry and loyalty, to meanness, roguery and profligacy in the reign of Charles II. Earl Stowmaries of Maries Castle England, was betrothed when seven years old, under unusual circumstances, to Rose Marie, the two-year-old daughter of a Paris tailor. When the girl is eighteen the tailor sends a reminder to the English Earl, and the English Earl, who is leading his own life of dissipation and gallantries, is desperate in his desire to be freed from the fetters. The story tells of the iniquitous plot, schemed by Stowmaries and his friends, to deceive and betray the innocent French girl. Michael Kestyon, an impoverished cousin of the Earl, and in truth a "pretender" to the Earldom, sells his honour for money, and undertakes the bit of villainy. He is to impersonate the Earl, ratify the early vows and carry off the bride "and thus for ever after leave on her fair maiden name a stain which would render her unfit to be acknowledged as the wife of any honourable gentleman." The plot is partly carried out, but fails before completion, not, however, in time to prevent bitter suffering to the two chiefly concerned in it—the false bridegroom and the injured bride. The authoress weaves her tale deftly, and cleverly reconstructs the period. The affairs of historic personages mingle with the affairs of the main characters in the story, and dramatic scene follows dramatic scene. We shall not be surprised to meet "Fire in Stubble" again, shifted from the covers of a book to the boards of the theatre.

POMANDER WALK. By Louis N. Parker. 6s (John Lane.)

In the year 1805, we are told, Pomander Walk was a quaint little Chiswick crescent comprising six very small red-brick houses, facing due south, with a beautiful view across the river. "You might have thought the houses were meant to be inhabited by very small dukes, so stately were they in their tiny way." Such is the scene of this diverting story, and the characters appear and disappear with theatrical effect, now at the windows, now at the doors of the six little houses, or they meet on the lawn under the shade of the great elm-tree, or pair off in the convenient Gazebo, a shelter formed by a boxwood hedge. It is a tremendously entertaining little community that Mr. Parker introduces to our notice. Indeed, there is scarcely a page that does not provoke a smile, and more than a smile; whether we are watching Sempronius, Mrs. Poskett's yellow-haired Persian cat, stalking Sir Peter Antrobus's thrush, or Mrs. Poskett herself stalking the inveterate bachelor, Sir Peter; or the Eyesore "catching" fish; or Miss Barbara Pennymint teaching her profane but eloquent parrot to give courage to her hesitating lover. The winding up of the story is of the stage, stagey, and we suspect the author of getting rather tired of manipulating his characters before the final "curtain," for the chronicle of their entries and exits degenerates almost into bald stage directions. Nevertheless, "Pomander Walk" makes an excellent "wholly detached" extravaganza with an old-world atmosphere all its own, and a sparkling vein of humour which should ensure for it a large popularity.

The Bookman's Table.

BEHIND THE RANGES. By F. G. Aflalo. 10s. 6d net. (Martin Secker.)

From such an experienced traveller and writer as Mr. Aflalo we expect an interesting book, and here we are by no means disappointed. We are taken on a magic carpet, hither, thither, over land and many seas; we have strange men and places vividly presented to us, and we often must regret that our acquaintance with them cannot be prolonged. Yet this is the regret that lies in travel. We may greet the rose, obeying Heine, and he would have been the first to tell us of the sad corruption in the rose's heart—or is it in the heart of him who travels to the rose? In this extremely fascinating book we have a quality which some may hold up as extremely reprehensible: we travel

from the mundane to the heavenly. But the questions of behaviour in a train, the luggage on a steamer, and mosquitoes, can be of the utmost service if they are discussed as on these pages; while in "Rivers Running to their Goal" we have a chapter not unworthy of the best traditions of the "Quarterly Review," where most of it appeared. At this time of the year it is most pleasant to go down with Mr. Aflalo to his various bathing places; most of all do we disport ourselves (in spirit) at the Doctor's Cove, Jamaica. When he talks of Russian ladies who dispense with costumes—so that there is no mixed bathing at Batoum—he does not seem to have been at some other of the Black Sea ports, for instance, at Odessa, where the ladies, whose pavilion is adjacent to the men's, array themselves—as do the foreign men—in costumes, for they often have to be towed back by fellow-bathers when the currents sweep them from their own immediate waters. As for bathing in the surf we recommend the other side of Mexico—the sharks but rarely make invasions—and for all the pleasure that Mr. Aflalo has given us we will make him at least one valuable present, and that is of the most delicious bathe we ever had. It was at Tarragona, about seven o'clock; the night had fallen, but the undulating water of the Mediterranean was warm and playful; underneath was sand, and in the distance was the voice of a guitar. The moon had also laid a strip of super-royal carpet on the sea.

JUDGMENTS IN VACATION. By His Honour Judge Parry. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Judge Parry's literary preferences are admirable. But his affection for Oliver Goldsmith and Charles Lamb might have saved him from the facile sneer and the epithet of contempt to which in these pages, particularly where critics and publishers are alluded to, he is a trifle too prone. Perhaps it is the style that is to blame. Perhaps the delicate nuance of his humour escapes us occasionally. When he is most severe, on the surface, he may be merely writing in a Pickwickian (or a Shavian) sense. Unless, however, these explanations serve, or he is acting on the principle of "What I have said, I have said," the modern form of the old tag *litera scripta manet*, it might have been well had the author allowed certain of these "judgments" to remain in the files of the publications in which they originally appeared. Incidentally he will puzzle those whose memories of the drama are not exact. On one page he tells us of "the brain-workers" who wrote "the only Shakespearean play of modern times"—"What the Butler Saw." He goes on to describe a dream in which Shakespeare patted him on the shoulder and remarked, "I couldn't have done it better myself." Which strikes us as a little unkind to Mr. Frederick Mouillot. But we are grateful for the inclusion in this book of the paper on Dorothy Osborne, which appeared so long ago as 1886. It was this paper, Judge Parry reminds us, which led to his receiving from Mrs. Longe her copies of the original letters and her notes upon them, whereby the full edition was at length published. "A Day of My Life in the County Court" is full of good things, the raw material of contemporary life. The chapters on "The Debtor of To-day" and "The Insolvent Poor" are (as to length) slight but (as to content) serious and weighty contributions to the study of a grave phase of our social system. Other noteworthy sections of the volume treat of "The Folk-Lore of the County Court"; "The Future of the County Court," as "a growing and popular tribunal" if freed from the shackles of the imprisonment for debt abuse; and "An Elizabethan Recorder"—William Fleetwood, Recorder of London from 1571 to 1591.

Queen Victoria.

From the drawing by Drummond, 1842.

From "The Early Court of Queen Victoria," by Clare Jerrold. (Eveleigh Nash.)

THE EARLY COURT OF QUEEN VICTORIA. By Clare Jerrold. With 17 Portraits. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

One very grateful feature of Mrs. Jerrold's new book, "The Early Court of Queen Victoria," is its very welcome absence of gush. Most authors of the day who discourse on Royal persons—more particularly women-writers and leader-writers—have so little self-respect, and so slight a notion of what "loyalty" means to a sensible person, that the attitude they adopt towards "the first magistrate of the land"—to quote Johnson's phrase—could not be more abject and contemptible if the monarch, instead of being a constitutional sovereign, were a Muscovite autocrat, a Prussian king ruling by divine right, or a Japanese mikado heaven-descended. Mrs. Jerrold wisely refrains from exuding this sort of flunkeyism and sycophancy in her account of the early reign of King George's august grandmother. Recognising that Victoria was, after all, a normal and fallible woman, "subject to like passions as we are," and that at her death her name and fame passed into history, and must therefore submit to the historian's verdict, she depicts her in the most candid and human guise possible. The young Queen is shown cold and hard to the mother who, until her daughter's accession to the throne, never left her for ten minutes to herself. We observe her friendly and confiding to her Prime Minister, Melbourne, a man whose condonation of his wife's adultery ought surely to have precluded him from taking over the practical guardianship of a queen in her 'teens. While, in the famous "Bedchamber Squabble," and again in that terrible affair of Lady Flora Hastings, we see her as the true granddaughter of King George III., eager to get her own way, prompt to assert herself, and even obstinate in persisting in an ungracious and ungenerous blunder. Mrs. Jerrold's is a carefully written and well-informed book.

OĪNÉ: A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS. By Neān. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

Neān belongs to the school of Maeterlinck, Fiona Macleod and the earlier Yeats. The sub-title of his play, "The Aureole and the Wondrous Gem," proclaims him a mystic of the mystics. The fact that one of the scenes is laid in a Swiss hotel, and that one of the characters is a Swiss waiter, confirms the impression. Any artist may write a play of the supernatural, selecting a world entirely unlike ours for his theme. Only a true believer would mingle the ordinary and the wonderful in this way. The motto, "Joy alone maketh Immortal," gives the key to the meaning of the play. "Salvation through joy" is its message. Cynthus, the hero, who curiously is not mentioned in the list of characters, is overcome with sorrow for the simultaneous loss of both his parents in Switzerland. He goes to Scotland to live with his uncle, the Lord Angus of Lar, and his wife the Lady Margaret. There he meets Oīné, the wonder-child, whom, in fulfilment of a family legend, they have found in the ancient castle on the Bugle Rock, and brought up as their own. It is Oīné who redeems Cynthus. To tell more of the story would not be fair to Neān. But "salvation through joy," again, the joy of service to man and beast, is its burden. A distinct humanitarian purpose is evident, though not obtruded. Whether this play would act well it is difficult to say. The plot is slight, and in reading one is helped enormously by the elaborate stage directions. But to read it is extremely interesting as typical of a certain trend of modern thought. Neān appears to be one of those who, having rejected older dogma, have erected for themselves a system far more elaborate than any mediæval hierarchy. Theosophy, spiritualism, esoteric Buddhism, humanitarianism are some of their panaceas for the ills of life. They have often expressed themselves in poetry, and it is very interesting to find them in the more material realms of drama. There is much the uninitiated must lose in "Oīné," but its vague charm, the quality which for want of a better term we call "Celtic," is appreciable by all.

Notes on New Books.

MR. HAM-SMITH.

Mrs. L. M. Brigstocke has written **Love's Artist** (6s.) "to exonerate her sex from a theory, which seems to have been lately brought forward, that most women have a more feeble perception of what is honourable or dishonourable than men." The character who serves to demonstrate this theory is Denise Vernon, the daughter of Sir Nigel Vernon, and afterwards Lady Geoffrey Carlton. We are permitted to trace Denise's career from childhood to death, but we must confess that Mrs. Brigstocke has not captivated us with her narrative. A great deal, too, of the dialogue is very unnatural. Children of ten and twelve and fourteen years, however precocious, do not talk as Mrs. Brigstocke would have them talk. A child of fourteen does not speak of his sister, aged ten, as a "shocking Malaprop" nor would a young wife observe to her husband that she thinks he wants her to talk nonsense, "the sort of half-foolish, yet clever nonsense that certain modern authors, who shall be nameless, put into the mouths of their characters." Would any young wife in intimate conversation with her husband refuse to name "certain modern authors"? We are not complaining because Mrs. Brigstocke has failed to satisfy our curiosity; we merely quote it as an example of the unreality of the dialogue in **Love's Artist.** Mrs. Brigstocke takes herself very seriously, and her book is not slipshod. We are inclined to think that if she applied herself to the writing of a good story and not to the elaborating of a rather uninteresting theory, she could write a book which would secure a warm welcome.

MR. JOHN LONG.

The Last Stronghold, by Ellen Ada Smith (6s.), is a capital story, neatly constructed and ably told, in which we meet an uncommonly interesting set of people. It opens well, with a touch of mystery that rouses our curiosity at once. We gather that the heroine, Lucy Kaye, has had some great trouble in her past which has made her indifferent to everything and everybody. She comes suddenly into a comfortable fortune, left to her by an uncle £1500 a year, and a fine old house richly furnished. She receives the news placidly, turns the house into a rest home for workers who have broken down, provides all the money needed to carry the scheme out, and goes to live in a lodge inside the gates of her grounds. The people she meets at this rest home interest her but slightly, though they are immensely interesting to those who read the book. One evening a stranger arrives, and the mystery (in which, we discover, a violin and an undiscovered deception have played a big part) deepens. At length Lucy is driven to confide in a great friend, who shows her a way out of her difficulty, and helps her to gain peace of mind and happiness once more. The interest is well sustained, and "The Last Stronghold" is an altogether enjoyable and entertaining book.

MESSRS. MURRAY & EVENDEN.

In **Riquilda** (6s.), Mrs. Kendall Park has hit upon a fresh scene and period for the setting of an historical novel. The heroine of the book—who supplies it with its title—is the daughter of Count Borrell, the ruler of Barcelona in the latter part of the tenth century. The love interest centred around **Riquilda** is the weakest portion of the book, but, on the whole, it is a moving and dramatic story, and one upon which the author may be warmly congratulated. The accounts of the fighting between Catalans and Moors are admirable.

MR. FRANCIS GRIFFITHS.

Perhaps Mr. Frank Burnett's strongest claim to attention is that he has enjoyed a great deal more experience of his subject **Through Polynesia and Papua** (12s. 6d. net), than is usually accounted adequate by the exponent of the "travel-book." He has, that is to say, spent a considerable time in the South Seas, more particularly in regions such as the Solomon Islands, where the white man's influence is still a comparatively feeble thing. Even though he never rises to any great heights of descriptive writing, or displays any marked originality in his discussion of places, people, or customs, he yet provides us with alluring glimpses of a part of the world that doubtless holds some of the few secrets that are for naturalists and explorers to discover. It is impossible to discuss Mr. Burnett's book without alluding to his very strong dislike of missionaries, against whom he brings a long list of charges, some of them serious, but discussion of the rights and wrongs of this matter must be left to those who know. Another outstanding feature is an extensive gallery of photographs, not always particularly relevant to the text, which is sprinkled throughout with presentments of "woodland nymphs," "water nymphs," "belles," and "beauties," who are apparently immune from the ill effects of draughts.

MESSRS. W. RIDER & SONS, LTD.

To a world already glutted with its own sorrows and discords Mr. Elliott O'Donnell has presented a volume of horrors from the unseen world, for on opening his **Byways of Ghostland** (3s. 6d. net), we are introduced into a realm of gruesome and fantastic shapes. We are willing to find a "fearful joy" by the fireside in company with a book of fictitious ghost-stories; but tales of "phantasms of the dead, with skinless faces and glassy eyes," vampires, were-wolves and fox-women, presented as actual happenings, and related with a garniture of that dubious thing "occult science," are a little too much for our sense of proportion. The author fairly revels in horrors, as in his opening chapter, "The Unknown Brain," in which he sets out a highly-wrought account of a man who being pronounced dead by an incompetent physician, was all but buried alive. This would be quite ghastly enough for the appetite of the ordinary reader (or writer), but it is not enough for our author. And, accordingly the story is made lurid and horrific by a vivid description of the sufferings of the victim, whose natural pangs, while conscious in his cerements, were heightened by the presence of the "grey inscrutable eyes" of occult beings—creatures of the vampire type which haunt burial grounds for sinister purposes of their own. We do not find these creatures any more credible even under the name of "superphysical cerebrums," which is the quaint and picturesque title under which they appear. We pass on to accounts of haunted furniture, spooks with "yellow, ichorous eyes—gleaming, devilish eyes"; woodland demons—"tree devils," "blue dogs without heads"; death warnings and family ghosts, amulets, "occult inhabitants of the seas and rivers," and other "intangible, pulpy things that breathed the spirit of the Great Unknown." With due reservations in favour of the sane and normal side of psychical research, we prefer a book of fictitious ghost stories frankly presented as such.

THE BOOKMAN SPRING SUPPLEMENT.

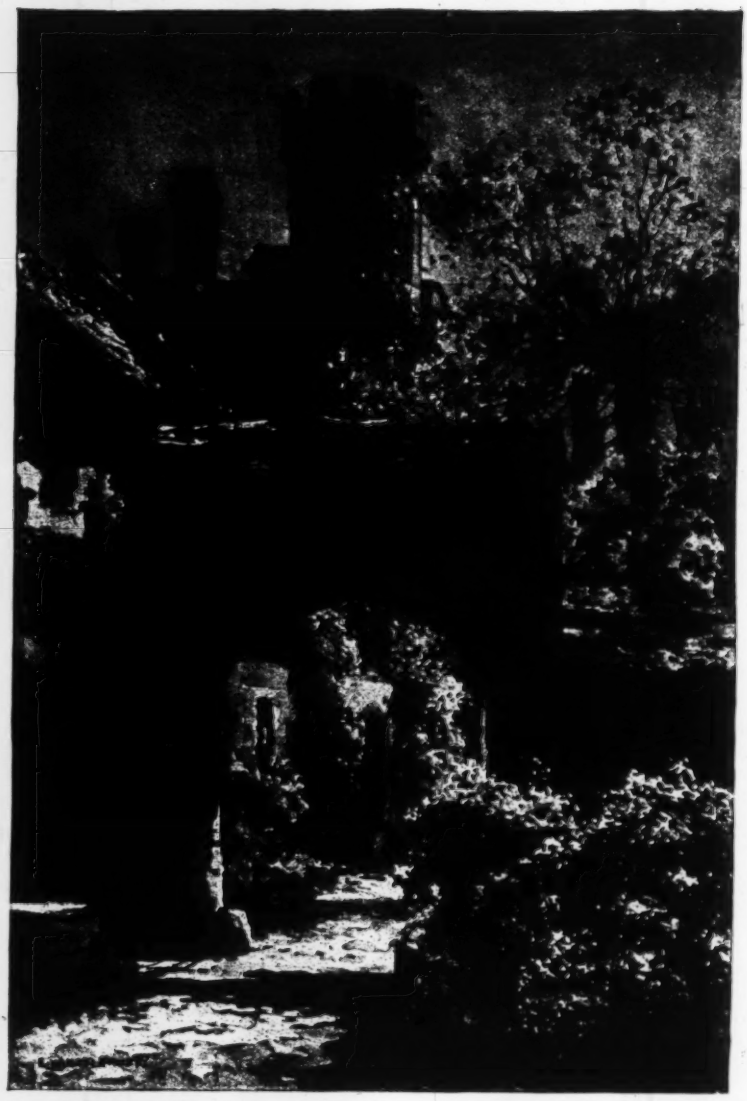
From Vasari's Lives of the Painters (*Macmillan & Lee Warner*).

PALLAS AND THE CENTAUR, AFTER SANDRO BOTTICELLI
(Royal Apartments of the Pitti Palace, Florence).

LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT PAINTERS, SCULPTORS AND ARCHITECTS.

By GIORGIO VASARI. Newly translated by GASTON DE VERE. With 100 Illustrations in Colour and 400 in Monochrome Collotype. 10 Vols. £1 5s. net per volume. (Macmillan and Philip Lee Warner.)

Giorgio Vasari was the first and greatest critic of Italian painting, and whilst the work of many of those who succeeded him has been discredited and destroyed by later research, the iconoclasts of modern criticism have only confirmed and strengthened his authority. There have been various translations of Vasari that have either been able but unsatisfactory paraphrases, or pedantic, colourless renderings that have preserved neither the humour nor spirit of the original. M. de Vere's translation in these handsome volumes, speaking of it so far as it goes in the opening volume, is a careful, literal, word-for-word turning into English of Vasari's text, which preserves the structure and harmony of his sentences in order to convey some sense of the colour and movement of his style, and so the more accurately reproduce the manner and individuality of his writing, an appreciation of which counts for so much in arriving at a full understanding of it. All Vasari's Prefaces and Introductions, except that on Technique, are given, and there is an adequate index. A number of rare and unique works are included among the illustrations, which are reproduced with all that exquisite and artistic workmanship for which the Medici Society is famous. The first volume is now ready, and three other volumes will be published in the course of the year.



From Winchester (*Blackie*). WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

A QUEEN'S KNIGHT.

By MILDRED CARNEGY. With 12 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

The field of historic romance has been well exploited by the maker of monographs during recent years, and, often enough, the most insignificant figure has been accorded the honours of full and detailed biography. Nevertheless, the right hand of good welcome should be extended to Miss Mildred Carnegy's new volume, for Count Axel de Fersen has not achieved the fame in this country which his career would seem to justify. He was born in 1756, of Swedish parents; and we catch our first glimpse of him as a handsome youth of eighteen, making his début at the French Court and melting the heart of Marie Antoinette. And, though Fersen's sagacity and comeliness carried him into many and varied spheres of service both in France, his adopted home, and abroad, his chivalrous devotion to the Queen was ever the dominant passion of his life. Miss Carnegy has given us a very sincere and sympathetic study of a true knight; and, although the murder of Fersen inevitably casts a gloom over the concluding chapter, her volume makes exceedingly pleasant reading, and may be unreservedly commended to all who desire some vivid pictures of France immediately before and during the Revolution.

From A Queen's Knight: the Life of Count Axel de Fersen (*Mills & Boon*). TRIANON.

THE WORLD OF BEWILDERMENT.

By JOHN TRAVERS. 6s. (Duckworth.)

It is always a matter of regret to a reviewer to come across a book in which descriptive power of unusual merit is handicapped by conventionality of subject. And it will generally be granted, we think, that it would tax genius to impart novelty to the well-worn properties of the Anglo-Indian drama as played by two husbands and two wives. Certainly Mr. Travers has not succeeded in interesting us profoundly in the philandering of Jack Grant and Vere Stevenson; the former reminding us irresistibly of Bayes's hero in the "Rehearsal," who discussed with himself the contending claims of Love and Honour, even in the act of pulling on his boots. Mr. Travers's chief claim to originality as regards his plot, and it is one in these days to make for distinction, is that he makes his hero ultimately decide for Honour, and the siren of Simla is triumphantly vanquished by the British Matron. The story ends in a somewhat minor key, and poor Nancy Grant's "enchanted dreamland, far, far away from the World of Bewilderment" still falls far short of the enchanted realm of romance. The strongest pages in the book are those describing Indian life and scenery; but the dialogue, too, is often excellent, with a realism that is apt to blind the reader to its excellence by its quiet unobtrusive art.

WILLIAM BLAKE, MYSTIC.

By ADELINE M. BUTTERWORTH. 15s. net. (Liverpool: Liverpool Booksellers' Co. London: Simpkin, Marshall.)

In this very beautifully-produced volume Miss Adeline Butterworth makes an admirable study of Blake's mysticism, as it reveals itself in his life, his poems, and his work as painter and engraver; but more especially (for the subject is too large to be covered in one long essay) as it is expressed in the wonderful series of drawings that he made for Young's "Night Thoughts." Forty-two of the plates and pages that Blake designed and engraved for that once popular didactic poem are here for the first time reproduced, and in a series of notes that supplement her essay Miss Butterworth explains their allegorical and inner significance. We are not among those eager worshippers of Blake who write

as if he never took up his pencil in uninspired hours; there are spirits and flying angels in some of his pictures that no fear of being considered Philistines can induce us to see are not more gross and heavily fleshly than such etherial essences ought to be; but we entirely share Miss Butterworth's admiration of these engravings for the "Night Thoughts," for the easy sense of lightness and motion conveyed in the figures, for the insight and large suggestion that underlies and informs them all. Even where, as too often happens, the great figures of Time and Death, or those of the human or spiritual creatures, are anatomically deformed and bad, the thought that fills the picture, the grandeur or beauty of the whole conception overwhelms such flaws of detail and renders them unimportant. The frontispiece is an exquisite reproduction of the well-known "Death Door" from Blair's poem, "The Grave." There is infinitely more of poetry, of imagination, of spiritual vision in this and the other engravings that Blake did for "The Grave" than Blair ever got into his lines, or was conscious of in his dreamings. Perhaps one does not quite realise how great Blake was, how high and daring his imagination, what a flight it soared beyond the capacities of the men whose books he illustrated, till one has read those books, and has moreover seen in other illustrations what other artists made of them. A study of the engravings from the first two "Nights" of Young makes us hope that somebody may be moved to issue the complete set of designs, and in the interval makes us grateful to Miss Butterworth for the sympathy and ability with which she has here introduced the student to them, and to her publishers for the care and artistic skill with which they have produced this book.

From London South of the Thames (*Black*).

INTERIOR OF THE HALL OF ELTHAM PALACE
(From an engravingpublished in 1804).

LONDON SOUTH OF THE THAMES.

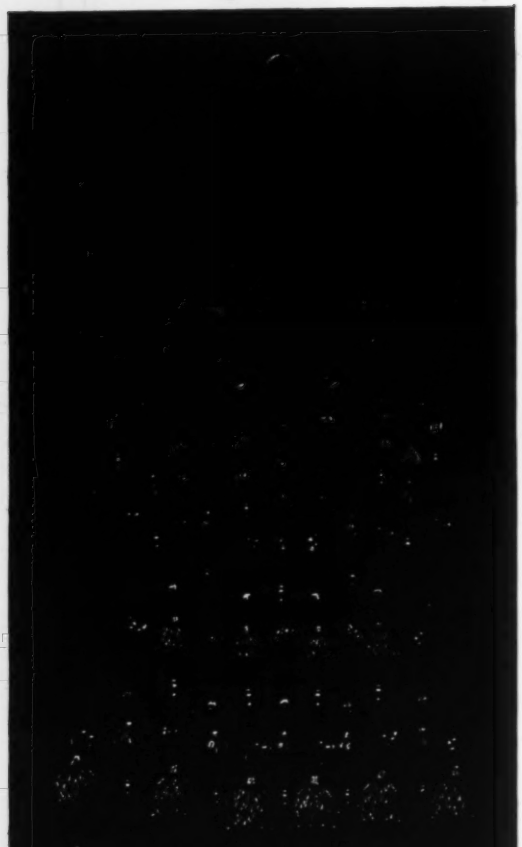
By Sir Walter Besant. With 16 Full-page Plates, 112 Illustrations in the Text, and 3 Maps. 30s. net. (Black.)

This magnificent book brings to a close Sir Walter Besant's great survey of London, which is now complete in ten uniform volumes. It is unnecessary now to say anything of the historical importance of Sir Walter Besant's scheme, and it would be quite impossible to exaggerate it. "London South of the Thames"—like London North—is a topographical volume, and it contains notes upon every street or building of the slightest importance within the area of control of the London County Council. The illustrations are almost equally exhaustive, and publishers and editors may be congratulated upon a picture of the London of the beginning of the twentieth century as complete as is humanly possible.

LOVE IN A SNARE:

A Present-day Romance. By Charles Garvice. 6s (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is almost unnecessary for us to dwell upon the work of Mr. Charles Garvice, who is unquestionably one of the most popular—if not the most popular—authors of the day. In "Love in a Snare" all the characteristics which have endeared him to so wide a public are well to the fore, and the plot has the further advantage of being partially set in surroundings upon which Mr. Garvice has seldom written. Primarily, of course, the book is a love story, but the plot—which is remarkably well constructed—is strong and dramatic. His newest volume, in fact, is quite up to the level of its author's best work and is one that is well worth reading.



From Chats on Old Jewellery (*Unwin*). MEDIÆVAL JEWELLERY

MASTERPIECES OF HANDICRAFT SERIES.

Edited by T. L. HARE. Each volume containing 16 plates, 8 being in colour. 1s. 6d. net each. (Jack.)

To Messrs. Jack's many useful and convenient series of cheap but reliable books is now added the "Masterpieces of Handicraft," which gives promise of being one of the most popular. The first six volumes of the new issue all come from the attractive pen of Mr. Egan Mew, and are entitled as follows: "Old Bow China," "Old Chinese Porcelain," "Royal Sèvres China," "Japanese Porcelain," "Dresden China (Meissen Porcelain)," and "Chelsea and Chelsea-Derby China." It is worth mentioning that neither old Bow china nor Dresden china have ever previously been treated in separate volumes in English. The books are of the format which the publishers have made so well known in the "Masterpieces in Colour" series, and they are exceedingly well illustrated in colour and black-and-white.

From Benvenuto Cellini (*Methuen*). THE SALT CELLAR OF FRANCIS I (Imperial Treasury, Vienna).

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

By ROBERT H. HOBART CUST, M.A. With 42 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. Hobart Cust's short volume on "Benvenuto Cellini"—the latest addition to the Little Books on Art Series—is admirably adapted to the requirements of the public which demands such brief, business-like, and accurate studies of the great artists. It would seem a difficult matter adequately to cover all the space which so versatile an artist as Benvenuto Cellini demands in something less than 200 small pages, but the author undoubtedly succeeds in giving the reader a vivid picture of his hero together with a considerable amount of sound criticism. The illustrations to the volume are numerous and well-chosen.

From Dresden China (*Jack*). DOMESTIC PIECES.

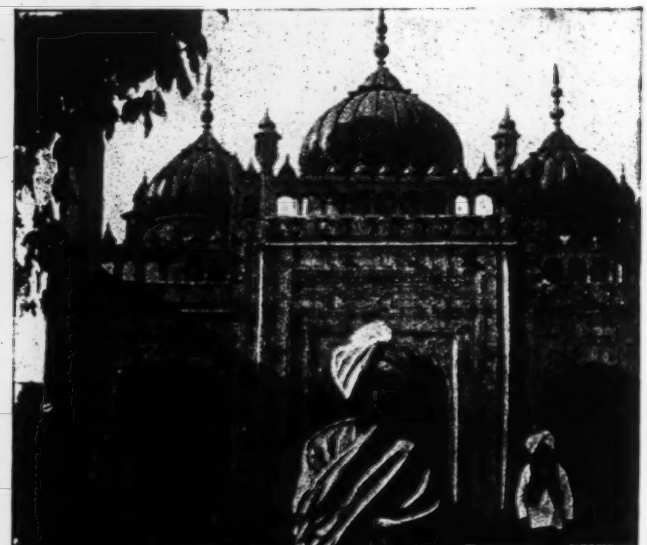
From Japanese Porcelain (*Jack*). A COURTIER AND A SAGE."

COLOMBINE: A FANTASY, AND OTHER VERSES.

By REGINALD ARKELL. With some Drawings by Frederick Carter. 2s. 6d. net. (Benn & Cronin.)

There are some of the quaintest and freshest things we have read for a long while in this little book of Mr. Reginald Arkell's. His opening fantasy, "Colombine," is a whimsical, dainty dream-comedy, written partly in tricky, irregular verse and partly in prose. Two old countrymen are gossiping in the twilight just before quitting work and setting out to walk home, and from doubting the authenticity of the story of Pandora's box they come to doubt the existence of fairies, and are startled by the quiet arrival of Colombine. She sees them, and as soon as they recover from their fright and can talk to her, she tells them there is to be a fight thereabouts that night—Harlequin and Pierrot are coming to fight each other for the love of her. But when they arrive it seems they have been infected by the modern spirit and think fighting is out of date, and that the only sensible way is to submit their claims to arbitration. One of the old men goes home, the other lingers and is appointed to arbitrate between them, much to Colombine's disappointment, and the one who wins his case is the one who cannot plead or make any promises or utter his love at all. It is very gracefully and charmingly done, and the finish, when the old man goes and, after the others are departed, comes back with another old man, each of them carrying a lantern, and looking round and seeing nobody there is half uncertain whether he had not dreamt it all, gives just the right fanciful suggestion of unreality to the whole episode. The other poems in the volume—some score of them—are alive with the same fantastic humour and dainty, butterfly sentiment, and with an occasional swift, elusive note of pathos, as at the close of "A Letter from Home," or in "Love, Laughter, and After," and in "Memoranda." Mr. Arkell has been influenced, perhaps, by such poets as Ernest Dowson and Lionel Johnson, but his work has individuality and is full of promise that we shall look to see him fulfil. Mr. Frederick Carter's drawings are excellent and done in the very mood and spirit of the poem they illustrate.

From Through Greece and Dalmatia (*Black*).



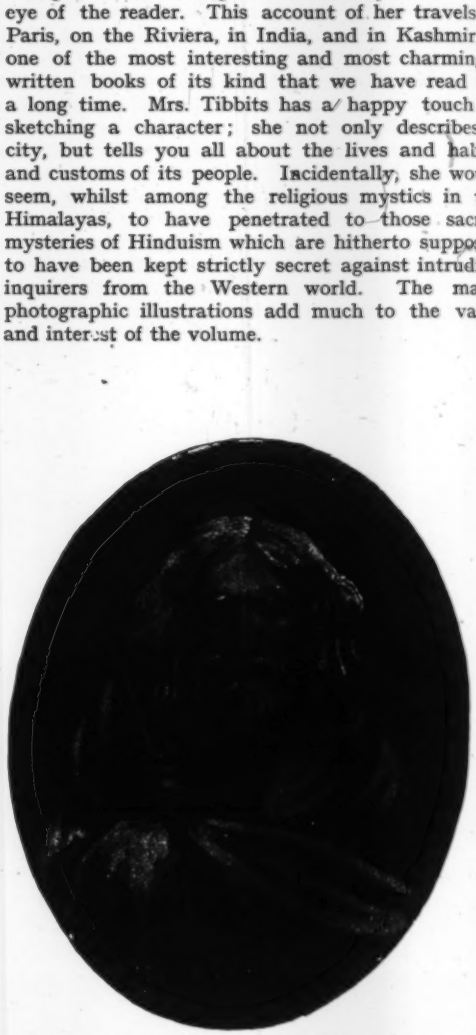
From Cities seen in East and West (*Hurst & Blackett*).

THE GOLDEN MOSQUE (CITY OF LIONS).

CITIES SEEN IN EAST AND WEST.

By MRS. WALTER TIBBITS. With numerous Illustrations. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Mrs. Walter Tibbits is one of those rare travellers who can write a record of places she has visited and things she has seen that is not merely a dead catalogue of names and mechanical register of events, but an imaginatively realised recollection of all her personal experiences by the way. When she describes the picture takes on colour and life, and grows vivid enough to be seen by the inward eye of the reader. This account of her travels in Paris, on the Riviera, in India, and in Kashmir, is one of the most interesting and most charmingly written books of its kind that we have read for a long time. Mrs. Tibbits has a happy touch in sketching a character; she not only describes a city, but tells you all about the lives and habits and customs of its people. Incidentally, she would seem, whilst among the religious mystics in the Himalayas, to have penetrated to those sacred mysteries of Hinduism which are hitherto supposed to have been kept strictly secret against intruding inquirers from the Western world. The many photographic illustrations add much to the value and interest of the volume.



PORTRAIT (REPRODUCED FROM A MINIATURE BY G. I. PENNY).

From Cover of The Malabar Magician (*Chatto & Windus*).

TWO OLD WOMEN OF PORT BLANC: LIZE BELLEC AND HER SISTER, GAUD.

From The Night of Fires (*Chapman & Hall*).

THE MALABAR MAGICIAN.

By F. E. PENNY. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mrs. Penny is, of course, widely known as one of our leading writers upon Indian life, and her latest novel once again excellently displays her skill in depicting the Oriental character. "The Malabar Magician" is not, perhaps, its author's *chef d'œuvre*, but it is eminently readable. The book consists principally of a series of incidents in the life of Lawrence Hillary, "who comes and goes like the rain," an Inspector of Police in a district on the west coast of South India. It was fortunate for the hero that he attracted to his side so powerful a helper as the Malabar Magician, to whom, indeed, little seems impossible. The book will afford the reader plenty of excitement, but its principal value lies in the vivid series of Indian types which it presents.

THE NEW CHINA:

A Traveller's Impressions. By HENRI BOREL. Translated from the Dutch by C. Thieme. With 48 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

Mr. Borel's extremely interesting and suggestive book is meant, he tells us, "more as an artistic than as a scientific work." His chief object is to avail himself of "the poet's right to give a chain of personal and subjective impressions and to describe how I felt the tragic death of ancient beauty, overpowered by all that is ugly and vulgar in modern things. . . . . But I also hope to describe how after sadness for this grievous death came consolation and confidence." The introduction of a Western gloss upon the ancient civilization of China was a thing which could hardly have been performed without the sacrifice of some of the beauty and quaintness of the old order of things. No doubt it is incongruous that railway, telegraph, and telephone lines should cross the ramparts of Peking, but the Chinese themselves see no more in it than incongruity; to them it is not a crime. "The first thing China wants," writes a ten-year-old boy quoted by the author, "is instruction. It must start with that. Then China will become the first empire of the world." Mr. Borel is a keen observer and many of his chapters have a delicately humorous touch. His book—which is admirably translated and illustrated—challenges the reader's attention.

From The New China (*Unwin*). STÛPA IN THE YELLOW TEMPLE, HUANG SSU

From The Charm of Venice (*Chatto & Windus*). THE COURT OF THE PALACE OF THE DOGES.

THE CHARM OF VENICE.

An Anthology compiled by ALFRED H. HYATT. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

This is a new edition to which have been added twelve illustrations after the water-colour drawings of Mr. Harold Sund. They enhance the charm of a book of varied charm. Indeed, there is so much charm, such richness of appreciation in prose and song, by authors old and new, that it would prove somewhat cloying if taken as a whole. But taken piecemeal and judiciously it is delectable. Of those who here pay tribute to the charms of Venice in many lights and moods are great figures of English, Continental, and American literature; also some who if not great are none the less ardent. To the winter-bound Londoner they seem as folk who are chanting and chatting about wonderland, or at any rate a haunt on a different plane from ours.

THE CONFLICT.

A Novel. By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. 6s. (Appleton.)

The conflict is political, with the workmen's Socialist party and the united Republicans and Democrats for opponents; and it is personal. Jane Hastings, the rich man's daughter, Victor Dorn, the workmen's leader, Selma Gordon, the enthusiastic Socialist, David Hull, the self-deceiving "reform" politician, and Dr. Charlton, the scientist, are all involved in both campaigns. The late Mr. David Graham Phillips was a pitiless critic of American politics and social conditions, and "The Conflict" is a terrific indictment of corruption and general wickedness in the government of an

From Omens and Superstitions of Southern India (*Unwin*). MALAYAN EXORCIST

American city. The party bosses do not refrain from murder to defeat the Socialists, if Mr. Phillips is accurate, and judges and police are as venal as they are brutal. The moderate "reformers" are merely contemptible, while the Socialists (Marxian to a man—and woman) alone are high minded, honest, and decent alike in public and private life. "The Conflict" is to be read as a study of American politics by an American, and it is eminently readable.

GREAT LOVE STORIES OF THE THEATRE.

By CHARLES W. COLLINS. Illustrated. (Werner Laurie.)

There is little of greatness about the majority of these stories, though they are all famous in their way. Romance is sometimes far to seek, but most of the heroines and some of the heroes, French and English, raise difficult or curious psychological problems. Nell Gwyn, Elizabeth Barry, Anne Bracegirdle, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Margaret Woffington, Mlle. Georges, Dora Jordan, and Marie Dorval, are amongst the "dear, dead women." Mr. Collins has made liberal use of memoirs and stage records for the purpose of his presentation, trying throughout to give us historical narrative rather than romance. The result is a series of expressive stories and human documents, the tragedy, disillusion, or venality relieved occasionally by comedy or irony.

NEW ZEALAND: THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE.

By MAX HERZ, M.D. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

This is a translation made by the author from the German original. There is a liberal share of history, geography, geology, etc., some of which we could spare, and a section on Maori art of which we would fain have more. Of the cities and the scenic attractions we are told in detail, which is sometimes picturesque and certainly appealing to the imagination. On administration, internal policy, the work of Seddon, and other things, the author has decided opinions. He is critical of New Zealand labour policy and of everything in which he feels that he detects a socialistic trend. About the New Zealanders generally he writes with interest rather than enthusiasm, aiming to be candid and comprehensive, and giving at least an honest surface study.

From New Zealand (*Laurie*). MAORI ART: CARVINGS AND WALL-DECORATION.

SCENTED ISLES AND CORAL GARDENS.

By C. D. MACKELLAR. Illustrated. 15s. net. (John Murray.)

Mr. Mackellar has wandered very far and wide over this earth, and explored many strange places. He is an observant and thoughtful traveller, full of human sympathy, and an amiable writer. Hence this book, which consists chiefly of old descriptive letters concerning life in the Torres Straits, in German New Guinea and the Dutch East Indies, brought up to date by useful notes, is excellent reading for young and old. Mr. Mackellar has much to say that is interesting concerning missionaries (to whom he is conspicuously fair), the disappearance of native races before the advance of the white man's "civilization," and the question of British or German supremacy in the East Indies. There are many entertaining sketches and anecdotes in these letters, as well as much valuable information, but a map of the journey taken, or at least of the East Indies, would have added to the reader's comfort, and its absence is to be regretted. All travel books need maps. It is cheerful to know that at Cooktown, in the Chinese Joss House, Mr. Mackellar found "enthroned in the place of honour—above what we would call the altar, amidst golden dragons and the like—Randolph Caldecott's coloured hunting sketches from *The Graphic!*"

From Scented Isles and Coral Gardens (*Murray*).

PREPARING RICE, TERNATE.
(*Photo*, Kerry, Sydney.)

BIG GAME HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

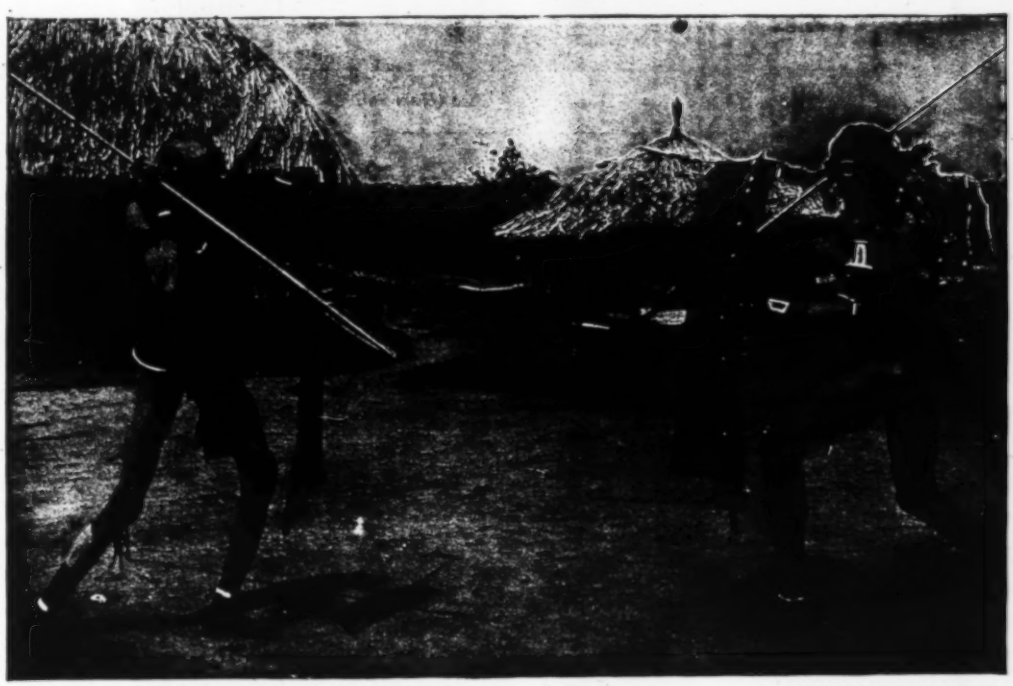
By JAMES DUNBAR-BRUNTON, M.D., F.Z.S. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

Dr. Dunbar-Brunton's attractive volume is designed on eminently practical lines. The author presents the reader with full details as to equipment, hints on rifles, health, camp life, and bush-craft, and he even includes a short vocabulary of useful words in the Chinyanja, Swahili, and Chibemba languages. The remainder—which is also the bulk—of the book is devoted to the habits and customs of the various fauna, the best way to hunt them—the whole leavened with hunting-stories from the writer's own experience. Central Africa is an attractive country, and it seems to be without the climatic drawbacks of other portions of that continent. "It is," says the author, "a simple and primitive life the sportsman leads under these conditions" (camp life in the Bush), "a life so absolutely healthy that it brings out the best in the man, physically and mentally. In this country, having an elevation of 5000 to 6000 feet, there is no debilitating heat to contend with, the cool breezes blowing by day and the temperature falling so much at night during the winter season as to necessitate a liberal supply of blankets." The book is likely to prove of much use to the prospective traveller or big-game hunter.

THE HUNTING YEAR.

By WILLIAM SCARTH DIXON. With 8 illustrations from old prints. 6s. net. (Ham-Smith.)

Mr. Dixon is justly known as one of the first authorities



From On the Backwaters of the Nile (*Unwin*).

A SHAM FIGHT IN PATIKO.

From Big Game Hunting in Central Africa (*Melrose*)

BUFFALO BULL.
(*Photo*, E. G. M. Leyer.)

upon hunting, and a new volume from his pen is assured of its reception by an appreciative section of the reading public. In "The Hunting Year" the author demonstrates very conclusively that the interest of hunting is not confined to "the madness of the gallop, forty minutes on the grass," but that "each month, each day brings round to the hunt servants its own peculiar duties, and the man who interests himself in the work of the moment as it comes round, not only has a fuller and deeper enjoyment of the good things of the season, but he comes in for fewer of the disappointments which are attendant on every hunting season." The author writes in a most attractive manner, and whether he is describing an Evening in July, November's Joys, April Glories, or a June Festivity, he is always very readable. "The Hunting Year" should do much towards the achievement of the objects which the author has at heart.

From The Hunting Year (*Ham-Smith*).

THE FOX.
(From a painting by C. Hancock. Engraved by R. Parr.)

MURPHY.

A Message to Dog-Lovers. By MAJOR GAMBIER-PARRY. With two Drawings by the Author. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Nobody but a dog-lover could have written "Murphy," and every dog-lover will make a welcome addition of it to his books about dogs. The charm of the narrative lies in its simplicity; it is an attractive, sympathetic study of a dog's character, and a reticent record of his master's sorrow on losing him. There is a suggestive, reverent chapter on the possibility of an animal possessing a soul that survives death.

From Big Game Hunting in Central Africa (*Melrose*).

LARGE BULL ELAND AND TWO GUN CARRIERS.
(*Photo*, F. H. Melland.)

From Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Japan (by the Baroness Albert d'Anethan, which Messrs. Stanley Paul will publish shortly).

APRIL: THE CHERRY BLOSSOM. From Professor Conder's "Floral Art of Japan."

His dog. by Him.

From Murphy: A Message to Dog Lovers (*Smith, Elder*).

THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES:

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable & Co.)

A book like this of Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton enables us to realise all that we have lost in reducing the unknown to known reality. To-day only the Arctic plains and prairies are left to us. In this wonderland Mr. Seton and his friend Mr. Preble saw the sunlight on white plains and cliffs and headlands and the coming of spring to great ice-bound streams. It is a delightful record, and, unlike most books of travel in this, that we have no elaborate details of the shooting of wild creatures—as though they were not, every one of them, Nature's children and had not cost almost as great a price in the making as did humankind. Mr. Seton describes instead how he felt guilty after having killed a lynx with his gun, and he adds that it was the only time he used a gun on the journey. He penetrated as far as the Caribou country and describes its rivers and sunsets, its flowers and wild animals with great vividness, for he is an observer of the devout and reverent breed which gave us White and Jeffries and Alexander Wilson. For instance he tells how on the night of their return the travellers heard the partridge drumming; he says: "What a glorious sound of woods and life triumphant it seemed; and why did he drum at night? Simply because he had more joy than the short fall day gave him time to express."

From The Arctic Prairies (*Constable*).

THE LYNX.

SPORT IN VANCOUVER & NEWFOUNDLAND.

By Sir JOHN ROGERS, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., F.R.G.S. With 8 Illustrations and 4 Maps by the Author, and 27 Reproductions from Photographs. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

First and foremost, Sir John Rogers is a very keen sportsman, and in this attractively produced book he tells of his experiences on two autumn holidays in America. The Vancouver expedition was made by the author primarily for the fishing. "From the day," he says, "I read in the *Field* Sir Richard Musgrave's article, 'A seventy-pound salmon with rod and line,' and located the river as the Campbell River, I determined that should an opportunity arise, I, too, would try my

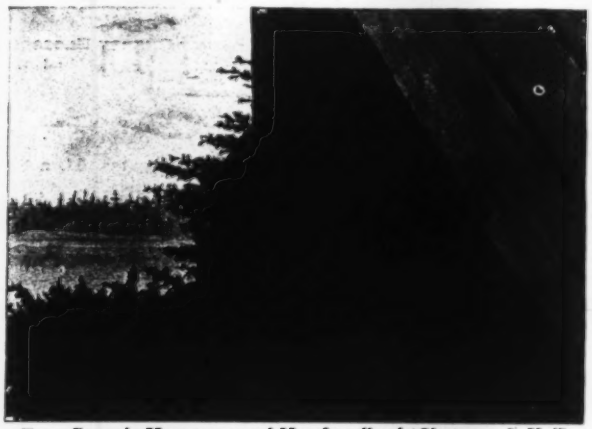
From The Complete Bowler (*Black*). **BRETON PEASANTS PLAYING BOWLS AT MORGAT, NEAR BREST.**
(After a photograph by Mr. Lachlan Taylor, Leigh-on-Sea.)

luck in those waters." Nor did the Campbell River disappoint Sir John. Certainly he himself did not catch a seventy-pound salmon, but he saw one caught which was close on that weight; his own heaviest was a sixty-pounder —" the biggest but least sporting fish I had killed that month "—and in addition a fairly large number of fish weighing between forty and sixty pounds were his victims. Leaving the salmon, the author succeeded, in an arduous and unlucky trip, in obtaining a 13-point head of wapiti, and he finished his Vancouver trip with a Rocky Mountain goat on the mainland. Newfoundland brought Sir John more trophies, but an easier time. The book is thoroughly readable, and it is one that should be of the utmost interest and value to those sportsmen who can afford the time to make a trip to two countries which are comparatively little exploited.

THE COMPLETE BOWLER:

Being the History and Practice of the Ancient and Royal Game of Bowls. By JAMES A. MANSON (" JACK HIGH "). With 14 Full-page Illustrations and 8 Diagrams in the Text. 3s. 6d. net. (Black.)

Mr. Manson tells us in his preface that he has been playing bowls since 1869, which in itself is surely a recommendation for the game. It is, in fact, an old man's game just as much as a young one's, and though we must confess that we ourselves have never found it particularly fascinating, we have thoroughly enjoyed reading Mr. Manson's book, which is divided into two sections —History and Practice. In the former the author details the origins of the game and includes, not only the famous Drake story, but also the accounts of it in Evelyn, Pepys, Swift, and other famous writers. It is worth while to notice that the history is brought down to as far as an account of the international matches of 1911. In the second half of the book the author appears in the rôle of teacher, and imparts much—obviously expert—advice. The book impresses us as excellent in every way — simply expressed, exhaustive, and readable.



From Sport in Vancouver and Newfoundland (*Chapman & Hall*).

ATHLETIC TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

Compiled and Edited by C. E. THOMAS. With 36 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

Among the many books of sporting and athletic instruction which are published from year to year but few are designed especially for the use of girls. Mr. C. E. Thomas's excellent book, therefore, should meet with considerable success. The editor has himself written the greater part of the volume, but in certain special cases he has gone to outside contributors, who are experts on their subject. Thus Miss Annie Hillyard writes on gymnastics, Miss B. H. Grieve on net-ball, Miss Mabel E. Stringer on golf, Mr. M. J. G. Ritchie on lawn-tennis, and an anonymous gentleman on fencing; while, in addition, Mr. Thomas has had the assistance of Miss E. R. Clarke, a prominent

From Athletic Training for Girls (*Pitman*). **DOUBLE SCULLING—BENDING FOR A START.**

player, both in the chapter on hockey and throughout the rest of the book. The author's intention has obviously been to make his book as practical and as easy to understand as possible, and in this he has certainly succeeded. The book may be strongly recommended to girls and to all interested in their athletic training.

From **Athletics** (*Nash*).

A FINE LEAP. (*Photo*, Dr. A. Abrahams.)

THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES:

Athletics. By E. H. RYLE.—**Hockey.** By ERIC H. GREEN and EUSTACE E. WHITE. With 32 illustrations. 2s. net each. (Nash.)

Messrs. E. E. White and E. H. Ryle, the joint editors of "The National Library of Sports and Pastimes," may be congratulated on the excellent beginning that the series makes in the two volumes above mentioned. The aim of the series appears to be utilitarian—the books being designed to fill the place of tutor rather than historian—and in this respect both the volumes are of equal value. Mr. Ryle, in his book on Athletics, devotes a chapter to all the principal events in a meeting, and the value of the book is considerably enhanced by a number of contributions from famous athletes on their own specialities. Mr. P. J. Baker, for instance, writes on the Mile; Mr. C. H. Porter and Mr. K. Powell on Cross-Country Running and Hurdle Racing, respectively; Mr. H. A. Leeke on Putting the Weight and Throwing the Hammer; Mr. W. E. B. Henderson on Throwing the Discus; Mr. E. E. Leader on High Jumping, and Mr. S. S. Abrahams on Long Jumping. The clearness of the various instructions is a marked feature of the book, which also contains thirty-two magnificent photographs. The illustrations to "Hockey" are possibly less effective, but they are no less instructive, for though the game is not a difficult one there is more in it than the mere spectator may imagine. Messrs. Green and White, for instance, classify no fewer than fourteen different kinds of strokes, of nearly all of which constant use is made. Every position on the field is adequately dealt with (we may again note the clarity of the authors' instructions), and there are chapters on Ladies' Hockey, Hockey for Schools, How to Umpire, and Hockey on the Ice.

FINLAND: THE LAND OF A THOUSAND LAKES.

By ERNEST YOUNG. With 32 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Ernest Young tells us that on his first visit to Finland he "constantly felt the need of some book of general information that would clear up many puzzling points connected with the history and customs of the people. How were the thousands of lakes that one meets with everywhere formed? What was the origin of the curious ridges that are so marked a feature of the landscape? Who was Duke Carl, the central figure in one of Edelfelt's pictures, and why is he pulling the beard of the dead man in his coffin? Who built the castles, and why? What did the men do in whose honour one finds that public statues have been erected?" And so Mr. Young's book on Finland is not a series of travel impressions or experiences, but a general handbook and introduction to the country. Clearly there was need of such a work as this dealing with a country so little visited as Finland. Of guide-books there are none, and works of travel on the whole do not meet with the visitor's requirements. We have, therefore, no hesitation in

From **Sport in Vancouver and Newfoundland** (*Chapman & Hall*).

From **Finland: the Land of a Thousand Lakes** (*Chapman & Hall*).

CHURCH BOATS

From **London—Artists' Sketch Book Series** (*Black*)

thanking the author for the labour he has expended in an excellent cause. In eighteen very readable chapters he gives us an exceedingly comprehensive and well-balanced account of Finland, its people and institutions, its history, art, and government; the whole having been revised and corrected by Madame Aino Malmberg, the secretary for Finland of the Anglo-Finnish Society.

THE LABOUR UNREST:

What it is and What it Portends. By FRED HENDERSON. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

Here is a book from the pen of a distinguished Labour leader and Socialist, which comes very opportunely at the present time. Mr. Henderson writes of present-day tendencies without bitterness or exaggeration, and the lesson that he draws from them—though doubtless it will be unpalatable to some sections of the community—seems to us to be obviously and unanswerably true. "However obvious the signs of impending change may be, they must, before they can be seen for what they are, break through that absolute reliance upon the stability of the existing order which limits each generation in the interpretation of current events. The signs seem obvious and unmistakable to us in later generations, not only because we see them in the full light of their realisation in history, but because we have become accustomed to the changed outlooks and institutions." The railway strike, says Mr. Henderson, was one unmistakable sign, and no doubt the present coal strike is another one even more unmistakable. If you take any interest in the signs of the times you will read "The Labour Unrest."

LONDON: A SKETCH BOOK; EDINBURGH: A SKETCH BOOK.

By LESTER G. HORNBY. 24 Illustrations in each Volume. 1s. net each. (Black.)

Messrs. A. & C. Black are famous for their books on art, and the announcement of a new series from their house is tantamount to a guarantee of excellence. No book-buyer will be disappointed by their latest venture. The Artist's Sketch Book Series makes a very delightful beginning with two charming little volumes by Mr. L. G. Hornby on London and Edinburgh—each containing a series of effective little sketches, in which the artist shows a sympathetic sense of atmosphere and no little technical skill. We like both volumes so well that we cannot say which we like best.

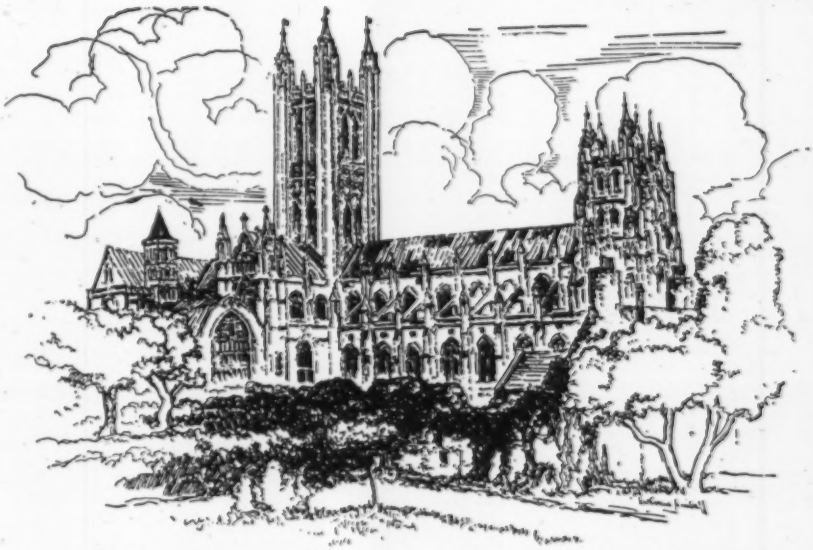
MORE BALLADS IN BLUE.

By EX-POLICE CONSTABLE GEORGE H. MITCHELL. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

Some little while ago Mr. G. H. Mitchell published a collection of poems that he called "Ballads in Blue," and they met with a very favourable, even a rather sensational, reception. At that date Mr. Mitchell was a member of the police force. He has since entered the ministry, but in the preface and in one of the poems in his new volume, "More Ballads in Blue," he sufficiently indicates that he has not forgotten his former comrades nor lost any of his interest in them. He divides his

From **William Morris** (*Jack*). KELMSCOTT HOUSE HAMMERSMITH 1887.

book into Epistles, Miscellaneous, Serious, Personal, Love Songs, and Epitaphs and In Memoriam. The best of his verses are those in the "Serious" section, and amongst these the poems that touch on religion are the more satisfactory. Always Mr. Mitchell is most effective when he is handling the homeliest themes; he handles them with a plain simplicity, a fervour and earnestness of feeling that in such verse is more to the purpose than any fine technical finish or lapidary cunning in the setting of jewelled words. Those who welcomed Mr. Mitchell's first poems so heartily will, we are sure, give an equally hearty welcome to these "More Ballads in Blue."

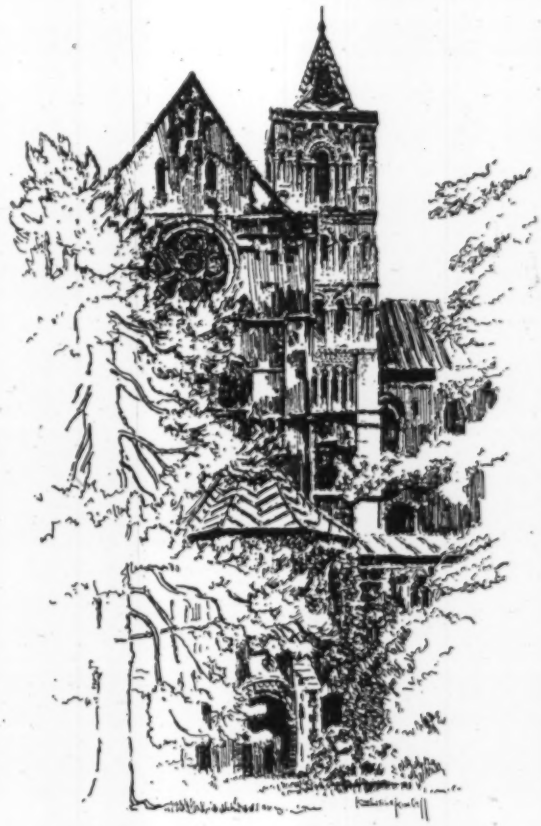


From **Canterbury** (*Dent*). CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

CANTERBURY.

By G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR. Illustrated by Katharine Kimball. 4s. 6d. net and 5s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

Very efficiently does Mr. G. R. Stirling Taylor sustain the high standard of the "Mediæval Town Series" in the excellent little volume on Canterbury which has just been published.



From **Canterbury** (*Dent*). NORMAN TOWER, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

The story of one of the most romantic and interesting of English towns lends itself particularly well to treatment of the kind with which the many readers of Mr. Dent's series have grown familiar. It is possible that the author adds nothing to our knowledge of the town, but he has contrived to compress into a comparatively small space a very large amount of history not easily accessible previously. Some topographical notes and a number of attractive illustrations add considerably to the usefulness of the volume.

THE LAND OF THE LORDS MARCHERS.

By E. ELLIOT STOCK. With 36 pen and ink sketches (from the Author's Photographs) by H. M. Wilson and R. C. Armour (also a route map). 5s. net. (Ouseley.)

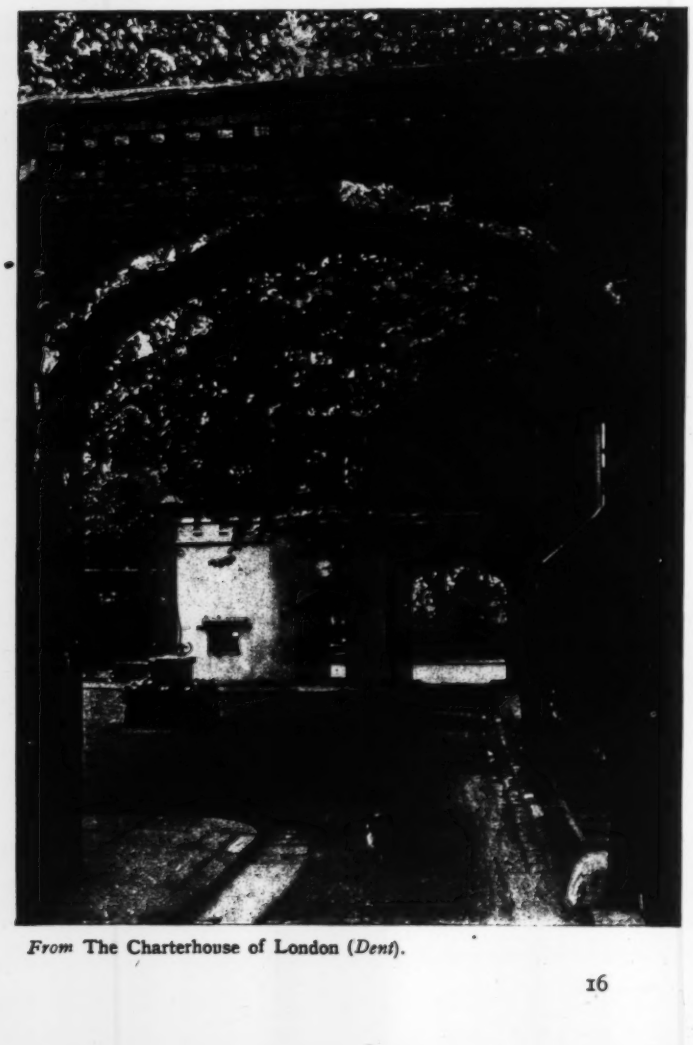
The "Lesser Known Britain" series makes an excellent start with Mr. Elliot Stock's very readable volume of travel impressions in Monmouth, Brecknock, and Herefordshire. The author's route took him from Newport, through Abergavenny to Hay, whence he returned southward to Chepstow

From **Famous London Houses** (*Dent*).
A new book by A. St. John Adcock. Illustrated by Frederick Adcock to be published this month.

From The Life of the Right Rev. Ernest Roland Wilberforce (*Smith, Elder*).

THE PALACE, CHICHESTER
(*Photo*, Marsh & Son, Chichester.)

and Caerwent by Dore and Raglan. This portion of England is undeservedly neglected by the ordinary tourist, but it abounds in beautiful scenery and possesses many historical associations. The author is well suited by his subject, and his book is in every way attractive. A further volume of the series, entitled " Beyond Hadrian's Wall " is promised for publication shortly.



From The Charterhouse of London (*Dent*).

THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT REVEREND ERNEST ROLAND WILBERFORCE,

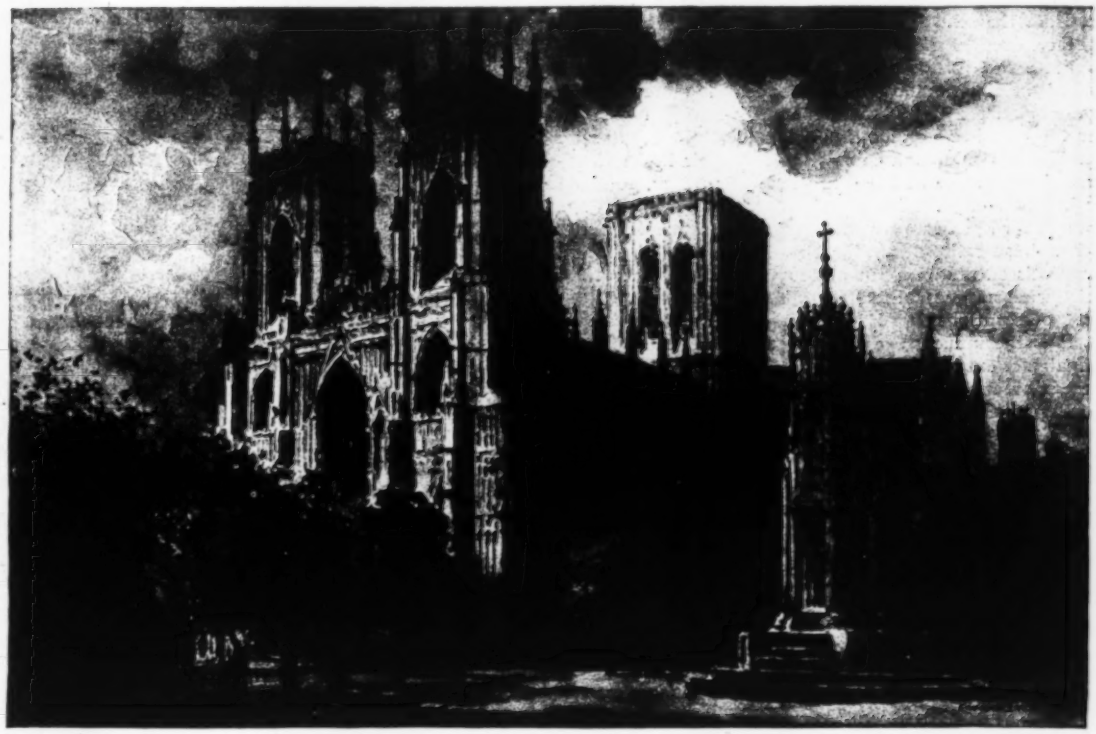
First Bishop of Newcastle-on-Tyne and Afterwards Bishop of Chichester. By J. B. ATLAY, M.A., F.S.A. With 4 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. J. B. Atlay's well-written and workmanlike biography of Bishop Wilberforce deserves, and will doubtless attain, a high place among clerical memoirs. The name of its subject is inseparably associated with the Bishop of Newcastle's fund, and, at a later date, with the Commission on Ecclesiastical Disorders in the diocese of Chichester. Throughout his life, however, his sincerity and transparent honesty won for him sympathy and friendship among all classes. In the words of the late Archbishop of Armagh, he was "surely touched with the *beauty* of holiness." His life is at once helpful and of the deepest interest, and Mr. Atlay may be warmly congratulated on the attractive manner in which it is set forth in his pages.

THE CHARTERHOUSE OF LONDON.

By W. F. TAYLOR. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

Mr. Taylor's is a book which will appeal not only to public-school boys, but to all interested in the history of London. Originally a Carthusian monastery, then the palace of Tudor and Elizabethan nobles, and finally a charity and school, the Charterhouse has had a sufficiently varied history, and a work of the kind that Mr. Taylor has written —thorough and exhaustive without being ultra-elaborate—should arouse a wide demand. Great names have always been connected with the Charterhouse, and in the region of literature alone its distinguished pupils include Addison, Steele, John Wesley, Grote, Thirlwell, and Thackeray. We can assure prospective readers that they will find plenty to interest them in these pages. A series of excellent illustrations from photographs forms a special feature of the volume.



From York (*Blackie*). YORK MINSTER.

BYWAYS IN BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGY

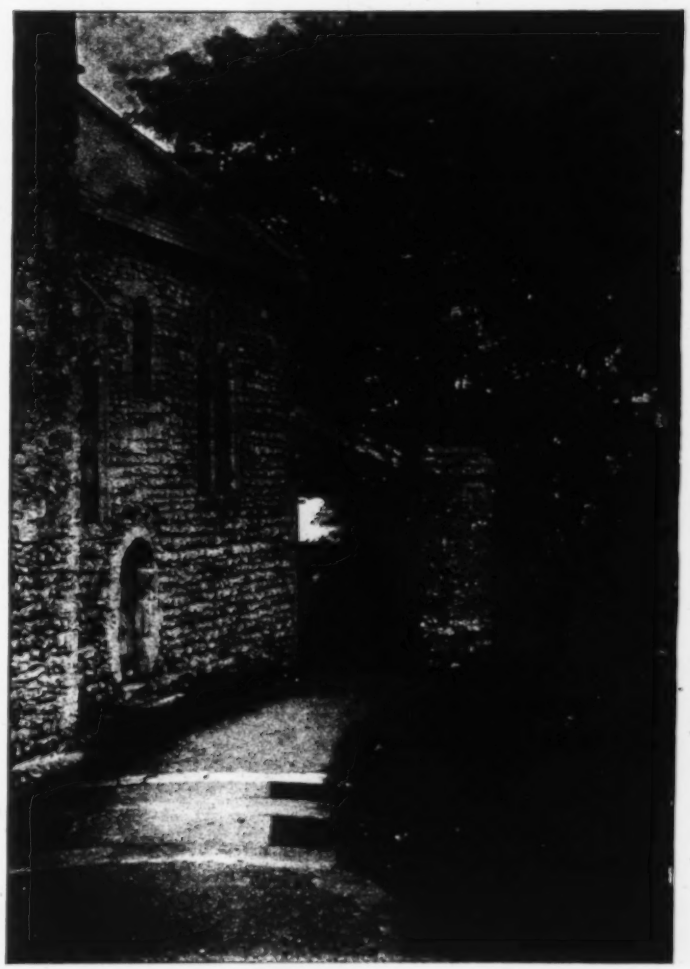
By WALTER JOHNSON, F.G.S. With 99 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

Mr. Walter Johnson's highly interesting and important work consists of a series of essays principally upon ecclesiastical archæology, and bound together by the author's insistence upon a "principle, which, in a former work, I ventured to call folk-memory. This folk-memory—unconsciously, for the most part, but sometimes with open ceremony—keeps alive those popular beliefs and practices which are individually called survivals." The first two chapters of the volume are devoted to Churches on Pagan Sites, and they are followed by others upon the Secular Uses of the Church Fabric, the Orientation of Churches, the Orientation of Graves, Survivals in Burial Customs, the Folk-Lore of the Cardinal Points, the Churchyard Yew, the Cult of the Horse, and "The Labour'd Ox." The book appeals more particularly to archæologists, but the general reading public will find in it much material of great and curious interest.

MARGARET OF FRANCE

Duchess of Savoy, 1523-74. A Biography by WINIFRED STEPHENS. With photogravure Frontispiece, and 16 other Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Miss Winifred Stephens has taken very great pains to tell us all that can be told concerning Margaret of France, the wife of Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, and has not laboured in vain. Not only is the life story of a very remarkable woman set out in plain and honest fashion—easily readable by all who will—but the French literary movements of the time receive attention, and there is a good account of that bad business, the duel between Jarnac and La Chataigneraie, and the no less discreditable case of Françoise *v.* Lemours. Margaret, Duchess of Savoy, was a product of the



From Byways in British Archæology, (*Cambridge University Press*).

CHANCEL OF LYMINGE CHURCH, KENT.
(*Photo* Mr Edward Yates.)

Renaissance, when "in well nigh every department of life, from the schoolroom, where boys and girls studied together, even to the battlefield whereon men and women fought side by side as comrades-in-arms, the sexes worked in double harness." Her learning was not exceptional for the time, it is rather Margaret's wise statesmanship that is conspicuous. When the Duke lay ill, and "the Duke's ministers completely lost their heads, Margaret alone, in the midst of her terrible anxiety, retained her habitual calm. She presided over the Council; she arranged for the future government of the State in the event of her husband's death." The Duke recovered, and Margaret's efforts were put out to win toleration for their Waldensian subjects. Emanuel Philibert had indeed written that "persecution never did anything save create martyrs," but it is the influence of his wife that ends the hopeless campaign of extermination, and gives the Waldenses peace. There are many excellent portraits in this book and several useful appendices.

From **Margaret of France** (*Lane*).

REMBRANDT'S ETCHINGS:

An Essay and a Catalogue, with some Notes on the Drawings. By ARTHUR M. HIND. With 34 Plates Illustrating the Drawings and a Complete Series of Reproductions (330) of the Etchings. In 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Methuen.)

The publication of a complete series of reproductions of Rembrandt's etchings is a task at once honourable and difficult, and Messrs. Methuen, together with their engravers and printers, must be very warmly congratulated upon the second volume of this work, which is wholly composed of the etchings. The first volume of the work is introduced with a few short critical chapters and a biographical summary, followed by a bibliography and a chronological catalogue of the etchings compiled by the author—the fruit of what must have been years of patient work. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of this book to artists and collectors alike.

From **Rembrandt's Etchings** (*Methuen*).

LIEVEN WILLEMSZ VAN COPPENOL, WRITING MASTER: THE LARGER PLATE.

NATURE IN ITALIAN ART:

A Study of Landscape Backgrounds from Giotto to Tintoretto. By EMMA GURNEY SALTER, M.A. With 49 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)

Miss Salter's purpose in this admirably reasoned and very well written volume is to show how carefully the great Italian masters of painting considered the landscape of their backgrounds. "The distinctive merits," she says, "of the treatment of Nature by the mediæval and Renaissance painters of Italy has for the most part been considered as merely accessory to their figure-subjects; its distinctive merits have been insufficiently appreciated." Nevertheless, it is clear to Miss Salter that "there existed from the thirteenth century an attempt to study Nature for her own sake, tracing the development of landscape from the summary conventions of Giotto and his followers to its magnificent culmination in the Venetian school." The volume contains a large number of excellent reproductions from the Italian masters.

THE RUBY HEART OF KISHGAR.

By ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A jewel with a past—such is the ruby heart of Kishgar, every facet of which, we are told, has cost a life. Stolen from its temple when Russia was busy looting the province of Kishgar, the anniversary of the day of sacrilege is regularly marked by the death of a member of the secret society which is pledged to recover the missing stone. At the time the story opens, the ruby is supposed to be lodged in the safe of a house in Park Lane, the temporary abode of the royal Saxenhof household. We say "supposed" for throughout this tantalizing tale things are by no means what they seem. To begin with, the beautiful Lady Manforth has deftly substituted a replica for the real stone in order to win a wager; then, before she can replace it, her husband in a fit of jealous rage destroys the ruby; but a subsequent examination of the residue of the destroyed stone proves unmistakably that it was not the genuine ruby after all; nor does it help matters when Lord Manforth discovers the actual stone he took from his wife, for it turns out to be paste, and not the genuine ruby. Who has the ruby? Again and again in a series of kaleidoscopic situations, Mr. Marchmont succeeds in baffling and mystifying us to a mortifying extent; false trail follows hot upon false trail, and our eyes are continually being opened only to find that they are still half closed. The happy result is that all who begin "The Ruby Heart of Kishgar" will certainly read breathlessly on to the very last page; and even then, we predict, few will be able to lay the flattering unction "I thought as much!" to their sleepless souls.

THE UNHOLY ESTATE.

By DOUGLAS SLADEN. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

The "Unholy Estate" is the loveless marriage, and Mr. Sladen has written this novel avowedly to protest against the unequal divorce laws that set a man free from an unfaithful wife but will not release a wife from an unfaithful husband unless he has also deserted or been actively cruel to her. The story is a little slow in getting started, but once it is under way it goes briskly with no lack of incident and sensational developments. However much one may sympathize with Nancy, one cannot but realize that she brought her troubles upon herself by marrying a man she did not love instead of the man she did, but this takes nothing from the strength and significance of her story, which opens in Wales, passes over to Egypt, where she accompanies her husband whose regiment is quartered there, and ends in England, after she has found a road out of her unhappiness and is married to the man she should have married at first. There are some vivid pictures of life in Cairo, and some sketches of religious life in revivalist circles in Wales, but the Rev. John Ingleby is not to be accepted as at all fairly representative of the Evangelical clergy. Mr. Sladen has subserviated everything to the forcing home of his problem, and he makes Ingleby too rascally a hypocrite in order to drive it home with a sledge-hammer. The story is interesting; it would have been better if in some respects it had been rather more reticent, but it is ably and vigorously done and pretty sure to provoke discussion.

From Nature in Italian Art (*Black*).

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES D'AMBOISE
by Solario (Louvre, Paris).

From William the Silent, by Jack Collings Squire, which Messrs. Methuen will publish.

"WILLIAM THE SILENT."
(From a portrait by Miereveltin the Reyks Museum).

THE KING'S KISS:

An Historical Romance. By LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

Miss Stacpoole Kenny introduces us in her latest novel to many famous and exalted personages of the France of the middle seventeenth century.

From An Injured Queen by Lewis Melville, which Messrs. Hutchinson will publish shortly.

THE RT. HON. LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL—AFTER HOPPNER.

The heroine, Anne Marquise de Saint-Armand, tells the story of the embrace which she was forced to receive from "*le roi soleil*" as the price of a kinsman's life. That kiss cost her the love of her husband for a long time, and many are the trials and humiliations through which she has to pass before she regains it. Two other love stories complicate matters and heighten the reader's interest. Miss Kenny's spirited and romantic story is effectively worked out, and it should have a considerable success.

From Charlotte Sophie, Countess Bentinck (*Hutchinson*).

LADY MILNES—AFTER COSWAY

THE LADY OF BEAUTY (AGNES SOREL).

By FRANK HAMEL. With 16 Illustrations. 15s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The "Lady of Beauty" was the nickname, doubly earned, of Agnes Sorel, the beloved of Charles VII. of France, and the first *maîtresse en titre* of the French Court. As mistress of the Château of Beauté, which was presented to her by Charles, she was clearly entitled to her nickname, and the illustrations to the present volume permit the reader to gain some idea of the justice of the more obvious translation of the appellation. Historians differ considerably as to the real influence of Agnes upon Charles; they differ even in their interpretations of her character. Miss Hamel, however, has few doubts, and her presentation of her heroine is entirely—and with much justification—rose-coloured. The book, which is written in its author's most attractive manner, introduces the reader to a comparatively little-known period of French history, and it is altogether worthy of the appreciative reception which it will doubtless receive.

Frontispiece from Mary, Queen of Scots (The People's Books) (*Jack*).

SONGS FOR MUSIC.

By FRED. E. WEATHERLY. (37, Woburn Square, W.C.)

There is always a welcome for a volume of songs from the pen of this favourite writer. To turn the pages of this latest collection is to be struck constantly by the versatility of the author as regards style and theme, and at the same time by his strong personality as regards the music of his words and the charm of his effects. Here, for instance, we find the now old-fashioned ballad-song of sentiment, the tuneful song of the "Christmas Fairy" who came down to the little sick child; then we pass to a stronger style in "The City Gates," a song of youth and love—as two young men marching in the morning, as pilgrims glad of peace at evening. We are charmed too with the slight ruggedness in the simple song "All That I Have," with its felicitous effect of silver and gold and broideries and song and love. There are humour, pathos, mystery, strength and simplicity in these "Songs"; and they tell of sea, of land, of city, of garden, of love, of life, of death. It is a treasure-trove for composers in search of words.

NAPOLEON AND KING MURAT.

By ALBERT ESPITALIER. Translated from the French by I. Lewis May. With frontispiece and 16 illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

This translation of M. Espitalier's biography—" compiled from hitherto unknown and unpublished documents "—will be very acceptable to the student and to the general reader. Murat was a great leader of cavalry; as King of Naples he was contemptible. The notion that Murat was a pioneer of Italian unity, a forerunner of Cavour and Garibaldi, a champion of national independence, has, perhaps, long been exploded. But if the idea still finds supporters, M. Espitalier's work will hardly leave any room for doubt. The vanity of Murat, his restless ambition, and his utter incompetency as a political ruler—in striking contrast this to his conspicuous ability as a soldier—all these things have been told, and here they are tabled with pitiless accuracy. Excuses may be urged for Murat's conduct. Napoleon was setting up kings on all sides; was himself unmistakably an Emperor, and a greater monarch than his crowned

From Napoleon and King Murat (*Lane*).

PAULINE BONAPARTE.

contemporaries. Why should not Joachim Murat, Marshal of France, be a king not only in name but in reality, since his old commander, General Buonaparte, was so veritably an Emperor? From the first he chafed at his impotency at Naples, and fretted to be a royal personage in the eyes of Europe, fearing the Emperor's displeasure, and yet ever seeking to get rid of his overlordship. Murat's ambitions for a kingdom of Italy toppled him off his throne. Had his loyalty to Napoleon endured, the result might have been different—who can say? Certain it is that Napoleon, after Elba, when Murat's fortunes were crumbled to the dust, would not forgive the defection of his old comrade in arms, and Murat was not at Waterloo. Yet in the exile at St. Helena, Napoleon lived to regret his harshness, " and to ask himself whether, if that incomparable *sabreur* had been at hand to lead them, his cavalry might not have forced the British to give way." Vain speculation! But a throne was no place for Murat. Caroline, his Queen consort—Napoleon's sister—was far abler in State affairs than her husband.

From Margaret of France, Duchess of Savoy (*Lane*).

MARGARET OF FRANCE IN 1548.
From a painting by Corneille de Lyon at Versailles (*Photo*, Giraudon).

From The Lady of Beauty (*Chapman & Hall*).

THE LADY OF BEAUTY
(After a portrait by Belliard.)

FIGHTERS AND MARTYRS FOR THE FREEDOM OF FAITH:

Stories in Stained Glass. By LUKE S. WALMSLEY. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Jas. Clarke.)

The germ of Mr. Walmsley's book has already seen the light in booklet form, but the volume should be none the less successful for that. The original reason for its existence lies in the fact that at Fairhaven, in Lancashire, the beautiful Congregational Church contains, in its coloured windows, a series of portraits of notable Protestants. It is with these personages that Mr. Walmsley's book is concerned, and the illustrations throughout are photographed from the original glass. The book presents a series of biographical studies of John Wycliffe, Savonarola, Martin Luther, William Tyndale, John Knox, Henry Barrowe, John Robinson, Oliver Cromwell, John Milton, George Fox, John Bunyan, Isaac Watts, John Wesley, William Carey, John Williams, and David Livingstone. The author has carried out his task with much success, and the book may be recommended as in every way accurate and satisfying to the imagination.

THE PIONEER.

By Harold Bindloss. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

The sterling qualities of your genuine bush-bred colonial never had a better exponent than Mr. Bindloss, and in Lisle, the virile hero of "The Pioneer," these qualities are embodied so attractively that they put to shame the refinements of the super-civilised hero of fiction who lounges behind an immaculate shirt-front through a comfortable three-hundred-page life. The wilds of British Columbia—and in this novel you will learn what "the wilds" really mean—make an ideal environment for Lisle's exploits, which for the most part are concerned with his efforts to clear the memory of a dead comrade. Lisle's friend, it seems, acted as guide to two cousins, George and Clarence Gladwyne, on an expedition through the wilds. Disaster overtook the party, their canoe was wrecked in a rapid, and with the canoe vanished practically all their provisions. To make matters worse, George Gladwyne had injured his leg by a fall from a rock. At length it was arranged that Clarence and the guide should proceed separately in search of certain stores which they had buried on the way up, and in the event of these being found, they were to return to George; otherwise, they were to push on in search of help. Eventually Clarence brought back assistance from a hunter's camp, but it was too late, his cousin was dead; and rumour had it that the guide, who subsequently reached a Hudson Bay post, there to die of exhaustion, had actually found the buried stores, but instead of turning back had cravenly pursued his journey, abandoning the crippled man. The story tells how the intrepid Lisle follows the Gladwynes' trail, and the discoveries he makes lead to a clever series of problematical situations involving the honour of Clarence and the happiness of the woman he professes to love. Altogether a fresh, stimulating, wholesome story, and one which should only be banned by parents who do not wish their fledgelings to succumb to the fascinating lure of the wilds.

From Fighters and Martyrs for the Freedom of Faith (*Jas. Clarke*).

From Dürer—Great Engravers Series (*Heinemann*).

THE MARRIAGE OF THE VIRGIN. (From the Life of the Virgin).

DÜRER:

Great Engravers Series. 64 pages of Illustrations, with Short Introduction by ARTHUR M. HIND. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

The production of the Great Engravers Series has once more laid the art-loving public heavily in the debt of Mr. Heinemann, who has quite clearly spared no expense in the production and equipment of the admirable little volumes that Mr. Hind edits. Engraving is a subject

that has long been neglected by publishers, and there are few books issued at a popular price which are of any use to those interested in the art. On the other hand, the aim of the Great Engravers Series is no less ambitious than to "present the whole history of engraving and etching in illustration." The reading-matter of the volumes is necessarily restricted, but, in Dürer at least, Mr. Hind finds it possible to include lists of books of reference and of the engravings of his subject, in addition to a short critical introduction. One of the principal features of the reproductions themselves—which in other respects also seem to us to be excellent in every way—lies in the fact that the paper on which they are printed has a smooth, but not a glazed, surface, by which means the illustration is always entirely visible at whatever angle the light may strike on it. This is a very real and very important advance in the mechanics of the production of art-books.

From Dürer—Great Engravers Series (*Heinemann*).

THE KNIGHT, DEATH, AND THE DEVIL

THE BOYS' FROISSART:

Selected from Lord Berners' Translation of the "Chronicles." By MADALEN EDGAR, M.A. With 16 illustrations by M MEREDITH WILLIAMS. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

Miss Madalen Edgar's book may stand for a model of its kind. She has been wise enough to retain the original style of Lord Berners' translation of Froissart's "Chronicles" with but slight alteration. Berners' version may not be an entirely accurate translation, but it is certainly one of the most readable and is probably the one to appeal most to the sentiments of the section of the reading public to whom this volume is addressed. And Miss Edgar has also made an excellent selection of incidents. The old favourites are here—together with a few chapters which may be less familiar to the youthful reader. Well printed, and illustrated by Mr. Meredith Williams, the volume should be noted by all who are on the look-out for an acceptable present for a boy.

From The Boys' Froissart (*Harrap*).

EDWARD III. CROSSING THE SOMME BEFORE THE BATTLE OF CRÉCY.

THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS.

6d. net each. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

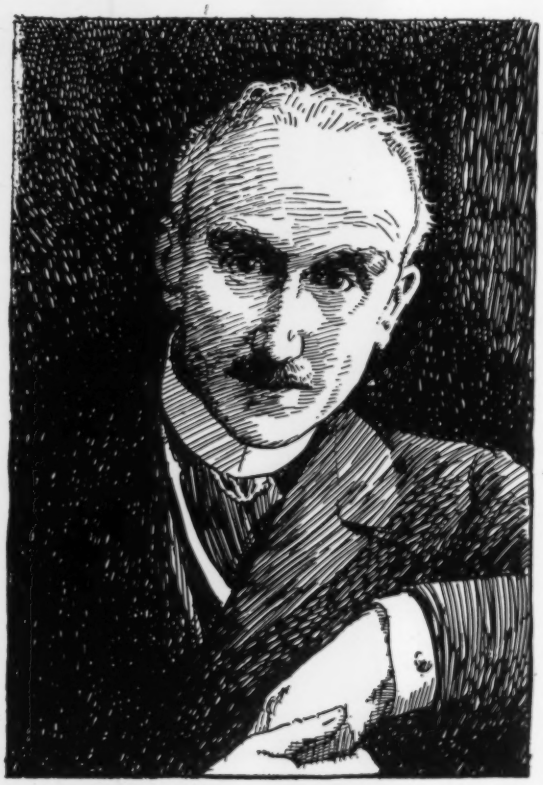
With the first twelve volumes of this new series of educational books, Messrs. Jack make an excellent beginning of a great undertaking—which is to bring the most recent knowledge on all subjects within the reach of the most modest purse. Each book is specially written for this library by a recognised authority, and the distinguishing features of them all are their scholarly reliability, the simple clearness with which they are written, and their pleasant readability. Shakespeare and Dante are dealt with in two of the volumes, by Professor Herford and A. G. Ferres Howell; Women's Suffrage by M. S. Fawcett; The Science of the Stars by E. W. Maunder; Roman Catholicism by H. B. Coxon. The twelve volumes are devoted to history, science, philosophy, botany, sociology, religion and literature; they are well printed, artistically bound, and will make an educationally valuable, as well as an attractive, addition to the shelves of any library. We are nowadays getting used to well-produced works at very low prices, but we know of nothing in this way that excels Messrs. Jack's "People's Books." In our next Number the series will be discussed more at large in an article by Mr. T. E. Page.

Frontispiece from **Shakespeare (The People's Books)** (*Jack*).

THE ETERNAL STRUGGLE:

By NEWMAN HARDING. 6s. (John Long.)

Mr. Newman Harding has written an excellent, full-blooded romance of the days of the Merrie Monarch, the scenes of which are laid in seventeenth-century America. A notable lord, one of the reckless gallants of Charles II.'s Court, is sent out to Massachusetts in 1662 to effect the arrest of two of the regicides who have sought sanctuary there in the little colony of religious refugees. He goes ostensibly on another and more friendly mission, but an incautious companion, the swaggering and quaintly humorous Sir Toby Maynard, lets out his secret when he has been drinking too freely, and it is not long before the two Royalists and their followers find their liberty and their lives menaced by the members of the sturdy Puritan settlement into which his lordship has come to bring so much of disquiet, jealous anger and unhappiness. The interest of the book centres on two beautiful Puritan girls —on one in particular who is to marry a manful Puritan neighbour, but whose loveliness so subdues the inflammable heart of my lord from England that he is presently involved in subtle intrigues and bold schemings that are to end happily for others, but not for him, after he had seemed to have ruined the life of the girl he loved and had won to love him. In the main, it is the story of how this apparently conscienceless cavalier finds his soul and is in the hour of his bitterest defeat wrought to a nobler height than he has ever reached before. It is a strong and chequered love tale intensely alive throughout and unfolded with no little dramatic power. The book has caught the vigorous atmosphere of those early American years, and is rememberable alike for its skill in characterisation and the varied interest of its narrative.



Frontispiece from **Bergson (The People's Books)** (*Jack*).

Frontispiece from **Dante (The People's Books)** (*Jack*).

HONESTY:

By M. E. FRANCIS. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mrs. Francis Blundell has chosen a novel and queer little house for the heroine of her new book—a house on wheels—a van, with two little rooms inside it, and a large stock of crockery which Honesty and her husband sell as they travel from place to place. Honesty is young and pretty, and Zachary Short her husband, is middle-aged, and they are wonderfully happy together travelling along, until a miserable misunderstanding suddenly estranges them. The plot is developed very skilfully, and each character we meet in the story is sympathetically and realistically drawn, bearing witness to the author's keen insight into human nature. It is a quite uncommonly fine story, full of freshness and power; well worth writing and as well worth reading.

CHARLOTTE SOPHIE, COUNTESS BENTINCK:

Her Life and Times, 1715-1800. By her descendant, MRS. AUBREY LE BLOND. In 2 Vols. With about 60 Illustrations. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

The heroine of Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond's very readable volumes lived in an extremely interesting period of European history. During her life France passed from Louis XIV. through the age of Voltaire and Rousseau to the Revolution and the beginning of the Napoleonic era. Charlotte Sophie appears to have taken the greatest interest in passing events, and she frequently possessed an inside knowledge of politics. She had, for instance, a King of Sweden as her suitor, and she was friendly with Marie Thérèse and Frederick the Great. But the greater part of the volumes is devoted to the correspondence of this remarkable old lady—an extremely valuable "find" on the part of Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. The work is, indeed, of unusual interest and importance.

POEMS.

By SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

"In addition to his new poems Mr. O'Sullivan includes several from earlier books—including one printed for private circulation in 1909—in this liberal and welcome collection. Of the younger Irish singers he is the one least likely to find his due at first. His appeal is apt to be lost save in restful, brooding, or cloistral hours. He is a poet of gleams, moods, glimpses, often subtle or delicate, though he hints of high passions and even tragedy. Both his wistfulness and his intensity are gracefully ordered and concentrated. There is a more literary air about him than there is about most of his young contemporaries, yet it is the air of one who has been sad and unsatisfied even as he brooded over the masters in the study and the library. It sometimes seems that he ought to have been a tragic dramatist, not a lyrist. Certain of his pieces suggest unknown but individual Gaelic singers of earlier days, though he is not so tense or outspoken as they. His artistry is choice and finished.

Frontispiece from **Blake's Poems** (*Blackie*).

Frontispiece from **The Book of Snobs** (*Blackie*).

ETAIN THE BELOVED, AND OTHER POEMS.

By JAMES H. COUSINS. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

The old Irish story of Etain is one of a significant few that have found a new life and interest in this generation. At stages they suggest a decided kinship with ancient Oriental lore or intuition on the subject of human progression and destiny. Like others of his contemporaries Mr. Cousins is concerned with the esoteric significance of the tale. His reading and the modifications he has made are matters on which interested students may well have much to say; the question of the faith and vision of the older Celts in Ireland is difficult and complex though fascinating. Mr. Cousins at any rate has turned his conception to really poetical purpose. In this and other poems of the volume it is seen that he is slowly working out a philosophy of the universe; and he chooses old and new Irish themes that suit him and help him in this purpose. In the broad sense the philosophy is theosophic. Sometimes he seems more concerned with theory and thought than with poetry, but he has his spells of vision and ecstasy, and the expression is frequently felicitous. With a number of new writers in Irish and in English Ireland's literary expression becomes varied and arresting. Mr. Cousins promises to be one of the most considerable of those who think and sing.

THE RED LETTER LIBRARY:

Poems. By WILLIAM BLAKE.—**The Book of Snobs.** By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. With Frontispieces. 2s. 6d. net each. (Blackie.)

To Messrs. Blackie's well-known series of reprints, the Red Letter Library, have recently been added the two books mentioned above. It is almost unnecessary for us to speak of the merits of the Red Letter Library, which is concerned less with cheapness (though the books *are* cheap) than with artistic production and careful editing. Characteristic introductions by Mr. G. K. Chesterton—to "The Book of Snobs"—and Mrs. Meynell—who has also made the selection of the poems in the Blake volume—add to the value of these two re-issues.

From The Print Collector's Handbook, a new and revised edition of which Messrs. Bell will publish shortly.

ARRIVÉE DES LÉGUMES, AMIENS
(From an original etching by Auguste Lepère).

THE GAMBIA.

Its History, Ancient, Mediæval and Modern, together with its Geographical, Geological, and Ethnographical Conditions. By HENRY FENWICK REEVE, C.M.G., M.I.C.E., etc. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. Reeve writes more in sorrow than in positive anger concerning the British Government's lack of appreciation of the Gambia and its inhabitants, but the author's irritation at our non-progressive ways and his exuberant enthusiasm for the political methods of Dr. Jameson, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes do not add to the value of a work done with thoroughness and care. Mr. Reeve is anxious to arouse our interest in the British Possessions in North-West Africa, and in especial to the important strategical value of a great harbour and waterway in that part of the world. To that end he tells us the full story of the Gambia from the legendary period of pre-Phœnician navigators down to the French Concessions of recent years, and dwells with emphasis on British responsibility to the people of this ancient Colony. The manners and customs of the various races of the Gambia—who rejoice under the names of Jollops and Floops and Mandingos—are described with fidelity, and special chapters are given to the birds, beasts, and fishes, and the geography and geology of the lands where Mungo Park wandered. On Missionary work Mr. Reeve is silent. The author's hatred of the slave trade, his real desire for the welfare of the native races, and his long experience in North-West Africa, entitle him to an attentive public for this book on the Gambia.

HIS FIRST OFFENCE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

To take a notorious crime, and to "guy" it, might seem at the first blush a poor way of writing a farcical story. But Mr. Clouston is far too clever a writer to offend the taste of his readers, and "His First Offence" is a thoroughly enjoyable book. It satirises, incidentally, the growing taste for criminal investigation which is being fostered in respectable folk by the recently increased confidential alliance between the Press and the police for the pursuit of absconding criminals. When Irwin Molyneux and his wife lose their tempestuous cook on the very day chosen for a visit by the Bishop of Bedford, they are forced, in desperation, to tread the uneasy path of deceit. Mrs. Molyneux disappears, and becomes her own cook. The Bishop is over-suspicious, and Mr. Molyneux is an unpractised liar; so the visitor quickly concludes that his host's stumbling explanation of Mrs. Molyneux's strange absence from home conceals a horrible tragedy. When Mr. Molyneux, after an agony of paralysed inventiveness, suddenly flies, leaving behind him an unbelievable statement as to the cause of his departure, the Bishop puts the matter in the hands of the police. From this point onwards, the story is a most ingeniously complicated farce of clues, private detectives, and ridiculous suspicions. Mr. Clouston, who is already an institution in contemporary letters, never lets his invention or his gaiety flag for an instant; and he continues throughout to be genuinely exciting, as well as funny, in his own inimitable fashion.

From The Gambia (*Smith, Elder*).

GREY RIVER CAMP, JUNCTION WITH GAMBIA: THE FIRST SAILING VESSEL ON THE GREY RIVER.

From The Print Collector's Handbook (*Bell*).

A SLANT OF LIGHT IN POLPERRO HARBOUR
(From a mezzotint by Sir Frank Short, R.A.)

THE HILL OF VISIONS.

By JAMES STEPHENS. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

In this the second poetical volume by Mr. Stephens, there are many notes and moods. The longest effort, "A Prelude and a Song," rises from pretty fancy to vision and rapture. In a few lyrics, like "The Fulness of Time," there are bold, fine thoughts. Strong human sympathy and a dramatic power of expression give individuality and life to other pieces. Yet more are somewhat marred by oddity or waywardness. There is a touch of Puck about Mr. Stephens in more than his casual hours. He sees poetry and mystery in seemingly lowly and humble things; he has also flashes of spiritual intuition; but there is a middle stage, one of psychic elation or intoxication, when the results, though poetical in expression, are apt to be somewhat irresponsible. But even at his oddest he is individual. He is one of the surprises of the newer Ireland; able to pipe and dance and sing on slight provocation almost anywhere between slumland and elfland.

MR. WYCHERLY'S WARDS.

By L. ALLEN HARKER. 6s. (Murray.)

It is seldom that the reviewer has so pleasant a task as in reading one of Mrs. Harker's books, and yet there are few books which it is so difficult to review. For Mrs. Harker's books are not easily labelled. There is nothing in them sensational or audacious, and no plot solid enough to stand analysis or summary. She has individuality, that illusive and impalpable quality which defies analysis and explanation. In a sense Mrs. Harker may be said to represent the persistence of the Cranford tradition. Her work has the same narrow limitations and the same sympathy and power of giving life and vividness to characters essentially familiar and commonplace. Her humour is less sure, and her command of pathos is not to be compared with Mrs. Gaskell's. But the outlook is much the same, and Mrs. Harker shares with Mrs. Gaskell a weakness for "mothering" her characters. It is all very delicate, tender and charming; and when that is said, there is little more to say. Mrs. Harker's stories ought not to be reviewed, they ought to be read and read again by all who love true and daintily finished stories of real children. "Mr. Wycherly's Wards" begins after the death of Miss Esperance with the removal of the delightful and helplessly unpractical old scholar and his two young nephews to Oxford. Here, after failing miserably to grapple with an incompetent and voracious charwoman, Mr. Wycherly is rescued by the wife of Oxford's youngest don, and entrusted to the care of an ideal housekeeper. This is how Jane Anne comes into the story, for Jane Anne, whose other name

From The Gambia (*Smith, Elder*).

THE RIVER AT KOSSEMA.

From Ruins of Desert Cathay (*Macmillan*).

TIRICH—MIR PEAK, SEEN FROM BELOW CHITRAL AGENCY.

was Allegra, was the housekeeper's niece. Her mother had been an English maid and her father a brilliant but erratic Greek journalist, and the little orphan girl soon became the central figure in Mr. Wycherly's life, and consequently in Mrs. Harker's book. Jane Anne is entirely delightful and diverting, and the development of her character and the incidents of her girlhood make up the greater portion of the story. She is a fascinating figure, a creation of pure delight, and in saying goodbye to her on the last page we feel a genuine sense of loss. We can only hope that Mrs. Harker will fill the blank with another book about her subsequent adventures. Jane Anne is too enchanting to lose.

RUINS OF DESERT CATHAY:

Personal Narrative of Explorations in Central Asia and Westernmost China. By M. AUREL STEIN. In 2 vols. With 9 Coloured Plates, 6 Panoramas, 3 Maps, and 334 Illustrations from Photographs. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)

The sumptuous and magnificent production of the two volumes embodying Mr. Aurel Stein's personal record of his travels in the unknown countries of Central Asia does no more than justice to the importance and vital interest of their contents. In the course of a brief note it is almost impossible even to hint at the wonderful store of good reading that "Ruins of Desert Cathay" affords. Mr. Stein's long journey, partially in the footsteps of Marco Polo, was made under the auspices of the Indian Archæological Survey, and extended over a period of more than two years and a half, and it has been abundantly justified by its remarkable scientific results: "Our topographical surveys, now in course of detailed publication by the Indian Trigonometrical Survey, on the scale of four miles to the inch, fill ninety-four map sheets of the standard size . . . and the mere unpacking and first arrangement of the thousands of archæological objects in basement rooms of the British Museum, which were made available for what seemed like a temporary immurement, took close on six months. The decipherment and publication of the manuscripts and documents, probably over 14,000 in number and in about a dozen scripts and languages, are bound for a long number of years to claim the learned labours of quite a staff of Orientalist savants." It is no exaggeration to say that probably this is one of the most important books of its kind that has ever been published.

From, Ruins of Desert Cathay (*Macmillan*).

TESTING RAFT OF INFLATED SKINS ON A TANK OF NAR-BAGH.

From The British West Indies (*Pitman*). SHIPPING BANANAS IN JAMAICA.

THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

Their History, Resources, and Progress. By ALGERNON E. ASPINALL. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman & Sons.)

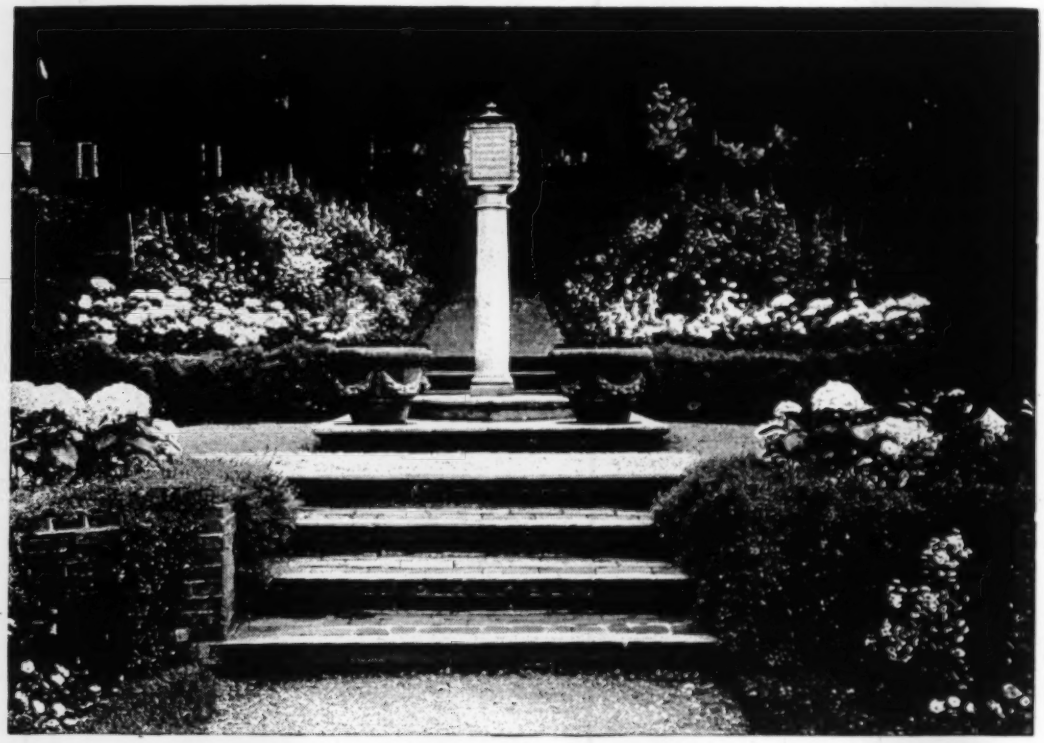
This book, the latest volume in the "All Red" Series, justifies its title. Mr. Aspinall tells all that the general reader need know concerning the past and present of the West Indies, and reminds us of the foundations of these colonies laid by the great seamen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—freebooters and pirates all, in modern judgment; of "the abolition of slavery—which was the first of a series of crushing blows that the West Indian proprietors were compelled to face,"—and of the present prosperity of the colonists. There are chapters on the Flora and Fauna of the islands; on the industries; on the civil and religious liberty enjoyed; on education; on the West Indian Press; and on railways, steamers, banking, telegraphs and business in general. Mr. Aspinall has taken considerable pains to show the cost of living:—"it is possible to live in comparative comfort in the country districts of the West Indies for £100 per annum"—to describe the pleasures and amusements of the inhabitants, and to deal with the opportunities of a newcomer.

WANDERINGS IN MEXICO.

By WALLACE GILLPATRICK. 7s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

This is an unassuming volume which deals in an amiable manner with a country that has lately been returning to its ancient state of turmoil. Mr. Gillpatrick's sketches cannot be compared with those of his countryman, Charles Flandrau, and in spite of the publisher's note on the cover it can scarcely be said that this is a "unique and lively chronicle of travel and adventure in Mexican highways and byways." The story is not unusual and it is given in no striking prose; we do indeed come on a sentence like the following—"he was my secretario, though no one knew this but him and me." Yet these lapses are rare, and the illustrations are quite good. Mr. Gillpatrick says nothing of the recent Revolution, although he was present at the anniversary festivities of 1910, which were followed so soon by the dramatic outbreak at Puebla. The best part of this book deals with a stay at a Durango silver mine, and from the point of view of psychology it is not without interest, for it is what you would expect from the typical American whom you meet in Mexico. For instance, the Governor of Tlaxcala, Don Prospero Catuantzi, is described in the most solemn, not to say banal, manner. You might just as well be solemn in describing Sancho Panza. It is curious how one can miss so fine a chance, and good Don Prospero himself would much deplore it. This book has the advantage that it does not adulate Porfirio Diaz everywhere; there is a quantity of other interesting matter and the unpretentiousness of it all is in its favour.

From Among the Malagasy (*Jas. Clarke*). IN THE DEPTHS OF THE FOREST.



From The Complete Gardener (*Cassell*).

THE TERRACE GARDEN AT WOODSIDE, CHENIES, HERTS.

THE COMPLETE GARDENER.

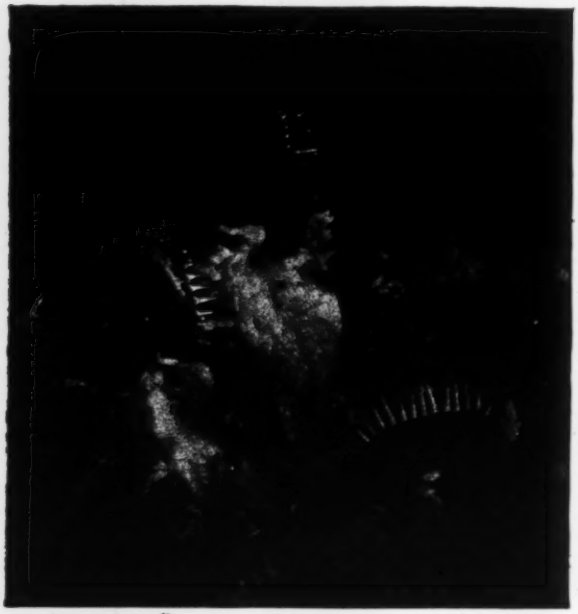
By H. H. THOMAS. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Besides being editor of *The Gardener*, Mr. H. H. Thomas is the author of various useful and popular books, such as "The Ideal Garden," and "The Garden at Home." In "The Complete Gardener," a large volume running to nearly six hundred pages and beautified with a hundred and twenty-eight full page illustrations, to say nothing of numerous smaller drawings, he has set himself to give practical information to the garden-lover concerning everything in the way of shrub, flower, fruit or vegetable he is ever likely to wish to grow, and he has fulfilled his task admirably. Mr. Thomas avoids needless technicalities, and conveys his expert knowledge on these subjects with a clarity and simplicity that make this not only the fullest and best-informed but the most readable and easily intelligible aid to the amateur gardener that any man could desire. It is literally an "Enquire Within upon Everything" connected with the laying out, planting, cultivation and care of a garden.

POPULAR BOTANY.

By A. E. KNIGHT and EDWARD STEP, F.L.S. Part I., 7d. net. (Hutchinson.)

This is the first part of a new serial publication that is to be completed in eighteen parts, and will include about a thousand illustrations. It is a Natural History of Plants, telling in a popular manner the plants' life-histories—how they are constructed, their process of growth, the relations between plant and plant, their influence on human life and industry, all their associations with the world around them from first to last. The illustrations are from photographs that are excellently reproduced and a beautiful engraving in colours is given with each part.



From Wonders of Plant Life (*Cassell*).
Reviewed in THE BOOKMAN for March, 1912.

VENUS FLY TRAP, SHUT.

From Wonders of Plant Life (*Cassell*).

VENUS FLY TRAP OPEN

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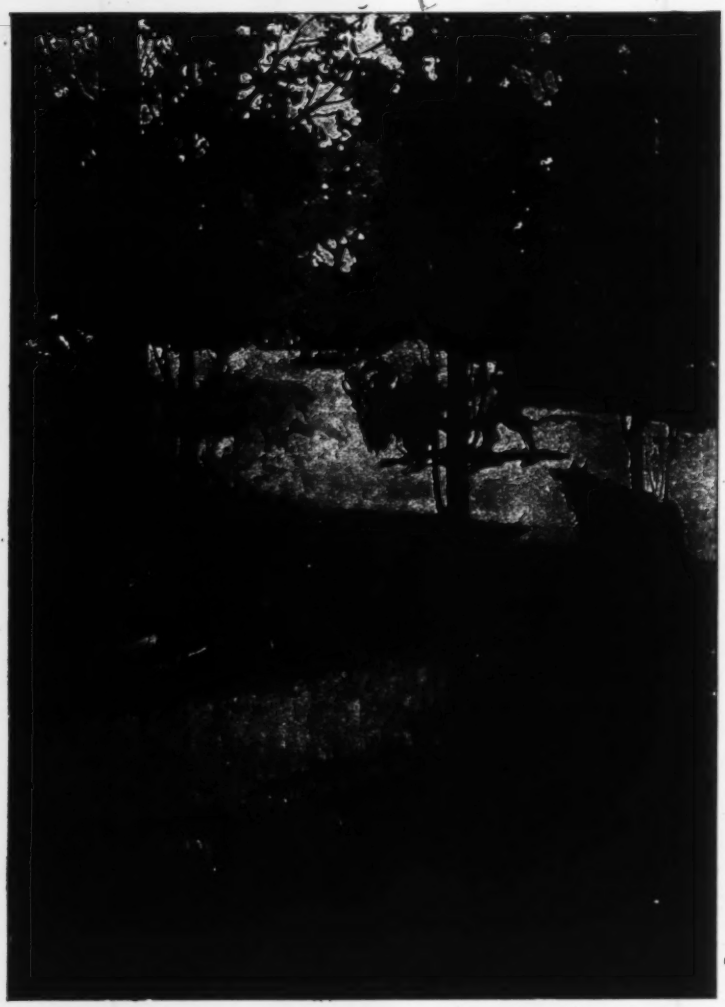

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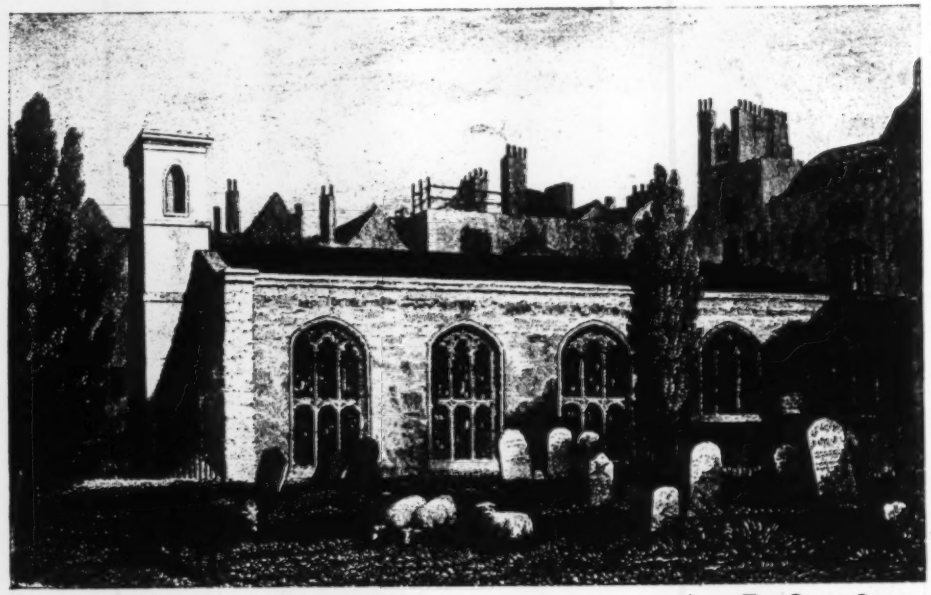

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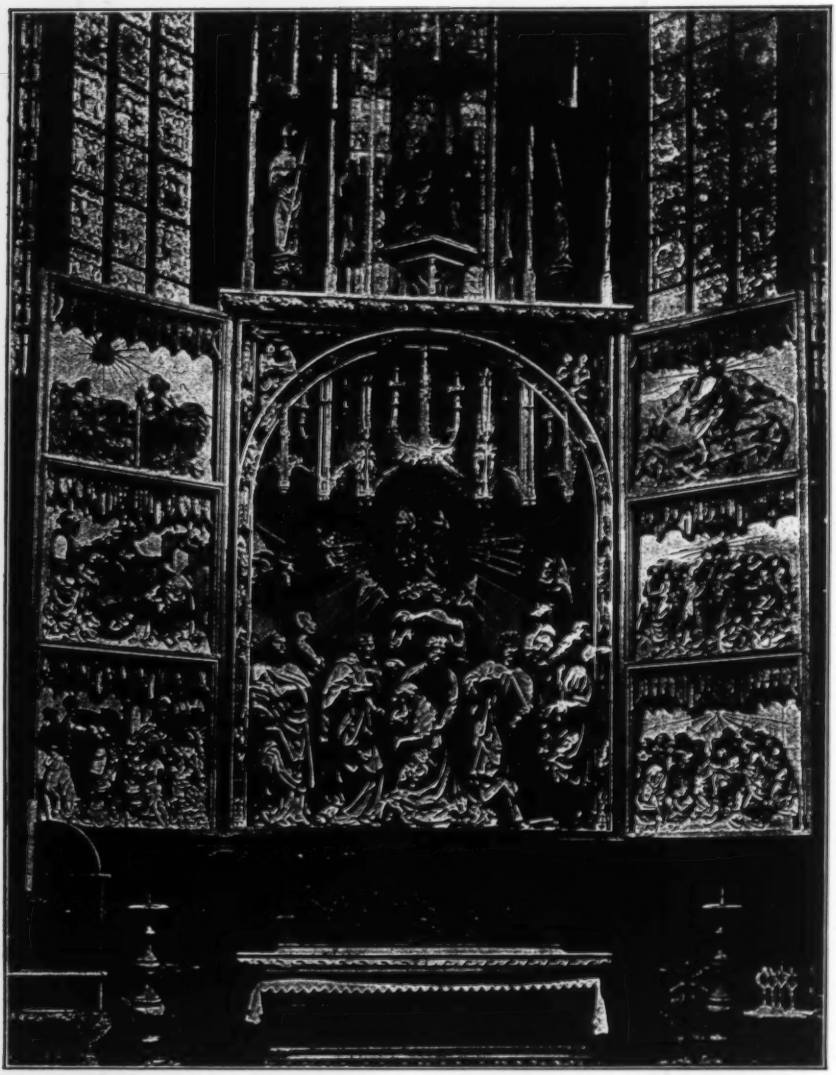

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Frontispiece from Rock Gardens (*Williams & Norgate*)
(of which a new edition will be issued shortly).

From The Betts of Wortham in Suffolk, 1480-1905 (*Lane*).

WORTHAM MANOR (BY KIND PERMISSION OF PAUL B. FEARON, ESQ).

THE BETTS OF WORTHAM IN SUFFOLK, 1480–1905.

By KATHARINE FRANCES DOUGHTY. With 25 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

This story of an ancient and now, unhappily, extinct country family may not appear, at first blush, particularly attractive to the general reader. The Betts, as a family, never came into any great prominence; they were worthy, hard-working people with a considerable sense of their duty towards their country, but they were hardly distinguished. But it is such books as Miss Doughty's which supply much of the real stuff of history. The author's transcriptions of the charters and correspondence of the family afford many details of the highest interest to those who may wish to reconstruct the position and daily surroundings of a household of the "landed gentry" during more than four centuries. Not the least interesting portion of the book consists of the numerous farming accounts and household wages. On May 20th, 1656, for instance, we find that 4s. was the sum paid for 1 lb. of butter, and 5s. for half a load of straw, while "on March 25th, 1664, servants' wages are entered:

	£	s.	d.
"Joseph his half yeares wages ..	2	10	0
Katherin Smith hir wages	1	0	0."

"Another man Sam received £1 15s. The men's wages were considerably more than double the wage paid half a century before . . . and the yearly wage of women servants has risen proportionably."

THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS.

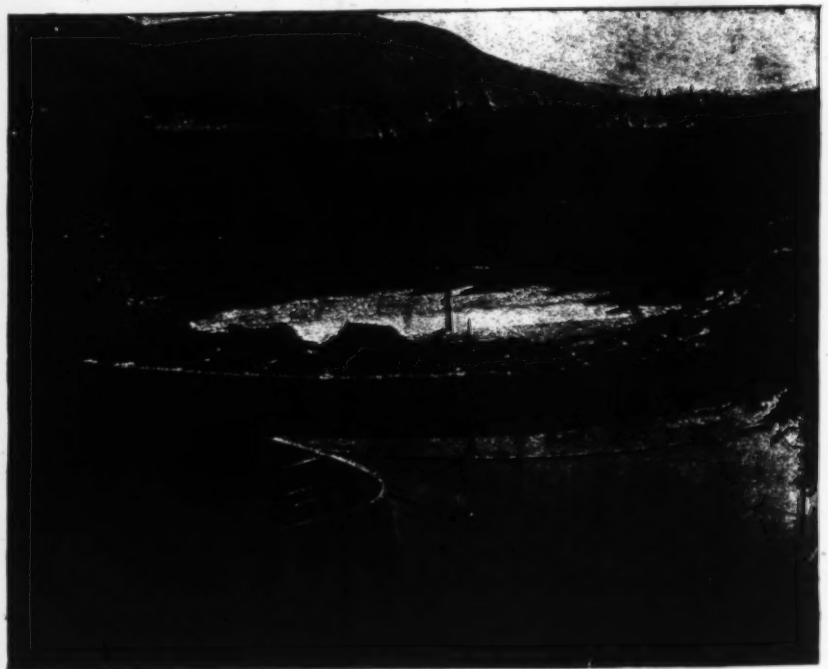
By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY. 6s. (Cassell & Co.).

Here we have a Canadian heroine and a Canadian environment, though the latter is somewhat shadowy. There are happenings of a kind no longer possible, apparently, in the fiction of the *blasé* Mother Country. There is a good run of sensations, beginning with the kidnapping of the infant daughter of a rich employer. The path of revenge, the course, or rather courses, of true love, the complications, the ordeals, and the happy ending, are all of a kind which serious home novelists have been afraid to think of in our somewhat cynical generation. Certain episodes would be too "tall" even for the United States. It is something to find the Canadian spirit so fresh and bold; it would be curious if the oversea dominions were to start forth and give us the old orders and sensations anew; many in Old England, whatever the critics think, must have more than a sneaking regard for them still. It must be added that "The House of Windows" holds human and likeable folk, as well as sensation; indeed, there is a spirit about it which interests and compels our attention.

AMONG THE MALAGASY:

An Unconventional Record of Missionary Experience. By J. A. HOULDER. With 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Jas. Clarke.)

Mr. Houlder says of his very attractive volume that it is "mainly a record of missionary life and experience in the 'Great African Island' (Madagascar) when the land was ruled by Rànilàiarivòny, its all-powerful Prime Minister, with occasional references to a few of the more public events which took place during that period." Its "unconventionality" lies probably in the fact that it is one of the most readable books, whether of travel or of missionary experience, that we have come across for a long time. Not only has the author a number of interesting experiences and more or less unpleasant adventures, but he was



From The Romance of Nice (*Duckworth*).

RUINS OF THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT CIMIEZ.

From **Off the Beaten Track in Brittany,** *by* **Emil Davies,** to be published shortly by Messrs. Stephen Swift.

quartered in Madagascar during the period previous to the French occupation of the island, and is therefore in a position to tell of an interesting period in its history. His observation of the native character is keen and humorous, the writing is good, and, in a word, it is a book that you should read whether or not you are interested in missions.

A WINTER HOLIDAY IN PORTUGAL.

By Captain B. Granville Baker. 12s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul.)

Captain Granville Baker writes lightly and pleasantly as if in good humour with himself and Portugal. He saw a good deal that was charming, not a little that was quaint, and a certain mixture of mediævalism and modernity. He has himself illustrated as well as described what he thought characteristic and expressive. Incidentally he presses Camoens and his poetry into service. He makes Lisbon and other haunts realistic to the general reader, while he essays to do justice to the river scenery and moun tain magic of Portugal. Politically the book is up-to-date, but many will be more attracted by the scenic and social revelation, including the appeal of the country as a winter resort. We are left with the sense that here is a place of old-world picturesqueness and romance, which has been unduly neglected by the heart and imagination of outer folk in these latter years.

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

And other Tales from the Arabian Nights. With 8 coloured and 8 black and white illustrations. 1s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

Messrs. Blackie's " Stories Old and New " series is —or, at any rate, ought to be—by now so well known that it is almost unnecessary for us to do more than mention the name of a recent addition to the library. " Ali Baba," companioned by " The Magic Horse, and Abou Hassan or The Sleeper Awakened," makes a particularly charming volume, and lends itself well to illustrations, particularly when coloured. The present is not, we are aware, supposed to be a time when children welcome books as presents, but we hope that it is unnecessary to apologise for this brief note on a very pretty little volume.

THE NIGHT OF FIRES AND OTHER BRETON STUDIES.

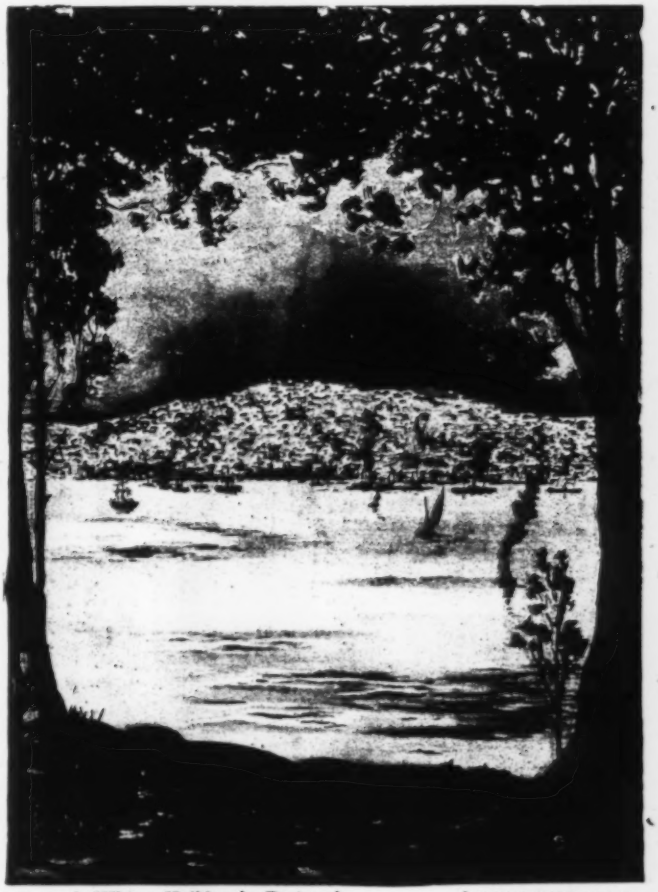
By Anatole le Braz. Put into English by Frances M. Gostling. With 24 Illustrations from Photographs by W. A. and F. M. Gostling. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The spell of Brittany is felt in England almost as keenly as in France, and for that reason Mrs. Gostling's excellent rendering of Anatole le Braz' " Night of Fires " should be assured of its reception. The author—himself a Breton—understands the character of his countrymen as no outsider can possibly hope ever to do, and in this volume we are presented with five studies or stories descriptive for the most part of the life and strange customs of the inhabitants of the more secluded parts of Brittany, and above all giving an insight into their religious beliefs—a curious blending of Christianity and Paganism. The first study, which gives the title to the book, is possibly the one which will make the widest appeal, but all the sketches were more than worthy of translation into English, and we have no doubt but that the public will be left asking for more.

EUGENE DELACROIX.

By Dorothy Bussy. With 26 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

Mrs. Bussy's excellent study of the art and life of Delacroix, originally published in 1907, is about to enter upon what we hope will be a new lease of life in a cheaper form. Since the original publication of the book, a little more attention has been turned in this country to the work of the great French master, but he has not yet received his deserts. Indeed, for the general public, his art is still, like his tomb in Père La Chaise, " on the heights, in a place a little apart." The new edition will be fully illustrated.



From **A Winter Holiday in Portugal** (*Stanley Paul*). **Lisbon seen from Alfeite.**

From **War Pictures from Clarendon.** (*Frowde*).

VISCOUNT FALKLAND.
(From the portrait in the Bodleian Library.)

WAR PICTURES FROM CLARENDON.

Edited and arranged by ROBERT JAMESON MACKENZIE, M.A. 2s. 6d. net. (Clarendon Press.)

Mr. Mackenzie desires to bring back Clarendon's History of the Great Rebellion and Civil War in England to its due place in the current literature of the country. Clarendon's long and stately tomes, his leisurely style, and the crush of modern interests have rather relegated him to the sombre and dusty immortality of the bookshelf. He is too epic as a whole for a crowded and pre-occupied period. Even the present more modest and proportioned volume is imposing in comparison with the average claimants for the favours of new seasons. It is an expressive offering, and ought to make Clarendon acceptable and vivid again to the general reader and to students. Apart from the tale of fields and frays the selection contains grave and thoughtful studies, one of the most interesting of which is the section devoted to Falkland.

From **A Poet's Children: Hartley and Sara Coleridge, by Eleanor A. Towle,** which Messrs. Methuen announce for publication.

SARA COLERIDGE.
(From the drawing by George Richmond.)

MOROCCO AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS:

A description of the Country, its Laws and Customs, and the European Situation. By DR. ROBERT KERR. With 46 Illustrations and 2 Maps. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray & Evenden.)

Morocco is perpetually before the public eye, and any book which tends to increase our knowledge of a country practically unknown to the European and much misunderstood by him—the only remaining independent state in the north of Africa—should be assured of its welcome. Dr. Kerr has lived in the country for no less than twenty-five years, and he therefore speaks with authority. His book is designed throughout upon practical and utilitarian lines. The author does not, perhaps, seek to charm by any particular graces of style, but there is no reason why he should be neglected on that account. His volume affords a comprehensive and exhaustive sketch of the history, trade, and inhabitants of Morocco, while particular attention has been bestowed upon the Christian missions in that country, the diplomatic and consular service (which, so far at least as this country is concerned, stands in obvious need of reform) and the present political situation. There are many excellent illustrations, and finally it may be noted that "the whole proceeds derived from the sale of the book will be devoted to the building of a hospital for Morocco's sick and suffering, who need our help and who claim our sympathy."

From **The Life of George Borrow** (*Murray*).

GEORGE BORROW 1821
(From a hitherto unpublished painting by John Borrow, now in the possession of W. F. T. Jarrold, Esq.)

THE LIFE OF ADMIRAL LORD ANSON.

By WALTER VERNON ANSON, Captain R.N. Illustrated 7s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

Captain Anson hardly does justice to his distinguished ancestor. Too much space is given to the politics and Parliamentary doings in England in the Eighteenth Century—matters that many historians have dealt with—and not enough to the great seaman, whom Captain Anson very properly calls "the Father of the British Navy." True, Lord Anson "seldom wrote or talked, although his advice was sought by all," but there are so many to whom the gallant sailor is the merest name, and who know nothing of Anson's famous voyage round the world, or of his great work at the Admiralty, that a fuller biography would have been welcome. However, Captain Anson has done a service in recalling to this generation the horrible state of the navy in 1740, and the character of the finest seamen of the time. What glimpses we get of those bad old days in the admiral's letters! A mutiny on the *Sunderland* is to be inquired into—"caused by the captain having retreated from three men-of-war, which he sighted, and which the men thought he should have engaged, though far superior in force to him"—and these men, it must be remembered, are always being left unpaid and are poisoned by bad victuals and want of decent accommodation. "The *Lynn* is about to pay her men two weeks in six of their pay, but as some of the ships are seven years in arrear he (Anson) thinks this would cause discontent!" And no wonder! Beer is the sailor's drink—"the captains all agree that the men's health depends chiefly upon it"—and often enough it is bad and insufficient. Yet "a life on the ocean wave," with all its unsanitary horrors, had its devoted followers in those days, as this "Life of Lord Anson" reminds us.

From Life and Recollections of Mazzini (*Longmans*). MAZZINI.

TANGIER 1661–1864.

By E. G. M. ROUTH. 12s. net. (Murray.)

We are unacquainted with this writer's name; it is the name of one who writes and not that of a dull compiler. Reading through this volume we may be of the opinion, first of all, that anyone with such materials could have produced a fascinating study, but the social records of our occupation of Tangier are not by any means the only matters dealt with. Military details, topographical accounts, municipal affairs, are treated in the same amusing fashion—we apply the word "amusing" in the Gallic sense. It seems that we have in our midst a new historian, and certainly we shall look forward with high expectations to this author's coming work. The way in which the records have been interwoven with the comment is delightful, and we can most confidently surmise that this book, when it is brought to one of Tangier's treasurers, dear Samuel Pepys, in the Shades, will have his warm approval. By the way, there is a hitherto unpublished portrait in it of himself. Nor does there seem to be a single document or map or pamphlet or contemporary journal which has managed to elude this wary writer. And with all this light upon a dark spot in the history of England, we may ask if such a book—so German in its thoroughness, and in its execution so extremely French—is needed. If we are to treat each incident in our colonial enterprise with such minuteness shall we not be overwhelmed? But many lessons may be—and we hope they will be—learned from a perusal of these three and twenty years. An excellent account is also given of the visit of a Moorish Embassy to England, where the predecessors of old Hajji Baba "did not look about or stare at the ladies, or express the least surprise, but with a courtly negligence in pace, countenance and whole behaviour, answering only to such questions as were asked with a great deal of wit and gallantry." On their return, however, they were "dragged by mules for the space of 12 leagues through a country of stones and bryers."

From The Life of Admiral Lord Anson (*Murray*). ANSON

From **The Empress Josephine,**
which Messrs. Sampson Low will publish shortly.

L'AVÈNEMENT DE BONAPARTE.

Par ALBERT VANDAL (de l'Académie française). Introduction par LORD ROSEBERY. In 2 vols. With Frontispieces. 1s. net each. (Nelson.)

This attractive reprint—in the original French—of one of the most important pieces of Napoleonic literature should meet with a warm welcome in this country, as well as in France. Referring to the work, in a lengthy and scholarly introduction, Lord Rosebery says: "M. Vandal prend Bonaparte au moment où il ne fait qu'aspirer au pouvoir absolu; il le quitte en possession de ce pouvoir. Il nous montre en grandes lignes et dans le détail ce que furent les difficultés, combien il s'en fallut de peu que l'entreprise n'échouât ou ne devînt ridicule, ce qui revient au même. Quand elle eût réussi, les complications furent à peine moindres; elle ne furent vaincues que grâce à une patience, un tact et une prudence que l'on s'étonne de rencontrer chez le héros. . . . Le lecteur . . . se verra conduit à travers une suite de scènes émouvantes et grandioses par un esprit aussi séduisant que pénétrant." The two volumes form a recent issue of the "Collection Nelson," they contain about 1,000 pages of reading matter, are well bound and printed, and are of a size uniform with that of the well-known Nelson's Library.

Frontispiece from **L'Avènement de Bonaparte—Vol. I.** (*Nelson*).

HAVOC:

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. With 4 Illustrations in Colour by HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton).

"Havoc" is, in our opinion, the best book of Mr. Oppenheim's that we have read. In saying this, we are mindful of a long series of admirable sensational stories and romances and of one or two very clever studies of character—notably, for instance, in "The Illustrious Prince," which was published some two years ago. In his latest novel the author returns once more to the field of what is styled by his publishers "international intrigue," of which he is the peculiar master. It is not our intention to attempt to describe the plot—such a task would, indeed, be entirely beyond us—but it may be hinted that the action and mystery, of both of which there is a great deal, hinge upon the possession of a very important political document, which has escaped from the hands of the Austrian Chancellor. How it passes into the possession of a bewildered, but—happily—plucky, London business man and the complications that ensue while it is in his possession we must leave the reader to discover for himself.

From **Havoc** (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

From A Tramp in Spain, by Bart Kennedy, of which Messrs. Sampson Low will issue a new edition shortly.

SPAIN RE-VISITED.

By C. Gascoigne Hartley. 12s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul.)

Mrs. Gallichan is an enthusiast in her admiration for the country that she knows so well, and about which she has written so widely and entertainingly, but she is no mere gushing chronicler of fleeting travel impressions, and is at pains to furnish ample and logical reasons for a preference that may seem a trifle over-emphatic to those of her compatriots who know little of Spain at first hand. Only when one has lived there for longer than the period of a temporary holiday, she explains, does one realise the essential difference in the life of the people, a life far more primitive than that of London, more satisfying, directed not chiefly towards gain, or even comfort, but towards the more eternal things of human existence. Having lived there, she declares, one is apt to find London and its ceaseless occupation with the really unimportant things of life, "a little ridiculous." Some countries, she adds, leave one indifferent, but Spain one must either love or dislike. Her last visit to the country was after an absence of ten years, and she draws as her objective, the province of Galicia, finding it singularly unlike the Andalusia that she already knew and loved, but representing, in its inhabitants and institutions, a finer and more individual national character. The Galleyans have a larger proportion of Celtic blood in their veins than the ordinary Iberians, an admixture doubtless responsible for the almost universal appreciation of the arts that is to be noticeable among the peasantry, who sing their own poems at their work, and are usually both delighted and competent to discuss the relative points of the great painters of their nation with any sympathetic stranger. And they are not only artistic to a degree extraordinary in so unsophisticated a race, they are also a people of extraordinary enterprise in affairs. It is suggested that the Phœnicians have left their permanent impression on the country, whose special characteristics are repeated among the Galleyans. Though now degraded to a provincial dialect, their language was once the medium chosen by the most gifted old-time troubadours in which to express their poetic thoughts, and it is interesting to note that contests of wits are still part of the programme connected with a Galleyan peasant's wedding. A special chapter is devoted to the women of the province. Other chapters deal exhaustively with its history and archæology, with racial and local customs, and with the religion of the people, which a prominent inhabitant assured Mrs. Gallichan was far less a factor in the national life than in England. From her own observations, however, Mrs. Gallichan believes that few Galleyans are opposed to an enlightened Catholicism; they fight only a Church which refuses to keep in touch with social progress. The text is supplemented by an interesting series of photographs in half-tone, and by an adequate index.

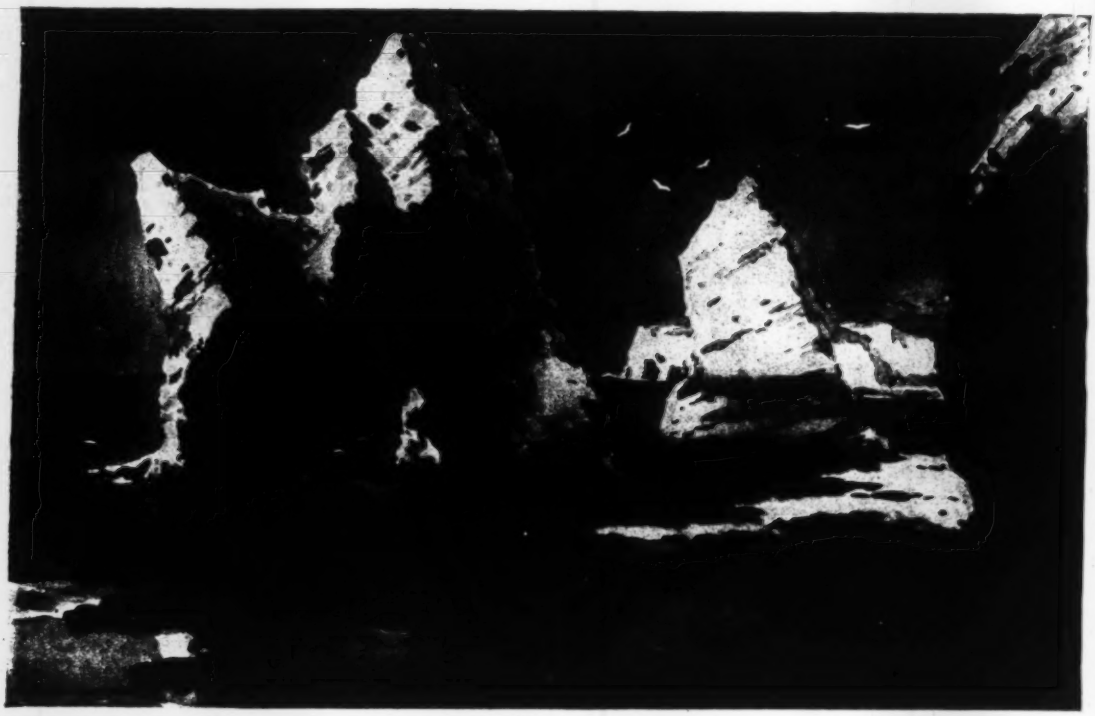
THE ROMANCE OF NICE.

By John Douglas Errington Loveland. With 10 Illustrations. 6s. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Loveland's "Romance of Nice" is a gossiping and vivacious history of that town and its surrounding country from mythical times to the present day, with notes on the scenery and buildings of importance. "I have ventured to try and show," he says, "that there is much that is interesting, not alone in the history of the country, but also in its legends and folk-lore, its people, small as well as great, its wonderful *flora*, and in that charm which pervades it that so speedily seizes on the stranger within its gates." Mr. Loveland has collected a large variety of anecdote which is bound to interest the general reader quite as much as intending visitors to the town.

Lithograph from Eugène Delacroix (*Duckworth*).

POLONIUS: "WHAT DO YOU READ, MY LORD?" *Hamlet*, Act II, Scene II.



From The Isle of Wight (*Blackie*). IN FRESHWATER BAY.

BEAUTIFUL ENGLAND:

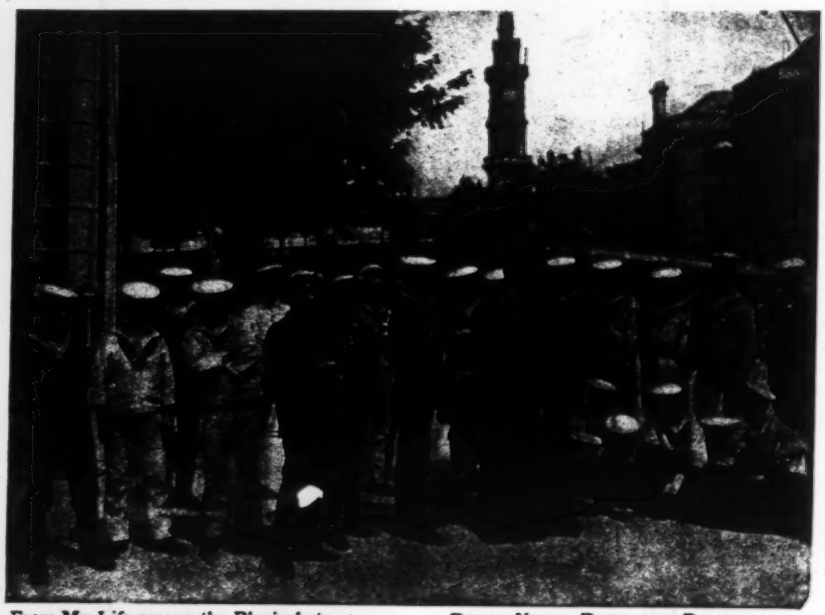
The Isle of Wight. By EDWARD THOMAS.—**York.** By GEORGE BENSON. Both with 12 Illustrations in Colour by ERNEST HASLEHUST. 1s. 6d. net each. (Blackie.)

"Here Europe's terror and Britannia's pride,
The world's great terror, can with safety ride;
Here George's thunder unprovoked may sleep,
Rocked by the swellings of the subject deep;
On thy soft bosom peace may here repose,
Whilst France and whirlwind are in vain its foes."

Certainly, as Mr. Thomas points out, only a driven reporter would now write of Cowes in such terms as these, though our next quotation is quite modern in spirit:

"No more to foreign baths shall Britain roam,
But plunge at Cowes, and find rich health at home."

These lines were written in 1781 by one of the "discoverers" of the Isle of Wight, and Mr. Thomas has made excellent use of them (and some others equally delightful) in one of the most fascinating volumes of Messrs. Blackie's "Beautiful England" series. Mr. George Benson, who writes on York, quotes no poetry, but his account of the history of the city and Minster is altogether readable. In both volumes Mr. Haslehust's illustrative powers are seen to great advantage, and his "York Minster" and "York from the City Walls" in particular are excellent pieces of work.



From **My Life among the Bluejackets, by Agnes Weston,** of which Messrs. Nisbet are publishing a new (the 9th) and cheaper edition.

ROYAL NAVAL BARRACKS, DEVONPORT: A R.N.T.S. MEETING.

A YEAR WITH THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA.

By the REV. EDWARD ST. CLAIR WEEDEN, M.A. With 25 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

At a time when grave doubts have been only too freely expressed as to his loyalty to the British rule in India the Gaekwar of Baroda stands in need of an apologetic. Mr. Weeden's book, which is mainly a compilation from letters addressed to his mother during his stay in India, was written with no such intention, but it is only the more effective on that account. The author is not, perhaps, a trained observer, but he shows himself to be at least shrewd and keen. What an actor the Gaekwar must be, never once to have been taken off his guard by the author! The reader's impression must be that the accounts of the unfortunate affair at the Durbar have been, at any rate, considerably exaggerated. Mr. Weeden, of course, is biassed upon the side of the Gaekwar, but there is no reason why his general impressions should be hailed as false. "His Highness . . . has the intelligent look of the clever, well-educated man, and the indefinable expression of one who is accustomed to be obeyed. His countenance is eminenly pleasing without being strikingly handsome, and shows great determination, frankness, and amiability. . . . He talks rapidly and well, and has a charming smile. . . . Kind, generous and just, he is one of the wisest, ablest and most enlightened rulers that India has ever yet seen."

AMONG THE ESKIMOS OF LABRADOR.

By S. K. Hutton, M.B., Ch.B. Vict., F.R.G.S. With 47 Illustrations and 2 Maps. 16s. net. (Seeley, Service & Co.).

Dr. Hutton has spent some three or four years at Killinek, one of the loneliest mission stations on the coast of Labrador. His work has lain among the Eskimos of that country, and one of its results is the very readable and highly interesting book now before us. The Eskimos of Labrador exhibit, of course, the same characteristics as those of their brothers in Greenland, but they appear to be considerably more civilized and, perhaps, rather less simple in their habits. In the course of a short note it is impossible for us to give any adequate idea of the adventures and humours with which the author has been brought into contact. We can, however, promise the reader that he will find entertainment as well as instruction between the covers of this book.

From Among the Eskimos of Labrador. (*Seeley.*) THE ESKIMO BOY.

THE COUNTRY HEART AND OTHER STORIES.

By Maude Egerton King. 6s. (Fifield.)

"The Country Heart" is an unusual book. Most of the stories which it contains are undeniably what a schoolboy would call "pi." Yet, for once in a way, that is not a defect. Here are none of those literary, or unliterary faults, which one has grown accustomed to expect in books written with a moral purpose. Once or twice the purpose obtrudes itself with an inartistic emphasis, becomes explicit instead of remaining implicit. But this is seldom. Miss King is an artist. She can tell a story, has a crisp, fresh style, and a never-failing sense of humour. Above all she has the gift of drawing character. Even in the few pages in which one is in their company, one gets to know her people as living beings. A kind of rural charm pervades many of the stories, giving them an idyllic savour, but Miss King never shrinks from realism, and she can tell a tale of sordid circumstance like "Salvation" honestly and well without being either sentimental or unpleasant. Quite a number of characters get "saved," in the orthodox manner of the religious tract, but even that does not spoil the book's literary merit. For one feels that Miss King, while undoubtedly earnest in her moral views, can take an impersonal and purely artistic interest in the progress of her puppets from black to white. It would be a pity if readers allowed themselves to be frightened away from the book, suspecting a series of thinly disguised sermons. For when they have got used to a spirit not commonly present in current fiction, they will find that they are reading a volume of short stories of unusual merit.

From My Irish Year.
(by Padraic Colum, which Messrs. Mills & Boon will publish shortly.)

From Captain Cartwright and his Labrador Journal. (*Williams & Norgate.*)

CAPTAIN CARTWRIGHT VISITING HIS FOX-TRAPS. W. Hilton, *Pinxt.* T. Medland, *Sculp.*

From Mysticism and Magic in Turkey (*Pitman*).

MEVLEVI NEOPHYTE LEARNING THE DEVR.

MYSTICISM AND MAGIC IN TURKEY.

By LUCY M. J. GARNETT. With 12 Illustrations from Photographs. 6s. net. (Pitman.)

The Dervishes of Mohammedanism are popular figures in fiction or in the files of magazines and newspapers, but comparatively few people have any realization of the beliefs for which they stand. Miss Garnett's book should, therefore, be particularly welcome, the more so in that it is compact, readable, and inexpensive. Her aim has been to give a "thoroughly impartial" account of the "religious doctrines, monastic organisation, and ecstatic powers of the Dervish Orders," and in this she seems to us to have indisputably succeeded. The book derives much importance from the fact that it throws light upon the faith of a large number of our own subject peoples.

From In Jesuit Land (by W. H. Koebel, which Messrs. Stanley Paul will publish shortly).

A CHIRIGUANA WOMAN.

CAPTAIN CARTWRIGHT AND HIS LABRADOR JOURNAL.

Edited by CHARLES WENDELL TOWNSEND, M.D. With an Introduction by DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL. With 20 Illustrations and a Map. 5s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

The bulk of this volume is devoted to a reprint of the "plums" of Captain George Cartwright's "Journal of Transactions and Events during a Residence of nearly Sixteen Years on the Coast of Labrador," which was published at Newark, Notts., in 1792. These little-known volumes contain much that is nowadays of the highest interest, whether to those interested in one of the most neglected of British possessions, or to students of humanity—for the author of the Journal is frank and veracious almost to a fault. At the time of its publication, the Journal seems to have obtained some attention, for Southey—who had met the author—writes: "I read his book in 1793, and, strange as it may seem, actually read through the three quartos. . . . The annals of his campaigns among the foxes and beavers interested me more than ever did the exploits of Marlborough or Frederic; besides, I saw plain truth and the heart in Cartwright's book, and in what history could I look for this? . . . Coleridge took up a volume one day, and was delighted with its strange simplicity." Dr. Townsend's share in the present volume is a preface, an introductory biography of Cartwright, and many textual notes. He seems to us to have performed his duties as editor with much discretion, and the result is a book in every way fascinating.

From Dairying. (*Cassell.*)

STUDENTS IN A DAIRY SCHOOL MAKING CREAM CHEESE.

DAIRYING:

A Book for all who are engaged in the Production and management of Milk. By JOHN PRINCE SHELDON. With 32 Plates and 22 Illustrations in the Text. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

The growth of dairying—the most important of our agricultural interests—has been, as Professor Sheldon points out, of recent date, until now the art has been raised almost to the status of an exact science. "There is now precision," we are told, "where formerly uncertainty prevailed in many points of dairying, and it would appear as if there were not much left to discover." The growth of knowledge has entailed a larger quantity of advice, and readers will find that every one of the 450 odd pages of Professor's Sheldon's book is indispensable. The author, however, has studied his subject from its foundations—soils, treatment of land, breeds of cattle, forage, and feeding, all occupy the author's attention before the chapters on the milk trade, bacilli in dairying, butter and cheese making are reached. In fact, the reader will find that this book is a perfect encyclopædia on its subject—the whole expressed in a style admirably simple and easily comprehensible. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COURT PAINTER.

By H. JONES THADDEUS. 12s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Lane.)

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By G. K. CHESTERTON. With Frontispiece. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

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From Recollections of a Court Painter (*Lane*).

POPE PIUS X SITTING FOR HIS PORTRAIT TO THE AUTHOR.